OCTOBER 1966

Commentary

VOLUME FORTY-TWO, NUMBER FOUR

THE FAILURE OF THE WARREN REPORT
ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

Masada and Its Scrolls: Yigael Yadin

POST-IMPERIAL BRITAIN: George Lichtheim

THE PRINCE—A Story: Gerald Jonas

LETTER FROM TOKYO: Peter Schmid

NEGROES, JEWS, AND MUZHIKS: Milton Himmelfarb

WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHN BARTH?: Robert Garis

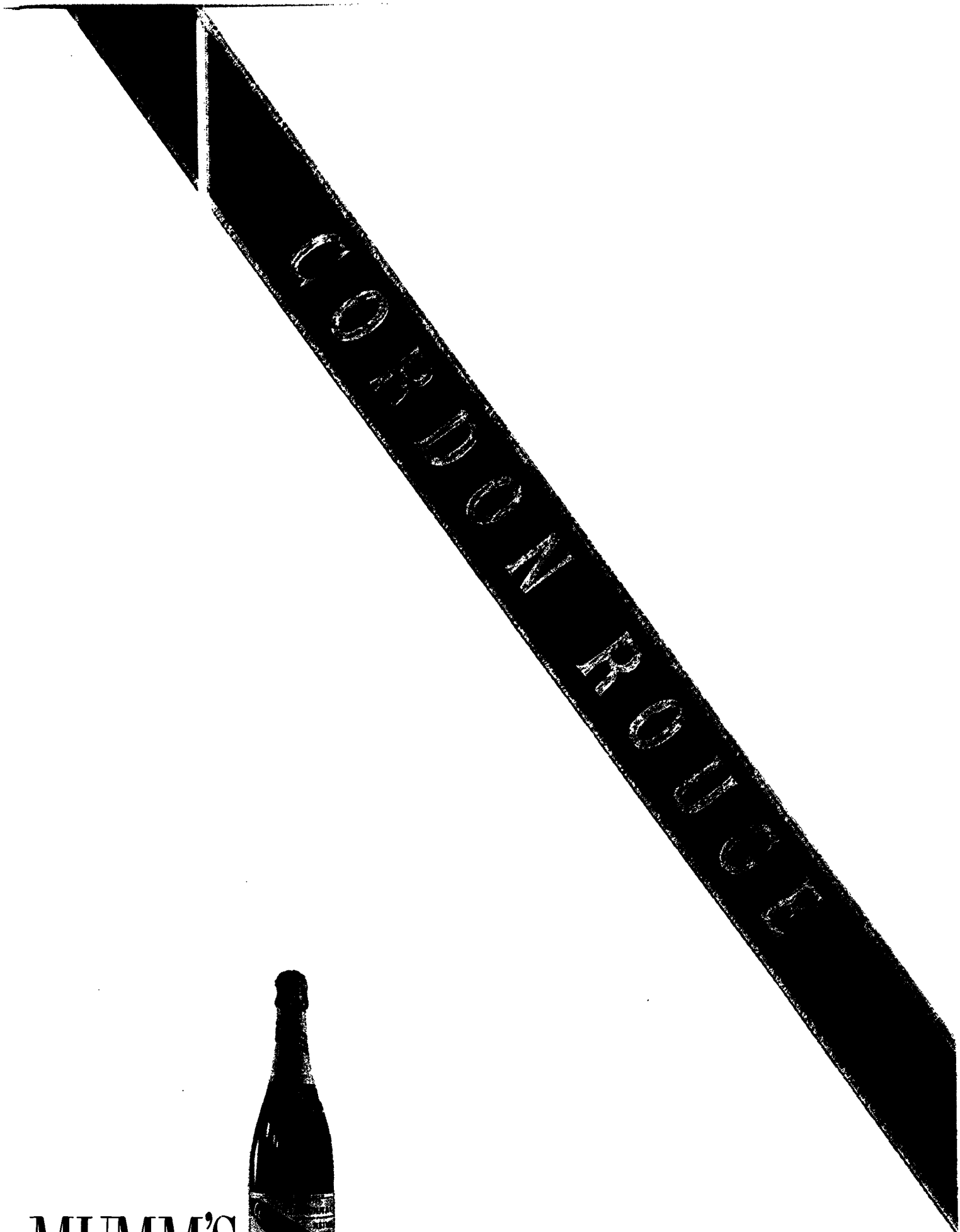
TV WHILE THE SUN SHINES: Neil Compton

BOOKS IN REVIEW

John W. Aldridge David Daiches Myron Rush
E. F. Schumacher Carlos Fuentes
Edgar Z. Friedenberg

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE 75 CENTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MUMM'S

THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

CORDON ROUGE AND EXTRA DRY • THE CLASSIC CHAMPAGNES OF FRANCE • G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. • SOLE DIST. U.S.A. BROWNE-VINTNERS CO., I

COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ISRAEL SWINGS

Nobody goes to Israel to do the Frug.

But many come home very surprised at how much there is to do there. (And how much fun it is to have fun in a new country.)

For instance, in Tel Aviv there are any number of Discotheques you could go to. Or you could head the other way and attend a violin concert at the new cultural center.

Or how about a night club that features Oriental food, American drinks and its front door in a back alley.

(That club and a couple more are just outside of Tel Aviv in the old city of Jaffa.)

There are jam sessions nightly in Jerusalem, and folk singing spots in Eilat.

And if your true joy in life is just sitting and talking, boy, did you come to the right country!

The sidewalks are paved with little tables surrounded by people and gesturing hands. (Most can switch to English without missing a beat.)

Actually there's so much to do in Israel that you might not know where to start.

So may we suggest Lod Airport.

That's where the El Al jets land from New York.

El Al Israel Airlines: New York, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Mexico City, Miami Beach, Montreal, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Toronto, Washington, D.C.

EL AL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commentary

OCTOBER 1966
NUMBER 4
VOLUME 42

The Failure of the Warren Report	31	ALEXANDER M. BICKEL
Masada and Its Scrolls	41	YIGAEL YADIN
Letter from Tokyo	49	PETER SCHMID
A Story		
The Prince	55	GERALD JONAS
Public Affairs		
Post-Imperial Britain	71	GEORGE LICHTHEIM
In the Community		
Negroes, Jews, and Muzhiks	83	MILTON HIMMELFARB
Observations		
What Happened to John Barth?	89	ROBERT GARIS
TV While the Sun Shines	95	NEIL COMPTON
Letters from Readers	7	
Books in Review		
Cannibals and Christians, by Norman Mailer	131	JOHN W. ALDRIDGE
The Star and the Cross: Essays on Jewish-Christian Relations, Edited by Mother Katherine Hargrove	133	DAVID DAICHES
Khrushchev: A Career, by Edward Crankshaw	135	MYRON RUSH
Three Worlds of Development: The Theory and Practice of International Stratification, by Irving Louis Horowitz	137	E. F. SCHUMACHER
Hopscotch, by Julio Cortázar	142	CARLOS FUENTES
The Ways of the Will, by Leslie H. Farber	143	EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

Editor: NORMAN PODHORETZ

Associate Editors
WERNER J. DANNHAUSER
MARION MAGID

Assistant Editor
NEAL KOZODOY

Contributing Editors
MILTON HIMMELFARB
GEORGE LICHTHEIM

Business Manager
MARTIN EDELSTON

Advertising Director
LAWRENCE M. CRANER

Circulation Manager
RONALD GREENE

COMMENTARY is published monthly by the American Jewish Committee • Single copy 75¢; $8 a year; 3 years $19; 5 years $29 • Add $1 per year for foreign postage charge • Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.

© Copyright 1966 by the American Jewish Committee; all rights reserved under International and Pan American Copyright Conventions

• Indexed in Readers' Guide, Book Review Digest, & Public Affairs Information Service • Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage.

EDITORIAL & BUSINESS OFFICES: 165 E. 56th St., New York 10022

ADVERTISING:

Main Office: 165 E. 56th Street, New York 10022. PLaza 1-4000.

Chicago: 105 W. Adams Street, Chicago 60603. ES 2-2444.

Detroit: 163 Madison Avenue, Detroit 48226. Tel.: 965-3353.

Los Angeles: 434 So. San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles 90048. Olympia 2-2100.

San Francisco: 948 Market Street, San Francisco 94104. SU 1-2744.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

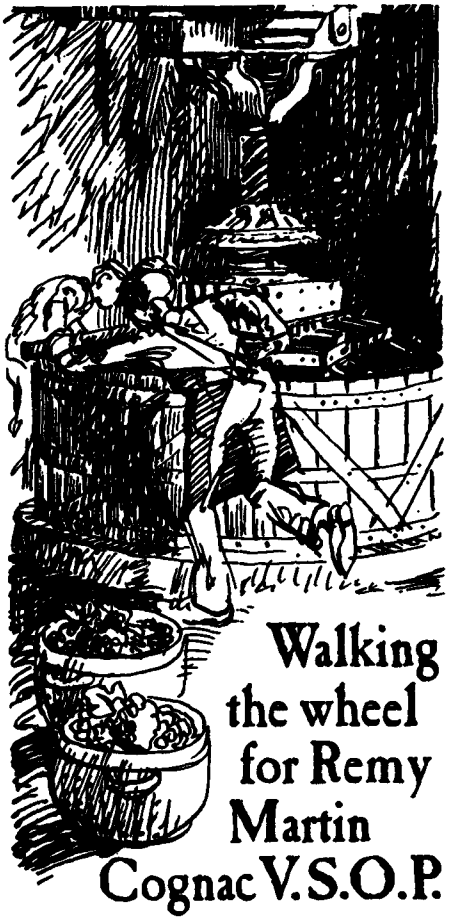
Welcome Scotch The World Over!

DEWAR'S
"White Label"

Dewar's Highlander in front of Rome's Colosseum

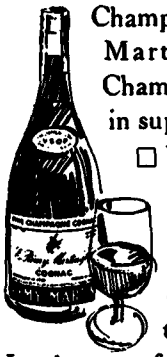
SET OF 4 COLOR PRINTS OF CLANS MacLaine, MacLeod, Wallace and Highlander, in authentic full dress regalia, 9½" x 12", suitable for framing. Available only in states where legal. Send $5 to Cashier's Dept. 3, Schenley Imports Co., 1290 Avenue Of The Americas, N.Y. 19, N.Y. 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky. © S.I.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Walking the wheel for Remy Martin Cognac V.S.O.P.

Powerful men operate the wine press, turning its massive wheel to extract the precious juices of a treasured harvest—grapes grown in the two "Champagne" sections of France's Cognac region. ☐ Years later, the product of this pressing will be known as "Fine Champagne" Cognac. Remy Martin makes only "Fine Champagne" Cognac: scarce in supply, costly to produce. ☐ When Remy Martin is ready for export, the symbol of the Centaur travels with it—a mark of perfection known throughout the world. Look, too, for the proud initials: V.S.O.P.—Very Superior Old Pale. All Remy Martin Cognac is V.S.O.P., and no Cognac of lesser quality is permitted to bear the RemyMartin label. ☐ Expensive? Beyond a doubt. Worth it? Without a doubt.



RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y. 80 PROOF

REMY MARTIN V.S.O.P.

A Statement of Aims

In sponsoring COMMENTARY, *the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. Its pages will be hospitable to diverse points of view and belief, and it hopes to encourage original creative endeavor in the various fields of culture.*

The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY'S *contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of* COMMENTARY *by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.*

AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE
MORRIS B. ABRAM, *President*

THE COMMENTARY PUBLICATION COMMITTEE

RALPH E. SAMUEL, *Chairman*

ELI M. BLACK
CHARLES D. BREITEL
MAXWELL DANE
HARRY ELSON
RICHARD C. ERNST
MAURICE GLINERT
SYDNEY M. KAYE
LEWIS J. LAVENTHOL
HAROLD MANHEIM
ARTHUR L. MAYER
FREDERICK P. ROSE
DAVID SHER
ROGER SONNABEND
HARRY STEINER
ALAN M. STROOCK
LAURENCE A. TISCH
BEN TOUSTER

MADE FROM

100% Golden Corn

Both certified Kosher . . . Lightly Salted and Unsalted.

So Low in Saturated Fat

...and only Fleischmann's has that light, delicate flavor the whole family loves

Fleischmann's belongs in every Jewish home... because it's certified Kosher, is made from 100% corn oil and has "ta'am." Medical studies now show that pure liquid corn oil such as used in Fleischmann's can help reduce the saturated fat content of the diet. That's why either Lightly Salted or Unsalted (Sweet) Fleischmann's is ideal for *low saturated fat* diets. And Unsalted is also good for *low-sodium* diets. Look for Lightly Salted Fleischmann's in your grocer's refrigerated section and Unsalted (Sweet) in the frozen foods section. *Both available on the West Coast in the familiar cube form.*

Fleischmann's

CERTIFIED KOSHER
by Rabbis Charlop and Reichman

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Somebody loves a loser

The Bell Telephone Hour has been on radio and television for 26 years. In its radio heyday, it had as many as 7 million listeners on some memorable Monday nights.

Since moving into television in 1959, it has been a shaky performer in Nielsen ratings. Last year, we averaged 12 million viewers per show—far below the 33 million average of the top ten network shows.

Despite our anemic ratings, we hang doggedly to the idea that the millions who seek fine music and musicianship on TV are splendid citizens who make a lot of telephone calls, and that The Telephone Hour is a good advertising buy for A.T.&T.

This season, we'll be back again—losing viewers to the Pow! Crunch! Zonk! shows—with a new musical excursion. Usually, we'll set forth with mike and camera to involve TV viewers at firsthand in some of the excitement of the music world. Visiting places of musical renown. Filming intimate profiles of great artists at work. Documenting major musical events, here and abroad. Bringing back 15 hours of musical experiences. Perhaps not every show will be distinguished. But that's what we'll be trying for.

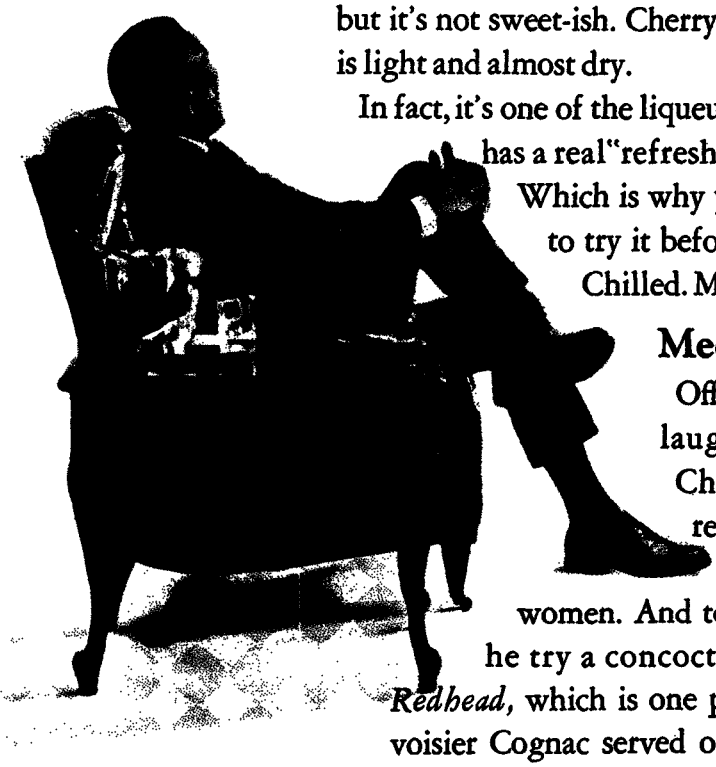
In the TV ratings race, we may be backing a loser. Whether you're a music buff or not, you may find some excitement in joining our exploration of the world of fine music. Tune in and give it a try.

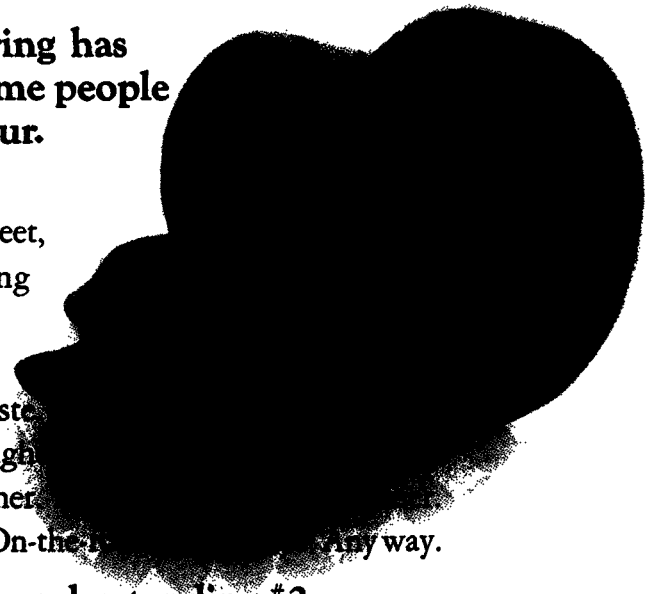
Next program is on Sunday, October 16, 6:30 p.m., EDT, on NBC. In color.

AT&T Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The most misunderstood drink in the world.





Just because Cherry Heering has the word "cherry" in it, some people think it's a too-sweet liqueur. Which it isn't.

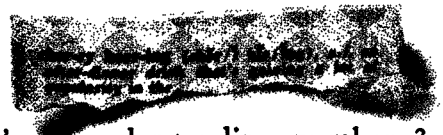
Cherry Heering is different. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish. Cherry Heering is light and almost dry.

In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste. Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-[illegible] any way.

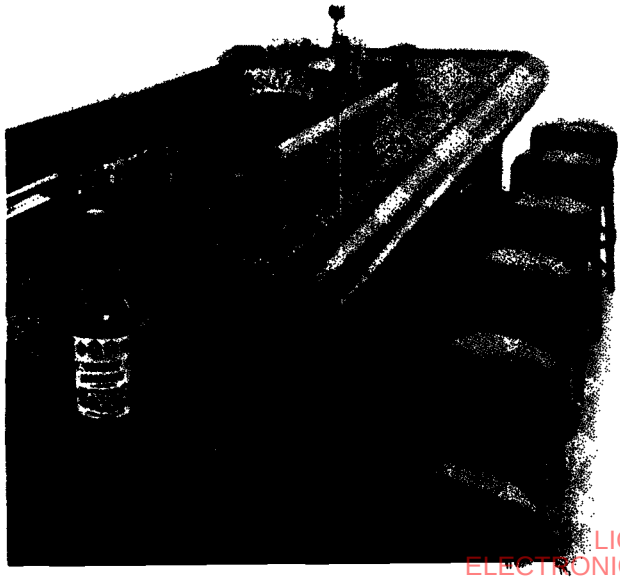
Meet misunderstanding #2

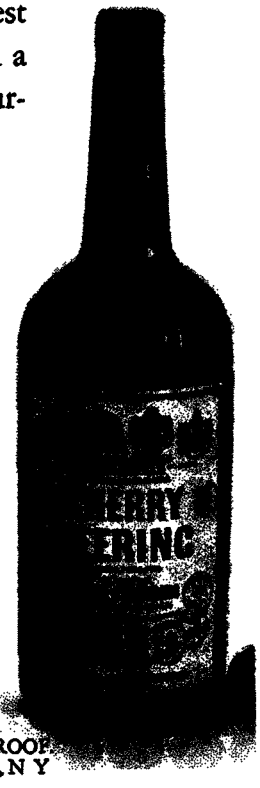
Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?



That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry H*ear*ing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.





CHERRY HEERING. 49 PROOF. COURVOISIER COGNAC. 80 PROOF.
BOTH IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

LICENSED MATERIAL - ALL RIGHTS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Separationism

To the Editor of Commentary:

My colleague Milton Himmelfarb's article, "Church and State: How High a Wall?" [July], requires a brief comment from me. As director of the American Jewish Committee's Department of Civil Rights and Social Action, and its General Counsel, I have professional responsibility for the agency's program in the church-state area. As such, I found myself in violent disagreement with my colleague's views concerning the necessity and desirability of a wall of separation between church and state.

I now find that many people are under the impression that Mr. Himmelfarb expressed the position of the American Jewish Committee in this field. I want to correct that impression. Mr. Himmelfarb, as is his right, speaks for himself; since I respect him highly, I would not have it otherwise. But the American Jewish Committee has for many years openly endorsed, and I trust will continue to endorse, the Supreme Court's interpretation of the provisions of the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which prohibits the establishment of religion and protects religious liberty:

> No tax in any amount, large or small, can be levied to support any religious activities or institutions, whatever they may be called, or whatever form they may adopt to teach or practice religion. Neither a state nor the Federal Government can, openly or secretly, participate in the affairs of any religious organizations or groups and vice-versa. In the words of Jefferson, the clause against establishment of religion by law was intended to erect "a wall of separation between Church and State." *(Everson* v. *Board of Education,* 330 U.S. 1, at p. 15.)

The AJC has supported this Jeffersonian doctrine, which has served the nation well, until non-separationists recently sought mischievously to hack away at the wall—as vandals would at a sacred place.

Meanwhile, in pursuance of the wisdom—indeed, the historic necessity—of maintaining the wall, AJC has filed *amicus* briefs in the Prayer and Bible reading cases; we have opposed Senator Dirksen's attempt to permit prayer in public schools; and we have, among other things, opposed grants or loans of revenue funds by government agencies to sectarian institutions.

This, I hope, sets the record straight.

Edwin J. Lukas
Director
Department of Civil Rights
and Social Action
American Jewish Committee
New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

My friend Milton Himmelfarb misses the major point of what I said in my *Reporter* article.

I did not argue there, and I am not arguing now, that radio and television stations should not—merely because they are licensed by the federal government—carry religious programs. Quite the contrary. I think they should and I also believe that everyone who has an interest in such programs can and should use every technique of persuasion to see that such programs are carried.

The mere fact that the FCC would not, if it observed the constitutional mandate of the First Amendment, become involved in the promotion of religion does not mean, as Himmelfarb argues, that it would "be promoting the separation of religion and society." It would leave the subject of whether or not radio or television stations broadcast religious programming where it should be: with those of us who watch and listen to these media. And the net result would depend upon the intensity of the feelings of those who want the media to carry such programs.

I emphasize this point because it was not my intention to advocate a non- or anti-religious thesis. I believe that religion is an integral part of the culture of Western civilization, but I feel equally strongly that government should not be religion's counselor.

Himmelfarb argues that "if the principle [of my thesis] were followed, the FCC would not be protecting the separation of church and state . . . [but would] be promoting the separation of religion and society—something else again."

The FCC, following the mandate of the Communications Act does, in fact, prohibit a number of programs—those, for example, which are either obscene or contain lotteries. It also affirmatively advocates and encourages—all within the framework of the Constitution and the Communications Act—the presentation of discussion and educational programs. The reason the FCC is free to prohibit or foster these kinds of programs is because there are no constitutional restrictions which inhibit or limit those activities. There is, however, a constitutional sanction which prohibits it from encouraging the broadcast of religious programs and then proceeding to evaluate their quality and quantity.

Marcus Cohn
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor of Commentary:

. . . Mr. Himmelfarb's not too serious distress about the growing tendency for public schools to be replaced by those divided along socio-economic lines, and his willingness to see the process further accelerated by the government . . . along religious lines, cannot but be feared by those of us who seek a truly pluralistic society with a maximum of interaction among various groups.

The suggestion that lessons may be drawn about how to conduct the church-state relations of a highly competitive, religiously divided society from an almost totally homogeneous Scandinavian society is simply false and irrelevant.

That things get better and better may still not be clear either to the Jehovah's Witnesses we regularly send to jail for their principles . . . or to the parents of the Amish children that Mr. Himmelfarb cited in his article. About both these groups, it seems apparent to me that we "radical separatists" . . . would take the position that the problem is too little separation, not too much; i.e., separation is a two-way street—not only must the state be free of church influence—but it must also learn that where the religious scruples of groups like the Jehovah's Witnesses or the Amish are concerned, . . . other social "goods" (e.g. cooperation with the state, and the state's view of what is the best education) will have to bow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By increasing the potential for conscientious dissent, the wall of separation between church and state increases the potential for freedom and democracy in this country. It is only those who believe that the government is incapable . . . of interfering with conscience who believe the reverse. I do not believe history or logic supports the latter position.

LAWRENCE K. KARLTON
Sacramento, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Himmelfarb attributes the dominant Jewish attitude to an ideological commitment to the doctrine of separationism. But this is a false issue: most Jews do not object at all, for example, to the state churches of England and Scandinavia, but do object strenuously to government aid to American parochial schools. The reason for this lies in the Roman Catholic character of the latter; for most Jews, the Church of Rome has always been the principal enemy, not only of the Jewish people, but also of liberalism in general. . . .

Furthermore, Mr. Himmelfarb's implication that education, any education, reduces anti-Semitism is erroneous in the light of the German and Russian experiences.

Alexander Firestone
New Haven, Connecticut

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb . . . dismisses current opposition to federal aid for non-public schools by oversimplifying the reasons behind it. . . . They have little to do with religion, but much to do with race.

It is common knowledge that non-public schools, in the North no less than in the South, are being used increasingly as a hedge against integrated education. Federal subsidy of non-public schools (whether religious or non-sectarian) points toward the creation of two separate tax-supported school systems—one primarily for the white and privileged, the other largely for the non-white and deprived.

If citizens wish to use (or, as often happens, actually establish) private schools to protect their white children from the company of black children, that is unfortunately their privilege. But for the federal government to subsidize such racial exclusivity by supporting it with public funds is tantamount to congressional and Presidential repeal of the Supreme Court ruling against segregation.

It is not today's opponents of tax-supported private schools who are indulging in "incantatory repetition of dogma"; it is writers like Mr. Himmelfarb who write about the problem within an obsolete frame of reference that predates the Warren Court and Vatican II. . . .

It is hardly a secret that in cities like New York, the vast majority of Negro children attend the public schools, not the yeshivas, not the Catholic parochial schools, and not the non-sectarian private schools whose scholarships for "high-achieving" students help the children who need help least.

If the federal government has money to spare for education, let that money go to the children condemned by our society to the public "neighborhood schools" of our great urban ghettos. Let's use that money for integrated quality education in the public schools, not for tax-supported segregation in the private ones. And let's not becloud the issue by belaboring the pros and cons of the "wall of separation" between church and state. The issue today is the wall of separation that our tax money is setting up between white children and black ones.

MERRILL MARTIN
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. Himmelfarb does not seem concerned that the public schools are forced to submit to control and ownership by the citizenry, and the watchdog behavior of our locally elected school boards, whereas private schools know of no such community relationship. . . . Would Mr. Himmelfarb at least insist on local community control of tax money donated to a private school? Such a fundamental question should never have been left out of his article.

(Dr.) GERSON JACOBS
San Rafael, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It is regrettable that Mr. Himmelfarb did not examine the results of his proposals in those countries where the wall between church and state—in the educational area, at least—has been seriously breached. The prime examples are Canada and The Netherlands.

Italy's favorite drink.

America's favorite imported wine.

Bolla

Imported by Fontana Hollywood Corp., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

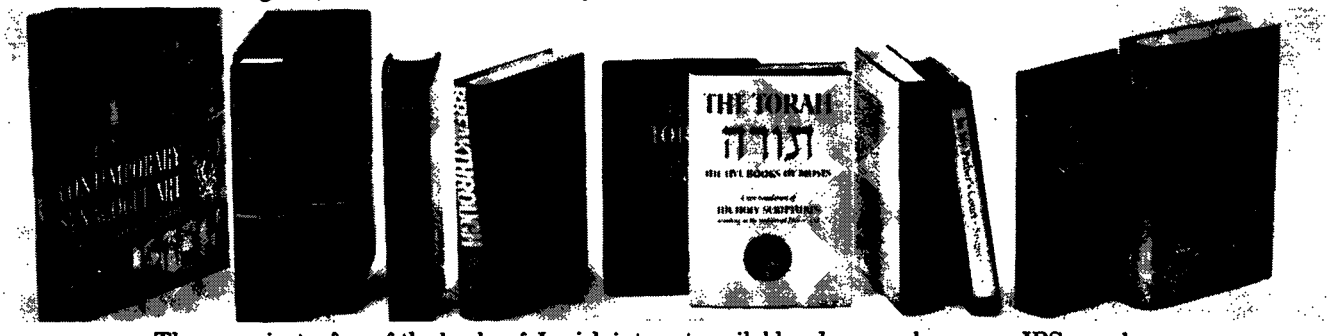
"The Jewish Publication Society of America through the years has published and distributed millions of volumes of books, theological and secular, for the education and enlightenment of both individuals and learned bodies. *It is not too much to say that without the society, Judaism would not be the vital and living force that it is in American life today.*"

ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations

For 78 years The Jewish Publication Society of America (a tax-exempt educational institution) has been publishing significant books of Jewish interest on a non-profit basis. These books have helped insure the continuity of the Jewish cultural and religious heritage in America.

When the JPS was founded it was the *only* American publisher of books on Jewish themes in English. Without the JPS, even such names as Graetz, Heschel, Ahad Ha'am and Buber would not be as widely known as they now are. There would be no edition of *The Holy Scriptures* in English acceptable to the entire Jewish community, no new translation of *The Torah*.

We're glad we're not alone anymore. Today, largely due to the receptive climate created by the JPS, commercial and university presses are publishing exciting, worthwhile Jewish-oriented books. But we *are* still pioneering; publishing books on a wide range of Jewish subjects–religious, philosophical, sociological, historical and literary.



These are just a few of the books of Jewish interest available when you become a JPS member.

CONTEMPORARY SYNAGOGUE ART, by Avram Kampf. A large, beautifully produced book which discusses and illustrates the union of modern art and the synagogue. Co-published with the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. List price, $10. (Counts as 3 units on membership.)

THE JEWS: Their History, Culture and Religion. A classic for the home library, edited by Louis Finkelstein. Essays on sociology, education, religion, literature and other significant areas, by eminent scholars. Two volumes, boxed. List price, $37.50. (Counts as 5 units on membership.)

A HISTORY OF THE JEWS, by Solomon Grayzel. The most popular one-volume Jewish history, from the Babylonian Exile to the present day. With many maps and illustrations. List price, $4.50.

BREAKTHROUGH: A Treasury of Contemporary American Jewish Literature. Eminent contemporary American-Jewish authors, in an anthology edited by Irwin Stark and Irving Malin. List price, $6.50.

THE TORAH: The Five Books of Moses. A new translation prepared by a committee of eminent scholars, according to the traditional Hebrew text, hailed as "the most accurate translation ever published in English." Blue buckram, list price, $5, or leather, list price, $10. (Leather binding counts as 3 units on membership.)

KEEPER OF THE LAW. Professor Eli Ginzberg of Columbia University writes a warm, personal memoir of his father, Louis Ginzberg, one of the foremost modern scholars of talmudic and rabbinic literature. List price, $6.

IN MY FATHER'S COURT, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. The eminent novelist and interpreter of the mystic thread in Jewish life recreates the touching, formative atmosphere of an East European traditional childhood. List price, $5.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. The authoritative translation for English-speaking Jews. The grandeur of the language in the King James version, with the heritage of Jewish thought and tradition. In maroon buckram, list price, $6.50; or in black leather, list price, $12. (Leather binding counts as 3 units on membership.)

THE PROPHETS, by Abraham J. Heschel. A probing study of the concept of God, of the great Prophets, and of the differences that separate their thinking from that of other religions and of Western philosophers. List price, $6.

I am interested in finding out about membership in JPS.

I understand that members who contribute $12.50 a year may select five books—including the new edition of The Torah acclaimed as "the most accurate translation ever published in English"—from a list of more than 150 JPS books in print, and that members who donate $25 may select up to 10 books.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

THE JEWISH PUBLICATION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DEPT. C., 222 NORTH 15TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19102

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dutch have three publicly-supported school systems; one run by the Protestants, one by the Catholics, and one by the state. Only 20 per cent of the Dutch attend public schools. This system has had the effect of driving the two major religions further apart and has intensified, rather than diminished, religious antagonism. The recent furor over the marriage of a princess of the House of Orange to a Spanish Catholic and her subsequent conversion is a case in point.

Canada has a mixed system; partly Protestant in the prairie provinces, mostly Catholic in Quebec. The dismal failure to build a unifying Canadian nationalism or even reduce religious and ethnic tension needs no comment. . . .

Again, Mr. Himmelfarb is naive in his discussion of the democratic results achieved by the school systems of monarchies with state churches. Great Britain, Scandinavia, and the Benelux countries are essentially liberal-democratic capitalist states, where valid progressive and humane results have been secured despite the union of throne and altar which survives only as a vestigial remnant of feudalism. Where the latter forces have had real power, their influence on education has been baneful.

It is ironic that a nation which is just emerging from a racially-segregated school system should be arguing its reestablishment on a religious basis. Those middle-class parents who have unspoken hopes of sidestepping school integration by this means would do well to reflect on the effects of such a system upon minority groups.

The school system in a pluralistic society must solve the problem of unity-in-diversity. It must preserve an even balance between divergent ethnic groups and at the same time present an aspiration, an ideal, a mythology, if you like, . . . to which all can adhere. The public school system is the chief social device by which society both preserves divergence and attenuates differences. Those communities which have neglected this principle have been riven and corroded by the very differences they have sought to "equalize" by public subsidy. . . .

ERNEST ALEXANDER
Washington, D.C.

Are there few things less important to you than the kind of clothes you wear?

Then leave the matter to somebody to whom hardly anything is more important.

Louis Roth.

Finchley

560 Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, New York
Louis Roth clothes are a specialty of the house

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In making the point that "24-karat separationism" between church and state can hinder the progress of "a humane, liberal democracy," Milton Himmelfarb weakens his argument by resorting to a discussion of the constitutional provision of separation in the Soviet Union as an example.

He writes: "The Soviet Union is the most secularist society in what used to be Christendom. . . . In that most secularist society, separationism has gone so far as to become persecution of religion."

The author knows the facts, but he has reversed them. The "fathers" of the Soviet constitution were hellbent on the elimination of all religion—religious institutions, beliefs, and rituals—right from the beginning. Lenin and others determined that one way of reaching this goal was to separate religious institutions, especially the Orthodox Church, which was closely linked with secular power during the reign of the Tsars. The state could then turn around and pounce on the religious institutions from which it had totally separated itself.

"Separation" of church and state is really a misnomer in relation to the Soviet Union. "Alienation" of church *by* state, from the start, is much more accurate. The Soviet government did not build a wall to prevent secular and political incursion into religious affairs. It built a fortress from which it could bombard and destroy religion.

(Rabbi) JACK D. SPIRO
Barnegat Light, N.J.

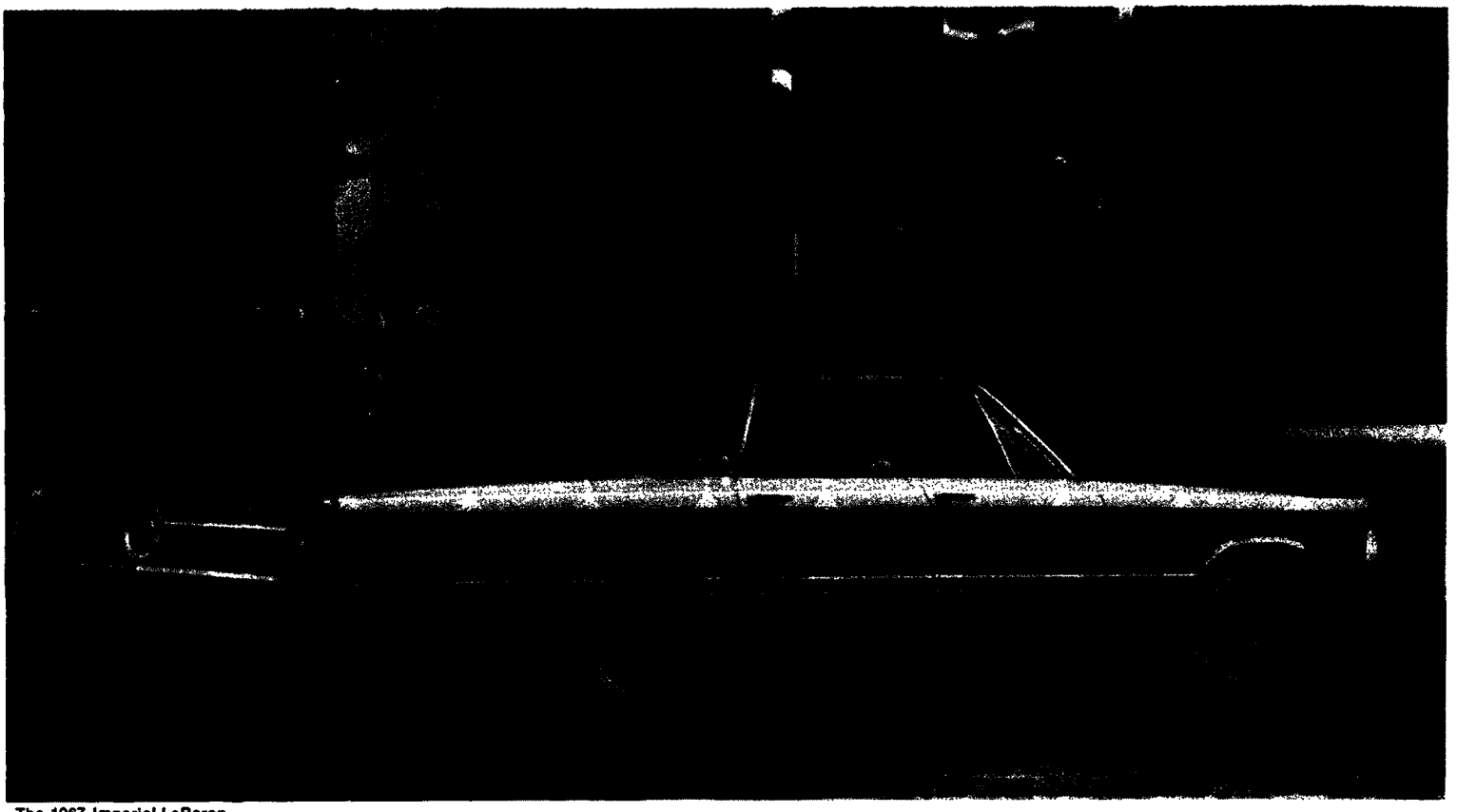
TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Milton Himmelfarb's blast at church-state separatism rests on several arguments of dubious validity. Arguing that pluralism is essential for freedom, and must be fostered to be preserved, he advocates federal subsidy of activities traditionally financed privately. This, however, would lead to results directly opposed to those he intends.

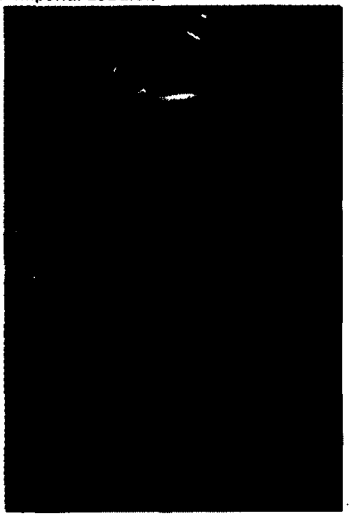
It is hard to imagine allocation of federal funds without controls following soon after. Like everyone else, the government reasonably expects, when it pays, to see that it "gets its money's worth." Pluralism is therefore helped best by limiting the expansion of government to activities where it is really essential, which would rule out federal aid to parochial

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Imperial '67 . . . the newest prestige automobile in a decade.



The 1967 Imperial LeBaron



It has been ten years since any line of American prestige automobiles changed so dramatically. If you are already accustomed to luxury cars—it is especially important that you know what Imperial's newness means.

It means that someone has remembered you—acknowledged the owner who is chauffeured.

Consider the all new Imperial LeBaron shown above.

Individual reading lamps focus light within the rear compartment. Generous twin storage pockets keep your papers in trim. There is a glove compartment in each door.

Imperial '67 invites your expert personal consideration. Phone your dealer. Take a test ride.

IMPERIAL '67

IMPERIAL DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre in color, Wednesdays NBC-TV.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

schools, federal subsidy of the arts, etc. The expectation that a benign government will encourage potential opposition and even finance it, is naive and unrealistic; as civil-rights and community organizations have learned recently, federal subsidy is often used as a means for undermining autonomous groups (the story of Project Head Start in Mississippi is a good example).

The financial problems of parochial schools may well be serious but it should be possible to deal with these short of direct subsidy. Many schemes are possible, including shared time . . . or an after-school arrangement, patterned after that of the American Hebrew school; tax credits or even scholarships are also possibilities, and by no means the same thing as direct subsidies to the school. . . .

Finally, Mr. Himmelfarb's failure to mention Israel as an example of a secular society with close ties between church and state, and one not noted for freedom of religion, is indeed curious, though hardly surprising.

DAVID F. GREENBERG
Department of Physics
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . With a tax-supported Catholic school system and, of course, a tax-supported Jewish school system, and quite probably a tax-supported Episcopalian-Methodist-Presbyterian-Church-of-Christ-Jehovah's-Witnesses school system, and most certainly a tax-supported Southern-Baptist school system, the problem of racially integrated schools remains right where it belongs—in the laps of Others. . . .

ROBERT GRIFFITH
Boston, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . After years of frustrations ending with ultimate victory in the Supreme Court, followed by attempts to revise the First Amendment, the latest of which is the current Dirksen amendment, Mr. Himmelfarb urges a new look, suggesting that those who support separation of church and state are doctrinaire. One may well wonder where he has been all these years—certainly he has been insulated from the problems his own organization, the American Jewish Committee, has dealt with.

In the files of the AJC is a tape recording of a seminar with teenage Jewish children in Essex County, New Jersey on this subject. Many of them . . . admitted that the various religious practices in the schools had tempted them to conversion at one time or another. Indeed, some of them have subsequently left the faith. This pattern is countrywide. Perhaps Mr. Himmelfarb's views would have been different if he had to deal with the questions that were consistently brought to us: the problem of Johnny's being given the lead role in the Christmas play; of Johnny's unwillingness (or willingness) to say the Lord's Prayer (prior to the Supreme Court decision); of the girl who was dismissed from the glee club because she wouldn't sing a religious song; of the Jewish teacher who refused to lead a religious exercise, and so on and on. Perhaps Mr. Himmelfarb forgets that we are here today because the Pilgrims left England rather than allow the Book of Common Prayer to be imposed upon their children in the schools. (Indeed, notwithstanding Mr. Himmelfarb's assertion that religious freedom in Great Britain "is closer to being most secure . . . than least secure," the situation of Jewish children in British schools, particularly as regards the matter of getting into "good" schools, still important in England, happens to be quite shocking.)

The tone of the article is also disturbing. Mr. Himmelfarb's attempt to link those who opposed the aid-to-education bills because of church-state objections with reactionaries and racists is out of line, . . . as is his attempt to equate the opposition of aid to religious schools with "hard-heartedness" and lack of humanity. Perhaps he has forgotten what has happened, historically, to the Jews whenever the state has become involved in religion. Perhaps he feels it can't happen here, or perhaps he is not as concerned about the preservation of Judaism as the rest of us are, but it is unjust to say, as he does, that "even in America, separatism is potentially tyrannical." . . .

Finally, I found it particularly unfair of Mr. Himmelfarb to cite the remark made by our deceased colleague, the late Theodore Leskes, on the subject of military chaplains in such a way as to suggest that Ted Leskes's lack of objection in this case meant that he took exception to the principle of separation. The providing of military chaplains for those who wish them, and who

you work hard for that dollar all your life..

make sure you reap the rewards!

Let us send you information about our exciting retirement plans. Call or write giving us your date of birth and the age at which you want to retire. We'll introduce you to a rather startling concept which may change your attitude about saving for retirement. You'll love the rewards of our retirement plans.

Jafco Life AGENCY, INC.

INSURANCE SPECIALISTS
431 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016
MU 4-5779

KLM's Instant Caribbean! Fly down for a week's cruise—from $299 complete

Reliable KLM jets you to balmy Curaçao where you board the luxury liner ss Regina.* Then you're off and cruising for 7 full days of fun and sun. KLM's "Hide-A-Way Cruises" start at just $299 from New York ($284 from Miami). Included: KLM round trip jet economy excursion fare, all meals, *first class* shipboard accommodations. Choice of 10 weekly departures each Monday, January 9 through March 13, two different itineraries, up to 7 ports. Clip coupon for all the facts—and see your travel agent.

* *Greek Registry*

Please send me free brochure with full details on KLM's "Hide-A-Way Cruises" in the Caribbean.

Name_____

Address_____ Phone_____

City_____ State_____ Zip Code_____

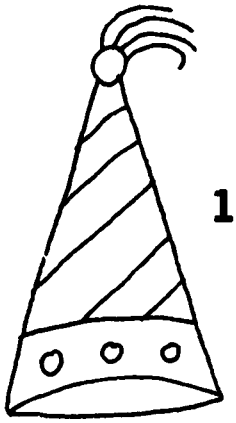
*My travel agent is*_____

KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, Dept. C
609 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10017

CM-1 ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES

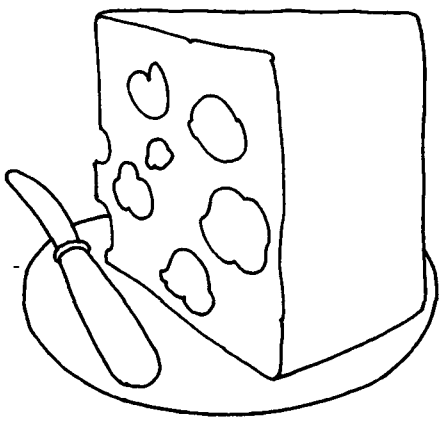
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

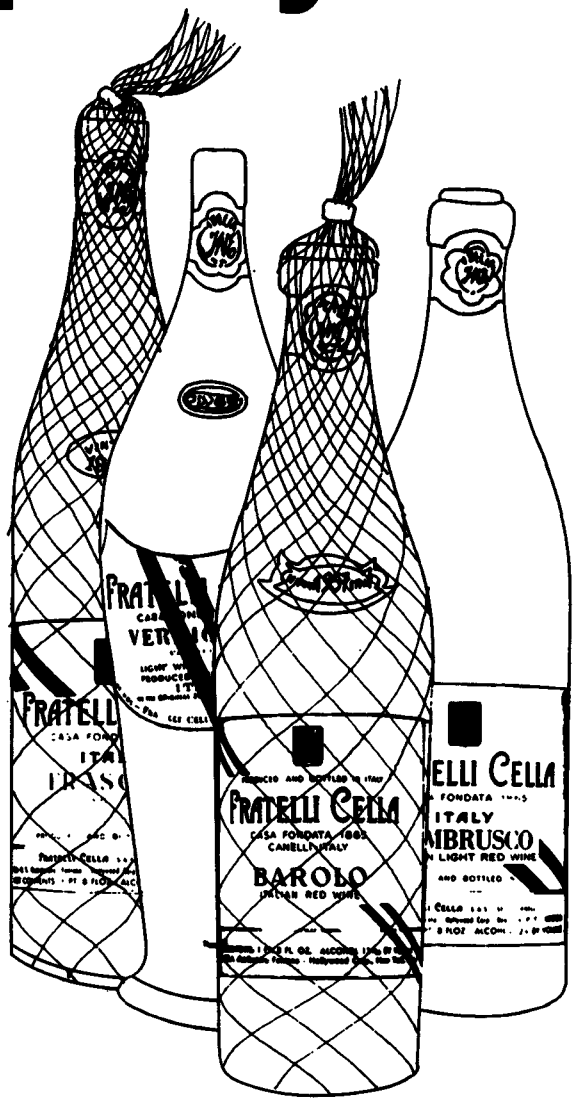
How to give a smashing party for under $15.



1. Buy a frilly party favor. For a dime.

2. Buy a mysterious looking cheese. With a nice, loud smell.





3. Buy a bottle of Verdicchio, Lambrusco, Barolo, and Frascati. They're all authentic Italian wines from Fratelli Cella.

When you're all through (and we can assure you all the bottles will be empty) smash everything. Fratelli Cella wines are the very soul of Italy. They turn a party into a grand smash.

FRATELLI

CELLA

Produced and bottled in Italy. Sole U.S. Distributors, Fontana Hollywood Corp., New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the arrival of the Northeast Yellowbirds!

Yellowbirds—flightleaders of Northeast Airlines' great new hundred million dollar fleet—now bring you a new experience in luxury flying.

Catch a Yellowbird and let luxury happen to you. Yellowbirds are the gleaming symbol of a brand new airline. Northeast. The name is familiar but everything else is new. New menus. New personalized reservation service. New modern terminal facilities, staffed by people with new desire to serve you better. New schedules with more flights. Catch a Yellowbird and let luxury happen to you.

Everything's new on the New Northeast.

NE NORTHEAST

New York, Miami, Fort Lauderdale, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal and all New England.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would otherwise be without religious facilities, is clearly not a religious imposition on an entire group, as classroom participation in prayer clearly is. . . . Appearing on television August 9th, Edwin J. Lukas, the able counsel for the American Jewish Committee, in speaking of his organization's opposition to the Dirksen amendment cited the subtle social pressures of the classroom which lead the children to feel themselves coerced into participation in prayers. . . . Mr. Himmelfarb may think this is "rhetoric" but the traumatic experiences to children are real and the consequence to Judaism critical. For Jews as Jews this may well be the most serious issue of our time.

JOHN M. KAUFMAN
Newark, New Jersey

[*In a forthcoming issue of* COMMENTARY, *we will publish a "Controversy" on the subject of Mr. Himmelfarb's article. At that time, Mr. Himmelfarb will reply to all of his critics.*]

Outside Help

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:
William Phillips's excellent review of Truman Capote's book [May] suggests another critical oversight: only half of *In Cold Blood* was written, the other half was interviewed. Without the help of the Capote interviews in the New York *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, etc., how would we have known about the author's technique for memorizing conversations, about how he made the killings into his own domain, and —the central issue—about his own involvement with the killers?

That other half of the book, I suspect, sold half of the books. For it's titillating public knowledge that Capote got himself so involved. The deathhouse scene in the book is spare, bad jokes are made, the exit is laughing. But through the interviews we learn that Capote was bequeathed the killers' property; that they kissed; that it was he who erected their headstones. Love conquers murder—it's what remains in the author's affect that counts, that accommodates us to outrage.

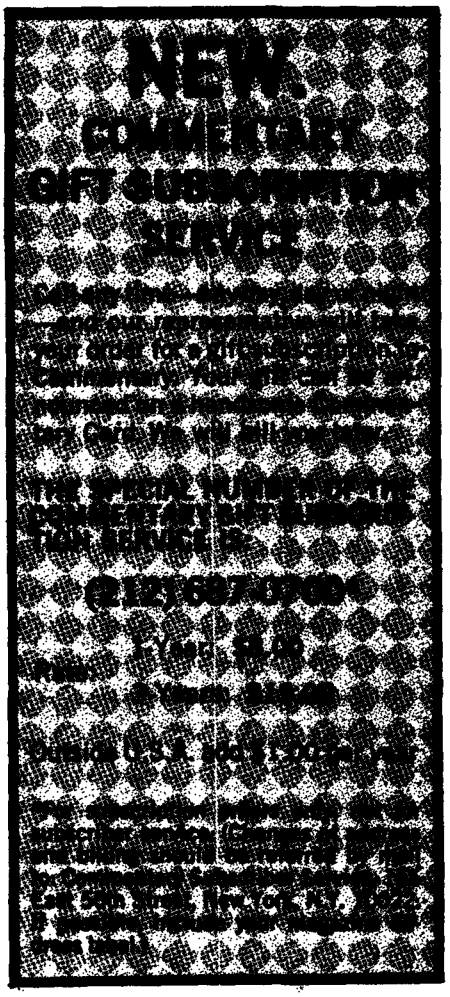
In one of the interviews, Capote spoke of the "double meaning" of the title. "Cold blood" alludes, we infer, not just to the mayhem on the Kansas farm, but to another set of killings, those of the killers, in

Technique or Telepathy?

What made this musical collaboration between John Browning, the Boston Symphony and Erich Leinsdorf really catch fire? Was it technical fluency or a meeting of minds? It was both—but among virtuoso performers, technique is implicit, whereas true artistic empathy is a far more elusive phenomenon. In this collaboration their rapport is strikingly demonstrated in a performance of two Prokofieff concertos—one melodic, the other intricate. Technique or telepathy? Enjoy both—in Dynagroove sound.

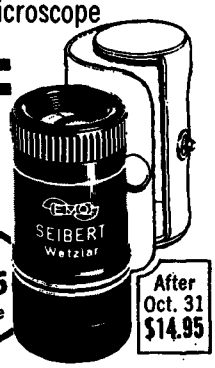
RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



More than just a telescope...
More than just a microscope

Emoskop: a complete vestpocket optical system.



ONLY $12.95 With Case

After Oct. 31 $14.95

We went to Wetzlar, Germany (world capital of fine optics) to find such perfection. Remove the EMOSKOP from its fitted leather case and it is a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 2.5-power telescope (ideal for theater, field and sky) or a unique 2.5x telescope loupe. Another twist and you have a choice of magnifying glasses: 5-, 10-, or 15-powers! ☐ The perfect vestpocket companion for exacting professionals and scientists, and all those who wish to observe anything more closely and clearly. ☐ A most discreet opera glass. ☐ If you make a fetish of quality, the EMOSKOP will do you proud. Five coated lenses, fully achromatic, absolutely flat field. ☐ Modern Photography Magazine calls the EMOSKOP "... the only magnifier worthy of the name." ☐ Haverhill's guarantees your satisfaction without qualification.

INSTANT ORDER BLANK

Mail to: HAVERHILL'S
465 California St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104

Send me_____ Emoskop Optical System(s) @ $12.95*
☐ I enclose check or M.O. plus $1.00 for post. and ins.
☐ Bill Diners'; ☐ Bill Amer. Expr. Acct. #_____
*(California residents add 4% sales tax)

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
_____
C-10

Haverhill's
Searching the World to bring you the Finest

the deathhouse at Leavenworth, and in the author's affect they are somehow equated. In the book, of course, he is present as a mere register of events ("he said to a reporter who had come to know him. . . ."), but we know better, he's told us in interviews.

Finally, . . . Capote was shown shepherding Mr. Alvin Dewey—the detective on the case—and Mrs. Dewey around New York. They had come, at his behest, to visit Tiffany's (with its Capote pun), to see the Statue of Liberty, to lunch with Jackie Kennedy.

In old America's wheatfield flatness, Mr. Clutter wouldn't have a whiskey drinker on his place. In new America's moral flatness, the author's ambidexterity embraces killed and killer with equal warmth.

(Dr.) JAMES E. BAXTER
New York City

Graven Images

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

You are to be congratulated for publishing Harold Rosenberg's provocative article, "Is There a Jewish Art?" [July].

Mr. Rosenberg may not find Jewish ceremonial objects interesting, and rightly calls attention to the fact that they are apparently of little popular appeal. This does not mean, however, that there are not some objects of major historical significance in this field. The decorative arts tradition is always slighted in times when the major arts are more prominent, and in this respect Jewish ceremonial art only shares its obscurity with all such arts. Only in a museum like The Cloisters has any major interest been focused on ceremonial art, and there is admittedly no Antioch Chalice or Bury St. Edmonds Cross extant from the Jewish past. Moreover, The Cloisters has architectural interest and some sculpture and painting (e.g., the Meroda Altarpiece) which make the trip worthwhile for those who don't want to see metal, bone, weaving, or glass.

Mr. Rosenberg fails to mention the small group of European post-Emancipation Jews, such as Struck and Budko, who really did consider themselves "Jewish artists." This was, of course, the result of their happy awareness that they could function in the world as Jews and artists—a new phenomenon in their time. Nevertheless, one cannot contest the observation that no "Jewish style" has ever emerged from this (and perhaps no "Jewish art" either).

When a critic of Mr. Rosenberg's insight and stature undertakes to discuss a topic of such sensitivity, one can be certain that he will contribute some major ideas. He has done that very well, and all Jews interested in art must be grateful to him for his eloquent statement.

TOM L. FREUDENHEIM
Assistant Director
University Art Museum
University of California
Berkeley, California

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In answer to the question, "Is There a Jewish Art?" I should like to offer a suggestion that the possible seeds of a future Jewish Art may lie in early Christian Art. In the attenuated, elongated sculptures of Romanesque cathedrals and monasteries . . . there is an expression of religious feeling akin to that in Judaism—the feeling of being drawn upward, . . . away from the minutiae of daily life. . . . Early Italian frescoes of Giotto and Masaccio also come to mind, and much early work done by anonymous peasants out of simple religious faith—before church art was capitalized upon for its propaganda value.

Whether Jewish art will be purely abstract or not is a question, but that it is about to emerge, and that it will flourish both in Israel and in this country, where Jews feel free at last to express their unique heritage, is almost certain.

Thanks for Mr. Rosenberg's article. It was most valuable in pointing out what Jewish Art is *not*.

MARCIA WASSERMAN
Wayland, Massachusetts

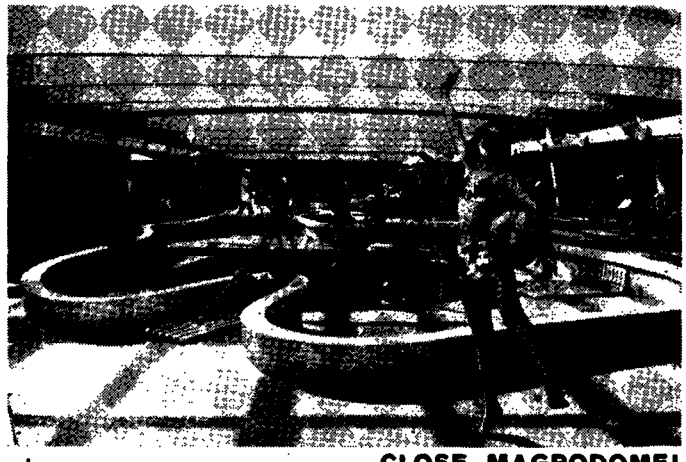
TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

One may agree with Harold Rosenberg's thesis that "there is no Jewish art in the sense of a Jewish style in painting and sculpture" but what about introducing a new term, "Yiddish art," to encompass the thousands of paintings and sculptures which are the plastic equivalents to the literary works of Peretz, Sholem Aleichem, Sholem Asch? Chagall is the only one in this category who achieved world fame, but hundreds of Eastern European artists of merit were so deeply engrossed in the life and lore of their habitat that they produced an art as thoroughly "Yid-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for
fun-filled
days
on the
world's
first
indoor-outdoor
Lido deck
under a
retractable glass
Magrodome roof

OPEN, MAGRODOME!



CLOSE, MAGRODOME!

and
for
glamour-filled
nights
in 22
public rooms
and dancing
to the tune of
4 orchestras

this autumn take the perfect short vacation that includes a sunny destination:

OCEANIC 7-DAY CRUISES TO NASSAU
IN THE BAHAMAS

Largest ship ever designed exclusively for cruising — 39,241 tons, fully air conditioned. All cabins with private bathrooms, telephones. 2 days and 2 nights in Nassau, ship your hotel.

SAILING EVERY SATURDAY . . . 7 DAYS FROM $210
Minimum rates subject to availability

All-Italian crew — Panamanian registry

Book Through Your Travel Agent

HOME LINES

CRUISES FROM NEW YORK TO NASSAU EVERY WEEK OF THE YEAR

42 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10004 • Tel: (212) 425-1515

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gentlemen: If you purchase this shaver, we promise never to repair it.

But we will promise you this, and in writing: If anything goes wrong within one year we will send you an all-new ACCUMEN Shaver. After that one-year guarantee period, and if you are unhappy with the shaver for any reason, return it to us—even if it's thirteen years from now—and for just $12.95 we'll send you the newest "top-of-the-line" model available at the time. (We fully realize that $12.95 may be worth only $2.95 thirteen years from now. But that's our hard luck). And then you can start this all over again with that new shaver—for another thirteen years if you wish. That's why we call it the "ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan."

If this sounds like an unprecedented offer, you are correct. It is. And if you think there must be some "gimmick" involved, you are also correct. There is. We would not stick our necks out so far and for so long if we weren't quite sure that the ACCUMEN will give you trouble-free satisfaction from now until the cows come home. What makes us so sure? Just this: We have observed the ACCUMEN's performance for years in Europe and since we introduced it to this country. We have talked to hundreds of really satisfied owners. We have "fan letters" by the score. Finally, we know what it's made of and how it's made. It will be a rare ACCUMEN that falters or disappoints.

This is the Ultimate Shaver — we think this is the finest shaver made in the world today. Cordless or otherwise. In our opinion it makes all others obsolete. Very few of our competitors describe their shavers as "second best," so we quite understand if you take all of these claims with a heaping spoonful of salt. But, here, for your consideration, are the principal reasons why we believe the ACCUMEN to be "The Ultimate."

1. The Powerplant: A high-potential nickel-cadmium battery, which will give you at least ten to fifteen good shaves before recharging. As an aside: The president of Witte & Sutor (manufacturers of the ACCUMEN) is none other than Herr Waldemar Witte, the inventor of the rechargeable flashlight. He ought to know!

2. The Motor: The "synchromesh" motor is a 6000 rpm. marvel of German engineering. Barium ferrite permanent magnets, self-lubricating bearings and copper-carbon brushes assure a long, hardworking life.

3. The Shaving Head: Shaving area 2½ times larger than that of any other rotary shaver. Ultrathin foil (.00315"). Four stainless steel cutters are individually sprung and balanced and can operate independently to adapt to the minutest contour of your face (this is a truly radical innovation — have you ever noticed how your present shaver is built on the same principle as a lawn mower?)

And then the marvelous extras: The patented "LumiRing" that spotlights the working area for perfect shaves in any light. Vacuum action that keeps your whiskers from your clothing. And, as far as we know, this is the only shaver in the civilized world that is rechargeable directly from any wall socket—no transformers, no "power cords." The ACCUMEN is lockable, to keep it exclusively yours (sorry, teenagers). Then, there is a built-in shave counter. Last, and probably least, women are wild about the ACCUMEN, because the shaving head is round and smooth and has no sharp edges. (But, please, buy her one of her own.)

Still more. The ACCUMEN is not just the finest shaver in the world. The optional attachments make it a complete grooming system — among other things. Look at the choice in the coupon and help yourself.

THE WORLD FAMOUS ACCUMEN. FOR A LIFETIME OF CLOSE SHAVES

Should you Buy a Shaver by Mail — Sight Unseen? It may be unorthodox, but the only way to buy this shaver at this price (on this side of the Atlantic) is from us, the exclusive importer/retailers. Be that as it may—why not? What's the risk? You order the ACCUMEN not only with the one-year new-shaver guarantee; not only with the $12.95 ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan, but with this added assurance:

Unconditional Promise: Try the ACCUMEN for two weeks. Then, if you don't agree it is indeed "The Ultimate," send it back to us and we'll return your money by air mail and write you a nice thank-you letter.

That's it. For the price of an ordinary, run-of-the-mill shaver you can now shave with the pride of Europe. The ACCUMEN. The Ultimate Shaver. The only electric shaver that shaves close enough (in the woods or at home) to satisfy "blade men." And the only shaver in the world that will never be repaired, but that offers the exclusive ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan.

STEP INTO A NEW WORLD OF SHAVING LUXURY — TODAY © 1966 C-10

Mail to: HAVERHILL'S
526 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111

Please enroll me in the ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan, subject to the stated guarantee. I will also receive free the $4.95 rechargeable flashlight if I purchase at least one attachment in addition to the ACCUMEN. Please send me the following:

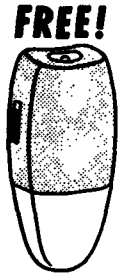
- ☐ *ACCUMEN rechargeable shaver with zippered case, mirror and brush - $24.95.
- ☐ *Hairclipper Attachment - $4.95.
- ☐ *Massage/Hairbrush Attachments, both - $4.95.
- ☐ White Flashlight Attachment - $4.95.
- ☐ *Yellow Blinker Attachment - $4.95.
- ☐ *Automobile Charging Unit (12v or 6v) - $4.95.
- ☐ Foil/Cutter (spare - for next year) - $4.95.
- ☐ Praktikus-5, all items marked with an *, in a beautiful zippered gift case, only $39.95. (Instead of $44.75 if purchased separately.)

☐ Check, plus $1 for postage & insur., enclosed.
☐ Diners ☐ Am. Exp. Acct #
(California Residents Add 4% Sales Tax.)

Name _____

Address _____

FREE!



Haverhill's
Searching the World to bring you the Finest

To get this ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan going in a big way, we will be pleased to send you a gift. Order the ACCUMEN and at least one attachment now and we'll send you in addition a beautiful rechargeable flashlight. Retail price of this flashlight is $4.95.

dish" as the customs, rites, proverbs, and songs that were their daily fare. . . . Their works can be found in the Musée Juif in Paris and—in the vaults of New York's Jewish Museum. . . . Though these artists—most of whom were killed off by the Nazis—attended art schools in Warsaw, Vilna, Bucharest, and elsewhere, their creations often have the flavor of folk art—Jewish folk art. Yet many critics who presume to discuss "Jewish art" are not even aware of these treasures.

Other of Mr. Rosenberg's assertions are more questionable: For example, it is not proper to view Werner Haftmann's important work, *Painting in the 20th Century,* with "suspicion," as he does, and it is absurd to accuse him of "anti-Semitism," as—according to Rosenberg—one reviewer did. Haftmann did, to be sure, lump together Chagall, Soutine, Pascin, Kisling, and Modigliani, but while it is not true that they "constituted a special Jewish enclave," . . . there is nothing wrong in noting that they did have in common a "peculiarly melancholy lyricism," which is also noted by Paolo D'Ancona in his book. . . . Haftmann writes that these artists "enlarged the magical experience of the object, adding a new lyrical and legendary dimension," and that through it "the world was seen as dream and legend, enveloped in warm humanity and clothed in Romanticism." If this be anti-Semitism, then every statement on Jews must be regarded with "suspicion."

To continue—so many painters of Jewish descent have appeared in the old South that Rosenberg need not have invented a "hypothetical artist." Why should there be a "Jewish ingredient" in the portraits painted by Carvalho, Moise, and others? To take one example—Theodore Sydney Moise of Charleston painted a portrait of Henry Clay, now in the Metropolitan Museum. For many decades the work was attributed to the more famous Samuel F. B. Morse, until it was discovered that the signature was Moise's. If there is a "Jewish ingredient," in the portrait, it is unnoticeable. Moise did not, of course, grow up in a *shtetl,* so why should he produce "Jewish" or "Yiddish" art? Rosenberg seems to contradict himself in this passage.

Again, Rosenberg's assertion that Jewish ceremonial art is not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

L' EXAMEN du LEVAIN &c.

An 18th-century French engraving

. . . provides the subject matter for one of the new Commentary Cards. Others, drawn from pictures from the 14th and 17th centuries, depict the observation of such holidays as Sukkot, Simhat Torah, Purim, and Shavuot in addition to Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. So Commentary Cards can be used for sending holiday messages throughout the year—or, as many subscribers have discovered, they make excellent all-purpose notepaper.

Some readers have been pleased to find that the cards could meet more special needs. A colorful Persian marriage contract and a tiny 19th-century embroidery of two figures beneath a wedding canopy have been imprinted with marriage announcements; an embroidered figure of a young man embracing the Torah has done service as a Bar Mitzvah invitation.

Send 10¢ now for a little booklet illustrating all the cards, and see which can be adapted to your special needs. Or, if you prefer to see the actual cards, send $2.95 for a sample selection of 15 different subjects—and request information on imprinting with your personal message.

Commentary Cards
165 East 56th Street
New York, N.Y. 10022

Name _____

Address _____

City, State _____

Zip Code _____

☐ I enclose 10¢ for the booklet illustrating all fifteen Commentary Cards.

☐ I should like to order _____ boxed assortments of Commentary Cards, and enclose $_____ in payment. (Please enclose $2.95 plus 25¢ postage for each box. New York State residents add 5% sales tax; others add any state and local tax applicable.)

art "in the sense in which the word is used in the 20th century" is either meaningless or mistaken. He might just as well declare that the treasures of The Cloisters are not art because they were made primarily for the church. I detect a pejorative note in Rosenberg's reference to "the stream of carvings, silver castings, and embroideries with a Jewish iconography and biblical references"—has he looked at them carefully? He feels that these "Jewish crafts" are of so little general interest that the Jewish Museum, in order to attract visitors, was forced to put on shows of Rauschenberg, Johns, and Rivers. There can be no doubt that the work of these gentlemen is more likely to attract vast crowds than, say, an illuminated medieval manuscript. But is sensationalism the yardstick by which to measure the value of works of art? Incidentally, Mr. Rosenberg, who devotes so much space to Jewish cooking might do well to acquaint himself with the Darmstadt Haggadah or the Sarajevo Haggadah —available in facsimile editions— to raise his estimate of this "priestly art."

Mr. Rosenberg makes only one reference to the art of Israel—actually to one Israeli artist, Agam. If we take Agam seriously—which we should—we need not question his desire to "give plastic and artistic expression to the ancient Hebrew concept of reality, which differs in its essence from that of all other civilizations." Agam's abstractions may very well contain little to remind Rosenberg (or me) of any special Jewish metaphysics, but Agam's apparent failure does not exclude the possibility of another, more successful try on his part. I know several Israeli artists, both figurative and non-figurative, who earnestly believe that their art can be linked, in many ways, with ancient Hebraic concepts as well as with the living Jewish (Israeli) reality.

Altogether, Mr. Rosenberg oversimplifies. I humbly suggest that he go more deeply into the subject of "Jewish art," should he wish to make another stab at it.

ALFRED WERNER

New York City

MR. ROSENBERG writes:

I was interested in Alfred Werner's suggestion about "Yiddish art," although his comparison of Chagall with Sholem Aleichem strikes me as highly dubious.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do you have what it takes to join The Underground?

If you're adult, literate and adventurous; then keep reading. Grove Press and Evergreen invite you to join the only club of its kind for people like you.

As you know, the literary scene has never been the same since 1959, when Grove published the first American edition of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. A year later, we made it possible for you to read Henry Miller's classic *Tropic of Cancer* without traveling to Paris.

Before, after and in-between, Grove continued to offer the new generation of new writers here and abroad a forum for their work.

Writers such as Samuel Beckett, Harold Pinter, Brendan Behan, Alain Robbe-Grillet. Books such as William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch;* Robert Gover's *$100 Misunderstanding;* John Rechy's *City of Night.*

Grove's growth kept pace with a new generation of readers and freed a new band of contemporary writers. Both groups began turning to us in large numbers, and out of a need to provide a forum for these emerging writers, we created a new magazine, *Evergreen Review.*

From the start, *Evergreen* was bold, provocative and pioneering. It was also consistently a leader in introducing the freshest, most exciting writers of the post-war period. And still is. For example, the latest issue includes Jerry Tallmer's assessment of Lindsay's impact on New York and vice versa: Four new poems by Allen Ginsberg: *Spotlight on Marigold Flagg,* a full-color spoof on the half-nude photo essays usually found in the magazines for men only; more on Phoebe Zeit-Geist; and more.

Evergreen provides a platform for the best of the new writing and art—and has enlarged the audience for it. That's why we're making it practically painless for you to get *Evergreen.*

If you agree to subscribe to *Evergreen* at the regular subscription price of $5.00, we'll make you a present of any one of six exceptional books in their original Grove Press editions.

Select any of these books free! *Story of O,* Pauline Réage's extraordinary novel that is possibly the most famous underground clasic of our time. Or get free the complete works of *Maquis de Sade* (with *Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom* and other writings).

Another free choice is *The Nightclerk* by Stephen Schneck. This first American winner of the international Formentor Prize is a wild, outrageously funny, deadly serious novel called by *The New York Times,* "masterful, a literary phenomenon, and one of the year's best." Or select *The Olympia Reader* edited by Maurice Girodias, an illustrated anthology of the best from Paris' famed Olympia Press—with special emphasis on material never before published in the U. S.

Another choice is *Eros Denied,* Wayland Young's examination of the awful mess the Western world has made of sex and why healthy sexual attitudes are so difficult. The sixth choice is a complete facsimile edition of a classic work first produced in 1884 and never before available to the general public; Fred. Chas. Forberg's *Manual of Classical Erotology,* a unique collection of the erotic writings of Ancient Greece and Rome.

Any one of these books is yours free with a year's subscription (6 issues) to *Evergreen.* And with it comes still *another* benefit—available *only* to subscribers of *Evergreen:* Membership in the new Evergreen Club.

Membership doesn't obligate you to buy another book. *Honest, not another book.* Membership does make available the best contemporary books for less than you pay elsewhere.

These are the books that the big, best-seller oriented book clubs don't offer to their mass membership, books like those published by Grove Press in the past few months—*Barbarella,* the French comic strip for adults; *491, the* book that inspired the world-famous Swedish movie; and William Burroughs' new novel, *The Soft Machine.*

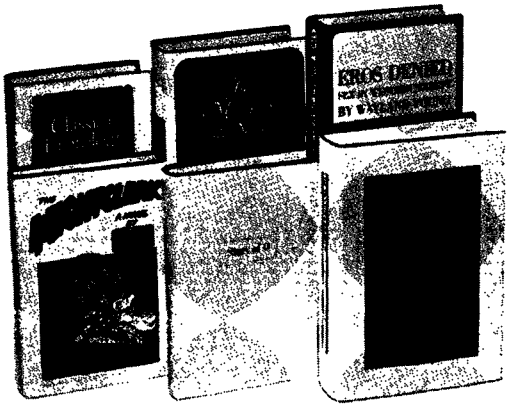
Each month our editors will select a book they feel is worth owning and reading, and we'll send you a monthly news bulletin telling you about the book.

If you want the book you don't have to do anything. If you don't, just send back the self-addressed card that will be included.

But remember, you don't have to buy any of them, as long as you live.

How can you lose?

Fill out the coupon now, and welcome to the Underground.



Get one of these books free with your subscription to Evergreen.

Evergreen, 80 University Place, N.Y., N.Y. 10003 C-10

Gentlemen: I am adventurous, literate, adult and wish to take advantage of your offer which entitles me to a year's subscription to *Evergreen* (6 issues), a membership in your new Evergreen Club, and one of the books listed below. I understand, as a member of the club, I am not obligated to buy any more books.

☐ Enclosed is my check for $5. ☐ Please bill me.

I have checked my free selection below.

☐ *Eros Denied,* Wayland Young (Free, $7.50 value)
☐ *The Marquis de Sade* (Free, $15.00 value)
☐ *Manual of Classical Erotology,* F.C. Forberg (Free, $7.50 value)
☐ *Story of O,* Pauline Réage (Free, $6.00 value)
☐ *The Nightclerk,* Stephen Schneck (Free, $5.00 value)
☐ *The Olympia Reader,* edited by Maurice Girodias (Free, $12.50 value)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Say something funny

Or pleasing. Or even slightly unexpected. You will delight in the reaction of your Japan Air Lines hostess. Warm, friendly, sometimes shy. Always enchanting.

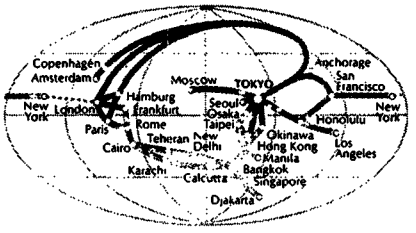
you experience a charming response

Uniquely Japanese. And that is the secret of Japan Air Lines' famed service. Wherever in the world you fly JAL, you are magically "in Japan." You are an honored guest, pampered in the gracious Japanese manner.

reflecting 1,200 years of tradition

Observe the grace of your kimono-clad hostess as she welcomes you with a refreshing *o-shibori* hot towel... pours a tiny cup of warmed *sake*... serves you superb Continental cuisine. You are experiencing 1,200 years of tradition in the art of pleasing others.

DIRECT FROM NEW YORK beginning November, enjoy the special charm of JAL all the way to Japan... throughout the Orient, Middle East, and Europe. Stop over in California and Hawaii at no extra fare, resuming your trip on any of JAL's 20 weekly transPacific flights. Your travel agent has complete information.



JAPAN AIR LINES

the worldwide airline of Japan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sholem Aleichem made his art out of the spoken language of the *shtetl*, while Chagall made his out of the aesthetic vocabulary of pre-World War I Paris: cubism, etc.

As for the rest of Werner's letter, it's mere showing off—for example, the business about Moise and the Sarajevo Haggadah. The real point of the letter is that the Jewish Museum should have invited Werner to give the lecture on Jewish art, not me. He may be right; obviously, Jewish art is his dish. But his heat prevents him from thinking. The fact that Haftmann found a "peculiarly melancholy lyricism" in painters who had nothing in common but their Jewish blood may make him O.K. with Werner, who also has the habit of looking for The Jew in Jews, but it does not defend Haftmann against the charge of distorting art history out of racial prejudice. Again, it was not I, but the Jewish Museum, who decided that New York Jews would rather see a Rauschenberg exhibition than ceremonial cups.

Werner evidently believes that he occupies a proprietary relation to Jewish art—he even feels privileged to express optimism, without giving any grounds, about future "links" between Israeli painting and "ancient Hebraic concepts." Apparently, being a landlord is not an intellectual asset.

Science Defended

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Belatedly, by way of Eric Larrabee's article ["Science and the Common Reader," June], COMMENTARY has taken note of science as an area fit for the Common Reader—provided he is properly forewarned that it is an arena full of shifty-eyed scholars-turned-politicos or, at best, fallen saints who have discovered the almighty buck.

Much of what Mr. Larrabee writes is, I believe, an accurate appraisal of the local scientific scene; however, his opinion of how scientists look at themselves and their predecessors is, as I am sure he must expect, subject to contention. The humanist who spends his research career . . . scrutinizing the past for its errors reminds one very much of those almost proud old men who used to walk quietly through our parks and boulevards . . . carrying pointed sticks with which to recover the torn letters and candy wrappers of yesterday.

In addition to the regular social and entertainment functions programmed daily by a professional cruise staff, you will enjoy performances on West Indies Cruises by such stars as:

BARBARA McNAIR * BILLY DANIELS
JANUARY JONES * JIMMY DEAN * RUTH OLAY
GEORGE JESSEL * MITZI McCALL & CHARLIE BRILL
PAUL GILBERT * RUDY VALLEE
ALLAN SHERMAN * DELLA REESE
CHARLES GOREN

For your leisure and pleasure, two luxury liners fully air conditioned and stabilized for your comfort. Spacious cabins. Continental-American cuisine. Friendly service. Ballrooms, nightclubs, bars and lounges for festive parties. Swimming pools, vast sun and sports decks for games and relaxation.

All departures from New York.

Hand-picked ports for sightseeing, shopping, swimming and night life. A complete vacation at a resort afloat included in your fare.

QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Dec. 22 ...12 days...4 ports...$330 up
QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Jan. 3 ...10 days...4 ports...$275 up
QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Jan. 14 ...13 days...5 ports...$360 up
OLYMPIA
Jan. 21 ...13 days...5 ports...$335 up
QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Jan. 28 ...13 SOLD OUT ...$360 up
OLYMPIA
Feb. 4 ...13 days...5 ports...$335 up
QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Feb. 11 ...12 days...4 ports...$330 up
OLYMPIA
Feb. 17 ... 7 days...2 ports...$175 up
OLYMPIA
Apr. 24 ... 9 days...3 ports...$275 up

7-day BERMUDA "STAY-ABOARD" CRUISES
4 days in Bermuda with specially planned activities plus full cruise programs on board.
OLYMPIA • Sailing Friday night • July 28, Aug. 4, Aug. 11, Aug. 18.....$175 up

WEEKEND CRUISES TO NOWHERE
3 fun-filled days, $75-$80 up. Sail Friday 6:30 p.m., return Monday 7 a.m.
Oct. 21, Nov 4, 1966; Aug. 25, Sept. 8, Dec. 1, 1967.

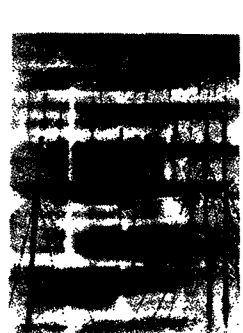
Countries of Registry: Liberia/Greece

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
GREEK LINE
32 Pearl St., New York, N.Y. 10004
WH 3-9140
Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Detroit • Los Angeles
Miami • Philadelphia • San Francisco • Canada

Collect *Signed Originals* by America's Foremost Artists

Since 1934, Associated American Artists' program has offered art lovers the finest and largest collection of limited edition, signed, original etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts, for as little as ten dollars.

Many of our offerings are now in major museums and public collections. Many are valued at more than 20 times their original price. Send for our current catalog which contains illustrations of original prints by Altman, Chafetz, Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Gross, Hirsch, Kleinholz, Landau, Doris Lee, Margulies, Marx, O'Connor, and Raphael Soyer.


"Weirs" by Richard Florsheim
$10 matted* 14" x 10"

"Vermont Survival" by Luigi Lucioni
$10 matted* 13" x 10"

"Young Dancers" by Raphael Soyer
$75 matted* 18" x 13"

*plus $1 shipping.

Associated American Artists
605 5th Ave., N.Y. 10017, Studio 710
For free catalog containing 47 different illustrations, send 25 cents for handling.
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS
DEPT. 01066 9250 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA
☐ SEND FULL INFORMATION

NAME _____

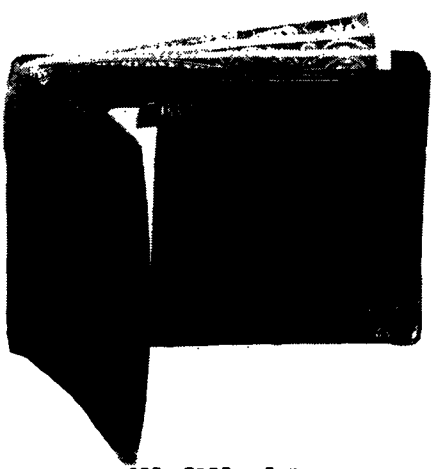
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

CHECK ATTACHED	DOLLARS	CENTS
OPEN MY ACCOUNT IN THE FOLLOWING AMOUNT: ☐ PASSBOOK ACCOUNT		
TOTAL		

you fill this out



we'll fill this up

5¼% per annum, compounded daily! Interest paid to date of withdrawal after 6 months. You earn full 5.39% when your account is maintained for 1 year at our current annual rate, compounded daily. Oldest in Los Angeles—savings insured to $10,000 by F.S.L.I.C., an agency of the federal government.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
OLDEST IN LOS ANGELES — SAFE SINCE 1887
MAIN OFFICE: 5th and Olive, Los Angeles, Calif.

The idea that science should proceed in this fashion is itself due to the inadequate exposure the Common Reader has had to that body of knowledge which . . . dominates our civilization. Until the Common Reader has at least scanned the Feynman Lectures (or their equivalent) and thereby gained some appreciation of what it is that captivates the minds and excites the imaginations of so many "nonhumanists," he is hardly fit to criticize it, let alone to evaluate its methodology.

ROBERT M. HEXTER
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The Assassin

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As I read T. V. LoCicero's article, "The Murder of Rabbi Adler" [June], my anger increased with every paragraph. The publication of this article gives every appearance of being a serious breach of journalistic ethics on the part both of the author and the editor of COMMENTARY.

. . . The attitude that pervades Mr. LoCicero's article is, "here are the facts, I had nothing to do with them." Nevertheless, in his zeal to present "the facts," the author takes upon himself the awesome responsibility of revealing to us the most intimate details in the life of this tortured soul. We are taken on a painfully meaningless tour of the classroom, the psychiatrist's office, the pawnshop, and, finally, the synagogue. The professional opinions of various psychiatrists are presented unhesitatingly (whatever happened to the confidentiality of professional communications?) and personal diaries are opened to us. . . .

What is the object of this enterprise? Why did Mr. LoCicero take it upon himself to retell this painful story in such minute detail, and in the process of doing so, to invade so many private areas? What purpose does it serve? It is hard to find answers to these questions. One gets the impression that the author is trying to capitalize on the trend recently started by Truman Capote. . . .

The journalistic profession attempts to rationalize its invasion of privacy with slogans like "freedom of the press" and "the public has the right to know." Nevertheless, the Supreme Court has recently alerted us to some of the excesses in which the press has indulged. Professionals who study human behavior can justify their voyeurism in the name of science and the implicit heuristic value of their endeavors. Yet it would seem that they are obligated to treat personal communications confidentially, and not to abuse the trust which has been placed in them.

I am at a loss to find a reason for the existence of Mr. LoCicero's article about the tragic events which took place in Detroit. . . .

JOHN V. BAUMGOLD
Norman, Oklahoma

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . It comes as a disappointment that "The Murder of Rabbi Adler" offers us no real insight into either the murder or the murderer. Mr. LoCicero implies that Wishnetsky was motivated by some sort of dedication to an existential moral stance, substantiating this with quotations from Dostoevsky and Wishnetsky himself. Unfortunately, however, his case appears as flimsy as a house of cards. It is understandable that Wishnetsky would have been deeply affected by both his trip to Israel and the Presidential assassination, but there is no attempt made to analyze the change within him. . . .

NICHOLAS RABKIN
Freeport, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

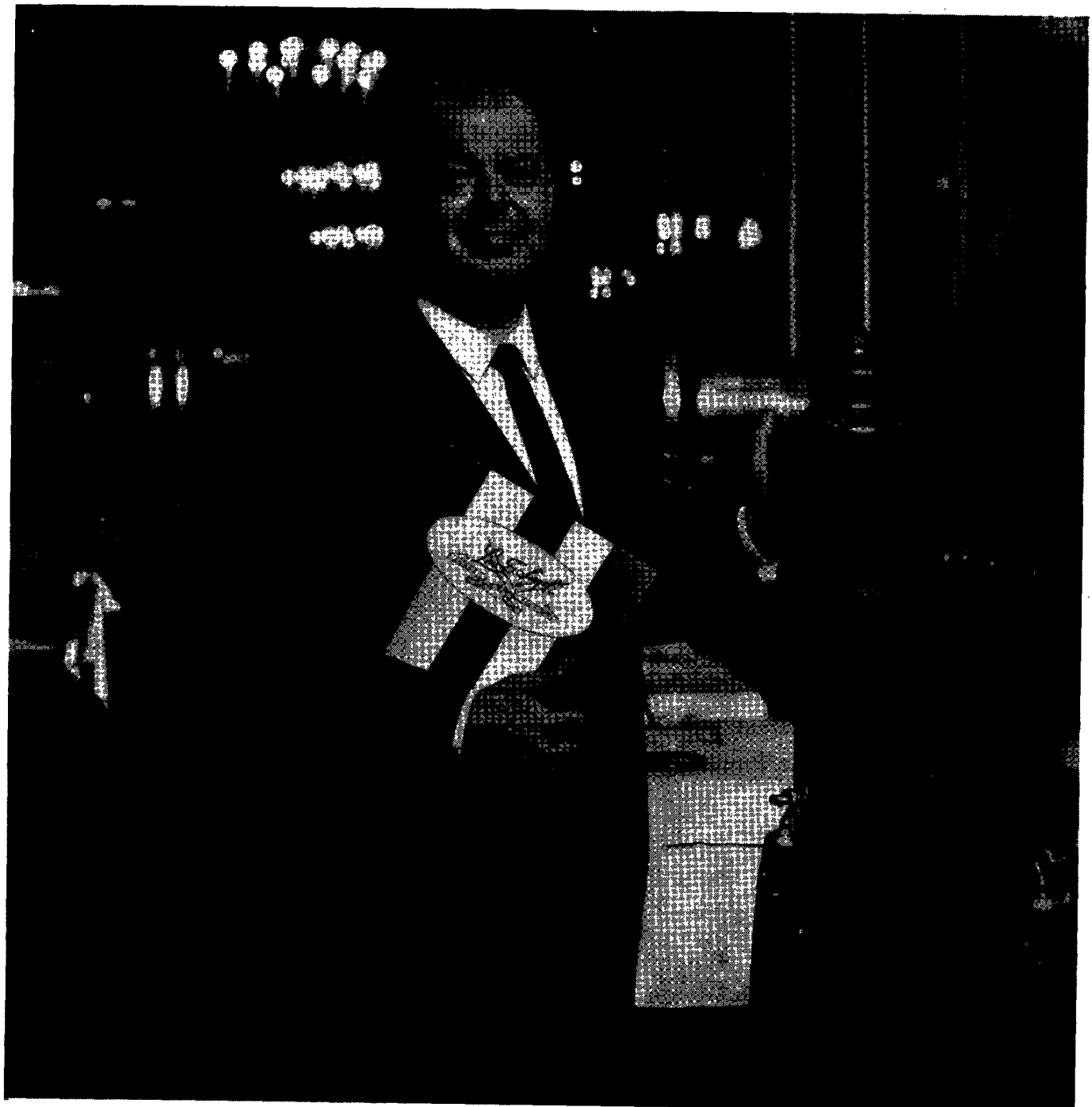
I note that Mr. LoCicero's article in your June issue states that Richard Wishnetsky was at one time accepted for graduate work by the Committee on Social Thought. This is not so. Mr. Wishnetsky came to us highly recommended, but we felt that whatever his talents, his evident emotional disturbance was so great as to make it unlikely that he could successfully work with us.

JAMES M. REDFIELD
Executive Secretary
Committee on Social Thought
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I knew Richard Wishnetsky during the spring and summer of last year, when he was applying to the . . . University of Chicago. His days in Chicago were spent in a relentless quest for interviews with . . . intellectual celebrities; he was always to be found, it seemed, on the doorsteps of the great, and as far as I could tell, this was a fairly usual pursuit for him. What was not clear, however, was just how serious he was about it all. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Restaurateur Sidney Siegel, president of Lou G. Siegel's famous restaurant

for men who must look their best, always...

New, undreamed-of shaving smoothness has been created by Gillette in its new Super Stainless blade. The secret is a miracle plastic coating baked onto the blade edge, and it shaves with only a fraction of the pull you'd feel if it didn't have the coating—thrilling performance, shave after shave after shave. Caution: don't start unless you expect to stay with Gillette Supers; they'll spoil you for any other blade.

A miracle has happened to shaving!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give him his daily bread!

OMAR EMILIO NINO, COLOMBIAN, AGE 5. One of six children. Father ill. Works as shoemaker occasionally. Earns about $30 a month. Mother lame. Surgery four times. Leg in cast now. Live in one room. Barely furnished. Brick floor. Cardboard ceiling. No facilities. Wash clothes in public washing place. Diet limited. No meat or milk. Children undernourished. Parents sick with worry over children they cannot adequately shelter, feed and clothe. Help to Omar means help to entire family.

Thousands of children as needy as Omar anxiously await "adoption" by you or your group. You can choose a boy or girl from any of the countries where Foster Parents' Plan has offices —Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Colombia, Ecuador or Peru. Your child receives $8 a month of your money in cash as well as blankets, household equipment, clothing, medical care—and education. EVERY PLAN CHILD OF SCHOOL AGE MUST ATTEND SCHOOL. Through your help the child will become a productive citizen of his country, a loyal friend of ours. You receive a case history and photograph. Every month you write and receive a letter (original and translation). PLAN's local social workers and our resident American Directors are always on-the-spot, ready to provide medical aid, counselling and guidance to your child and his family. Soon, through the regular letters and progress reports, you and your child develop a warm, loving relationship. **"Adopt" a child the responsible way—through Foster Parents' Plan.**

CHECK YOUR CHARITY! PLAN never employs professional fund-raisers. We eagerly offer our financial statement upon request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds.

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, approved by the United States Government, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development and filed with the National Information Bureau and the National Better Business Bureau in New York City.

©Foster Parents' Plan, Inc. 1966

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010—Founded 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Steve Allen
Sen. Paul H. Douglas
Helen Hayes
Conrad N. Hilton
Sen. Jacob K. Javits
Sen. Robert F. Kennedy
Art Linkletter
Amb. & Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge
Garry Moore
Sen. William Proxmire
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Gov. & Mrs. William W. Scranton
Sen. John G. Tower

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC.
352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10010 CY-10-66
In Canada: P.O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex ....., age ....., nationality .....
I will pay $15 a month for one year or more ($180 per year).
Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), annually ( ).
I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

B. I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Date_____ *Contributions are income tax deductible*

With regard to his own project —"the creation and destruction of philosophy"—it was obvious from conversation that his notions about philosophy were largely incoherent. Even more telling was the fact that, by his own admission, he had read neither Aristotle ("the creation"), nor Descartes ("the destruction"). I recall a discussion we had during his second visit to me in which we talked about no less a triumvirate than Freud, Jung, and Mircea Eliade of the University of Chicago's Committee on Social Thought, in the course of which it turned out he had read none of their works. . . .

I relate these intellectual foibles of Richard's not to be unkind to the memory of an intensely suffering and extraordinarily confused young man, but rather to emphasize a crucial point. . . . The tragic irony of Richard Wishnetsky's life, if that is the correct term to be used in this case, inheres not in the fact that people knew he was teetering on the edge and failed to reach him, . . . nor even that of all people he should have murdered Rabbi Adler, but rather that he refused to take his own needs, conflicts, and ideals seriously. . . .

Mr. LoCicero has failed to draw a fundamental distinction between an authentic concern with truth and justice, and the exploitation of such a concern to fulfill entirely different needs. This failure of insight on his part . . . renders the whole of his article suspect. To take Richard at his own word may create the occasion for a rather sophisticated literary piece, but only at the price of a genuine concern with the significance, or the tragic lack of it, of the event he described.

Before the myth of Richard's melancholy genius extends beyond all bounds, and is enshrined in a book, I should like to record a different impression from my acquaintanceship with him: he had nothing to say to us. His words were a despairing mask behind which another man and another voice were in anxious hiding, as silent as the dead. What he had to say was merely an indication of the awful breach between the pious young man, and the tyrant lurking in him.

MELVYN A. HILL
Chicago, Illinois

MR. LOCICERO writes:

Mr. Baumgold's charges are most serious: the editor of COMMENTARY and I stand accused of being un-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHIPPER-SNAPPER.

Have we got more nerve than sense? Bursting in as if everyone was just sitting around waiting for us.

Sure, we've got nerve. But we've got something more. An extraordinary Canadian.

(Which isn't beginner's luck at all. We've been pleasing hard-to-please Canadians with fine Canadian whisky for years.)

And we've got an attractive price for our imported whisky, because we bottle here. If we bottled in Canada where we make Canadian Lord Calvert, we'd have to charge you about $1 more a fifth. That doesn't make sense to us.

By the way, people are drinking Canadian Lord Calvert because they think our taste is great.

Not because we think so.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA-ISRAEL
CULTURE HOUSE
4 East 54th Street, New York
Phone PL 1-2700

ISRAELI
PAINTING AND SCULPTURE
by
Agam, Arikha, Castel,
Danziger, Fima, Kosso,
Rubin, Stematsky,
Streichman, Shalom, Ticho,
Tumarkin, Zaritsky
and others.
GALLERY ON 3rd FLOOR

ISRAELI
ARTS AND CRAFTS
Ceramics, Glass
Jewelry, Figurines and
other Decorative Arts.
MAIN FLOOR
Exhibits and sales
daily 10:30 to 5.
Tuesdays 12 to 8:30
Sundays 1 to 5.
Closed Saturdays.

COMMENTARY
SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

Please include a Commentary address label to insure prompt service whenever you write us about your subscription.

Mail To: Commentary Subscriber Service
165 E. 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

To Subscribe, mail this form with your payment, and check: ☐ new subscription ☐ renew my present subscription.

Subscription Rates: ☐ 1 year $8 ☐ 3 years $19. Add $1 a year postage outside U.S.A.

☐ payment enclosed
☐ bill me later

Change of Address

If you're moving, please let us know four weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

attach label here

name (please print)

address

city state zip code

ethical and opportunistic in the publication of my article. I would ask Mr. Baumgold to consider carefully the following questions which I have posed for myself and attempted to answer. Does my article actually constitute a breach of journalistic ethics and did I really invade Richard Wishnetsky's privacy by simply attempting to organize and publish what was already in the public domain—nearly everything in the article can be found in newspaper accounts and Richard's probate court file—in the hope of fostering a discussion which might lead to some understanding of what happened? Does a man who has taken the life of a fellow human being and subsequently forfeited his own life, stand in the same relation to the right of privacy as do other members of society? Or does he give up at least part of that right? . . .

If there are too many "intimate" and "minute" details for Mr. Baumgold, apparently there are not enough for Mr. Rabkin. When I wrote the article (about a month after the assassination) I presented all of the information available to me then. If Mr. Rabkin could not find enough in the piece from which to draw a "real insight" I am sorry. My article never intended to imply that "Wishnetsky was motivated by some sort of dedication to an existential moral stance." If Mr. Rabkin found such an implication, perhaps he did so in Richard's words, certainly not in mine. Whether or not Richard's "case" for such a notion is "flimsy" is a separate question. Given the facts on hand, any attempt to analyze extensively the effect on Richard of his trip to Israel and of the Kennedy assassination would involve the sheerest conjecture. . . .

I am grateful to Mr. Redfield for his information. I understood from reading the material in Richard's court record that he had been accepted by the University of Chicago's Committee on Social Thought, as he had been by the University's Divinity School.

I am also grateful to Mr. Hill for his information and for the record of his impression of Richard, gained over a period of a few months in spring-summer 1965. I am troubled, however, when Mr. Hill goes on to present his evaluation of Richard's message and apparently takes me to task for holding an opposing view of the value of Richard's words. Of course, my article presents no such value judgment one way or the other; it neither endorses Richard's words nor repudiates them. It does not "take Richard at his own word"; it simply presents Richard's writing for whatever light it might shed on what he did at Shaarey Zedek. All this aside, I am still confused as to how the "whole" of the article is rendered "suspect." Are you saying, Mr. Hill, that perhaps Richard did not write the words quoted and attributed to him, that he did not do what the article says he did? Mr. Hill's statement that Richard "refused to take his own needs, conflicts, and ideals seriously," may approach the truth, but it employs language which seems less than helpful in the attempt to understand someone as desperately ill as Richard Wishnetsky. While not attempting to enshrine "the myth of Richard's melancholy genius," I do think he had something to say to us. It may not be what he thought he was saying or what he wanted to say. But . . . something is terribly out of joint here and we must begin to question what went wrong. Pronouncements . . . based on a rather limited experience with him will not help us to ask the right questions.

Rejoinder

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

. . . In his review of my book, *Toward a Theory of Instruction* [July], Edgar Z. Friedenberg is concerned with the cultivation of moral indignation about our schools. And, of course, he is quite right in being morally indignant. My concern is with steps that might be taken to make *any* system of education work, and none that we have ever devised has worked very well. My only wish is that he would be as sympathetic with the technical concerns of the trio of "mandarins"—Conant, Gardner, and Bruner—as they are sympathetic with his sense of moral outrage. I'm rather convinced that we are all bearing arms in the same cause.

JEROME S. BRUNER
Center for Cognitive Studies
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Correction

On Page 82 of Earl Berger's article, "The Un-American Jew" [September], it was erroneously stated that the Toronto day schools "handle 600 pupils." The correct figure is 2,600—ED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remember shopping on the lower East Side?

Times change. Tastes change.

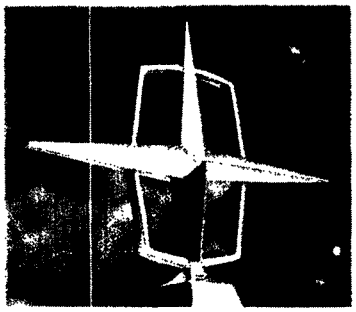
I've changed too...to Tempo!

Sooner or later you'll probably want to try the taste of a charcoal-tip cigarette. So why not make it the one with the taste that makes the change worthwhile? Why not Tempo? Why not today!

U.S. PAT. 3,217,715

© 1966
R.J. REYNOLDS
TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Come live the Continental life '67 style.

Today people enjoy life more than ever. They can do more things than ever before, if they want to. Vacation in Europe. Enjoy boating. Teach their children to ride.

And own a Lincoln Continental.

Continental is the luxury car that belongs in today's good life. Designed for the uncluttered taste of our times, it is engineered to be the best car America has to offer.

Inside the 1967 Continental you'll find a new design instrument panel. A new warning light cluster. A new lane-changing signal that operates at a touch. A new ventilation system that can change the air inside your Continental even with the windows up.

Luxury options? Certainly. A power seat with a power adjustable headrest and new reclining feature. An improved automatic temperature control system. A new automatic speed control operated by a push button at the end of the turn-signal lever.

For 1967, Continental has also redesigned the configuration of the taillights and restyled the grille. But the basic contemporary design remains unchanged. We don't believe in change for the sake of change. A Continental idea that gives you lasting investment value.

It's a good car, built to the highest standards in the world.

We invite you to examine the 1967 Lincoln Continental. To discover how close you may be to owning a Continental. And to add the model of your choice to the good things in your life this year.

LINCOLN *Continental*

AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED MOTORCAR

Ford LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

Shown above, the 1967 Lincoln Continental sedan in Arctic White, with optional vinyl roof in Light Ivy Gold. Also available, the Continental coupé, America's only four-door convertible, and the executive limousine, the ultimate luxury motorcar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FAILURE OF THE WARREN REPORT

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

THE WARREN COMMISSION (known formally as the President's Commission on the Assassination of President John F. Kennedy) was born of rampaging suspicions and worldwide controversy. It was charged "to evaluate all the facts and circumstances" surrounding the assassination, "to satisfy itself that the truth is known as far as it can be discovered," and thus to satisfy everyone else. For a season, the task seemed accomplished. The Commission's Report was generally received, in this country at least, with rhapsodic relief. The few remaining voices of dissent sounded increasingly remote and implausible, and there was every apparent prospect that they too would finally be still. Yet today, two years after the publication of the Report, new voices of dissent are heard, and it has become clear that far from having "satisfied itself that the truth is known," the Commission scarcely even evaluated "all the facts and circumstances."

The Commission concluded that Lee Harvey Oswald, acting alone, killed President Kennedy and wounded Governor John B. Connally of Texas, then left the scene of this crime, encountered Dallas Police Officer J. D. Tippit and shot him also, and after his capture was himself killed by Jack Ruby, who had no other connection with the affair. Oswald, according to the Commission, fired three bullets from a perch at the sixth-floor window on the southeast side of the Texas School Book Depository Building, and inflicted the following wounds:

> (1) President Kennedy was first struck by a bullet which entered at the back of his neck and exited through the lower front portion of his neck, causing a wound which would not necessarily have been lethal. The President was struck a second time by a bullet which entered the right rear portion of his head causing a massive and fatal wound.
>
> (2) Governor Connally was struck by a bullet which entered on the right side of his back and travelled downward through the right side of his chest, exiting below his right nipple. This bullet then passed through his right wrist and entered his left thigh where it caused a superficial wound.

Concerning the distribution of Oswald's three shots on his targets, the Warren Commission said:

> Although it is not necessary to any essential findings of the Commission to determine just which shot hit Governor Connally, there is very persuasive evidence from the experts to indicate that the same bullet which pierced the President's throat also caused Governor Connally's wounds. However, Governor Connally's testimony and certain other factors have given rise to some difference of opinion as to this probability but there is no question in the mind of any member of the Commission that all the shots which caused the President's and Governor Connally's wounds were fired from the sixth-floor window of the Texas School Book Depository.

The "difference of opinion" about the "probability" that the same bullet pierced the President's throat and inflicted all of Governor Connally's wounds—this difference of opinion, it now turns out, divided the Commission itself, and was rather stronger than the word "some" suggests. In interviews with five of the seven Commission members, on which he reports in his book, *Inquest*,* Edward Jay Epstein found that Commissioners Gerald R. Ford, Allen W. Dulles, and John J. McCloy believed that one bullet had gone through both President Kennedy and Governor Connally, while Commissioners Richard B. Russell, John Sherman Cooper, and Hale Boggs were unpersuaded, and tended to the view that two separate bullets had inflicted the President's first wound and the injuries to Governor Connally. (The position of Chief Justice Warren is not known.)

Before Mr. Epstein's book was published, virtually everyone who commented in print accepted the Commission's assurance that it was "not necessary to any essential findings" to choose between the one-bullet and two-bullet hypotheses. But the choice the commission failed to make is, in truth, essential. The assassination of President Kennedy was recorded on motion-picture film by a bystander, Mr. Abraham Zapruder. The film shows the President reacting to a first wound, it shows Governor Connally reacting to a wound, and it unmistakably records the fatal hit to the President's head. Motion-picture film comes, of course, in frames, and a camera can be timed to determine how many frames will run through it per second. The Zapruder camera operates at 18.3 frames a second. Since certain landmarks show on the Zapruder film, the Commission was able to have a car like President Kennedy's limousine

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL, a frequent contributor, is Chancellor Kent professor of law and legal history at Yale University. He is the author of two studies of the Supreme Court—*The Least Dangerous Branch* (Bobbs-Merrill), and *Politics and the Warren Court* (Harper & Row).

*Viking, 224 pp., $5.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

placed in a series of positions on the street corresponding to various frames of the Zapruder film. The car was then photographed in these positions, as seen from the assassin's perch through a camera mounted on a rifle. This reconstruction from the assassin's point of view convinced the Commission that the first shot to hit President Kennedy was probably not fired before a frame of the Zapruder film numbered the 210th. It was at least equally improbable—indeed impossible—that Governor Connally should have been hit later than a frame numbered 240, considering the position he was in afterward. (The hit to President Kennedy's head is visible as it occurs on frame 313.)

Now if the first shot that wounded President Kennedy did not go on to penetrate Governor Connally also, and if one accepts the Commission's conclusion that President Kennedy was not shot before frame 210 of the Zapruder film, and Governor Connally was not shot after frame 240, then two shots must have been fired in the time it took the Zapruder camera to run through the 30 frames from 210 to 240. That time, at 18.3 frames per second, is something over a second and a half. But tests prove that Oswald's rifle, having once been fired, cannot be fired again in less than 2.3 seconds—this being the minimum time needed merely to operate the rifle's bolt action, without aiming or otherwise hesitating or pausing. On the Commission's assumptions as to the timing of the shots, therefore, it was physically impossible for Oswald alone to inflict President Kennedy's first wound and also shoot Governor Connally, unless he did it with a single bullet. He could not possibly have done it by shooting twice. If there were two shots within this time-span, there were two assassins. Hence it was entirely "necessary" to the "essential findings of the Commission" to determine just which shot hit Governor Connally; the Commission should have known that it was, and it is not easy to see how the three dissenters from the one-shot hypothesis could sign the Report.

The Commission brought to the support of the one-bullet hypothesis evidence and arguments that were unquestionably "very persuasive," to use the Commission's own compromise phrase, so that no reader of the Report alone can be faulted for accepting the hypothesis. The course of the bullet that went through the President's neck was determined, said the Commission, by an autopsy. The position of Governor Connally, sitting in the jump-seat in front of the President, was such that this bullet could also have inflicted all his wounds if it had maintained its downward course. Had this bullet not gone on to wound Governor Connally, it would have had to hit the inside of the Presidential limousine, or someone else in it, unless it had been deflected from its course during its passage through the President's body. But during that passage it hit no bone, and thus would not have been deflected. Quite certainly, it hit neither the limousine nor anyone else in it. Consequently, the bullet "probably struck Governor Connally." Thus the Report.

This solid chain of evidence and deductions, however, is transformed into a slender reed as, with Mr. Epstein, one pursues the evidence and the arguments from the Report itself into the twenty-five volumes of testimony and exhibits (which were published some time after the Report), and into the investigative reports made to the Commission, which are on deposit at the United States National Archives, and are for the most part, although not entirely, declassified and available for study. Mr. Epstein's first and most dramatic discovery is that the point of entry of the bullet which supposedly traveled through both President Kennedy and Governor Connally may be in some doubt.

THE AUTOPSY was performed at Bethesda Naval Hospital the evening of the assassination. It was witnessed, among others, by three Secret Service agents, Roy H. Kellerman, Clinton J. Hill, and William R. Greer. These agents described the wound in the President's back as a shoulder wound. It was, said Kellerman, just below the upper neckline. The doctors performing the autopsy tried to probe it, but found no lane for an outlet of the bullet, and surmised that the bullet might have worked its way out of the President's back while he was on a stretcher in Dallas, perhaps as a result of the external heart massage that was administered in a last-minute effort to revive him. Agent Hill said: "I saw an opening in the [President's] back, about six inches below the neckline to the right-hand side of the spinal column." The recollection of Agent Greer was the same.

The autopsy was also witnessed by two FBI agents, since by then President Johnson had ordered the FBI to conduct an investigation. On December 9, 1963, and again on January 13, 1964, the FBI submitted to President Johnson the results of its investigation. In both of these reports (which were duly forwarded to the Warren Commission), the FBI stated flatly that the wound in the President's back was an entry wound below the shoulder, that the bullet that caused it penetrated a short distance only, and that no point of exit for it was located. These statements, which Mr. Epstein uncovered in the National Archives and published for the first time, are of course consistent with the recollection of the Secret Service agents who witnessed the autopsy, and inconsistent with the autopsy findings described by the Warren Commission. Also in the Archives, appended as exhibits to the FBI reports, Mr. Epstein discovered photographs of the coat and shirt worn by the President during the assassination. These photographs seem pretty plainly to bear evidence of a shoulder rather than a neck wound. Again, Mr. Epstein emphasizes a sketch

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made by Dr. Humes, a pathologist, in the course of the autopsy to aid him in preparation of his report. This sketch also appears to locate the President's back wound several inches below the lower neck.

Taken at face value, all this evidence would lead one to conclude that there never was a wound in the President's neck high enough to allow for an exit on a downward path through his throat. In that case, Governor Connally could not have been hit by a bullet that passed through the President. Mr. Epstein, responding to the apparent implications of his discoveries, is driven to the ominous surmise that the autopsy report made public by the Warren Commission may not have been the original one.

But Mr. Epstein overplays his hand. In the first place, there is a semantic problem. Descriptions of wounds sound more accurate than they can possibly be. The base of the neck, or the lower neck, may be nearer the shoulder than the nomenclature would suggest. It depends a great deal upon a man's build. For the same reason, the measurements given in the autopsy report (14 centimeters below the tip of the right mastoid process) are delusively exact. Nevertheless, the autopsy report and the testimony of the doctors who performed the autopsy constitute better evidence than that of the Secret Service agents who testified to their observations as laymen. The autopsy doctors did not see the President's clothing until they were confronted with it just before testifying to the Warren Commission. Dr. Humes, of the autopsy team, told the Commission that the holes in the clothing gave the appearance of being somewhat lower than the wound in the base of the President's neck, mentioned in the autopsy report. There was, however, he thought, an explanation. How the holes in the clothing would correspond to the hole in the President's torso, he said, "would depend on the girth of the shoulders and configuration of the base of the neck of the individual, and the relative position of the shirt and coat to the tissues of the body at the time of the impact of the missile." The President, he continued, "was extremely well-developed, an extremely well-developed, muscular young man with a very well-developed set of muscles in his thoraco and shoulder girdle." The effect would be to push his clothing up his back. Moreover, the President was waving with his right arm, and that would have a similar effect. Dr. Humes concluded that the holes in the clothing conformed "quite well" to the President's neck wound. He did not mention it at this point, but it is a fact that President Kennedy was wearing his back brace, and such a brace, as anyone who ever saw the late President would confirm, has a tendency to hunch the shoulders. This in turn would contribute to the effect described by Dr. Humes. In any case, Dr. Humes testified without qualification that, whatever the clothing might show, the President's back wound was higher than the wound in his throat.

As to the FBI, Mr. Epstein believes that it must have based its reports to the President on official autopsy results. So one would think, but it is possible that the FBI went ahead solely on the observations of its agents—laymen, like the Secret Service men. If this is so, it does not speak well for the FBI, but then there is a great deal in the hearings before the Warren Commission that does not speak well for the FBI, including testimony by the same Secret Service agents that the FBI misreported what they—the Secret Service agents—had said in interviews conducted that same evening.* Fletcher Knebel writes in *Look*, on the basis of information which seems reliable, that the autopsy report did not go directly to the FBI, but was forwarded to the White House, and then to the Warren Commission through the Secret Service. Mr. Knebel also quotes one of the autopsy doctors in an unequivocal denial that more than one autopsy report was ever prepared, and he quotes two of the principal lawyers on the staff of the Warren Commission to the same effect. That must be taken as that, notwithstanding Mr. Epstein's dire suspicions. For there is no proof that an original autopsy report was discarded and a changed one substituted.

And so, on the location of the back wound, Mr. Epstein's only hard evidence, not subject to errors of observation, recollection, or notation, is the President's clothing. According to testimony received by the Commission, there was a bullet hole in the President's coat, to the right of the center seam, 5⅜ inches below *the top* of the collar, and a corresponding hole in his shirt, 5¾ inches below *the top* of the collar.† Mr. Epstein speaks of these holes as being respectively 5⅜ inches "below the collar" and 5¾ inches below the collar." That makes for a difference, as Mr. Knebel points out, of an inch or so between Mr. Epstein's measurements and those given to the Commission (and the photographs did not enable Mr. Epstein to take measurements of his own). Nevertheless, Mr. Epstein argues that even if the coat could have ridden far enough up the President's back for the hole in it to conform to a wound at the base of the neck, the shirt could not have done so, since the President's collar was buttoned. That is a matter everyone can judge for himself, but as against Dr. Humes's explanation, Mr. Epstein's argument cannot be taken as conclusive.

And yet Mr. Epstein has a point, and a serious one. The Commission should have confronted the autopsy doctors with the FBI reports, and got it clear on the record that those reports were in error. And one would have expected the Commission to pursue the question of how the error

*Hearings Before the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy, Vol. II, pp. 93-95, 131.
†Hearings, Vol. V, p. 59.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

came to be committed. Mr. Knebel obtained a statement from Norman Redlich, of the Commission staff, as follows: "I saw the autopsy findings on December 20 when I came to work for the Commission, and we immediately saw the conflict with the FBI's report of the autopsy. We discussed it thoroughly. Not only that, but we studied the individual reports of the FBI agents who saw the autopsy, and thus we saw how the discrepancy could have occurred." Well, how did it occur? This is not a question that the Commission should have left unanswered, and Mr. Redlich has not answered it even yet. Mr. Knebel also quotes an official FBI spokesman as saying now that "our first reports were merely to chart a course and were not designed to be conclusive," and "it is entirely possible" that "our initial reports" were not based on the written autopsy report. This is a carefully phrased, not to say fishy, statement. Our "*first*" our "*initial*" reports! Both the December and the January ones? "Entirely possible"? The fact, rather than a possibility, ought to be easily determinable.

Nor did the Commission ask Dr. Humes to explain the sketch he made in the course of the autopsy, which apparently located the wound lower than the base of the neck. Moreover, when Dr. Humes was asked whether the doctors had discounted the possibility that the back wound had received a bullet which did not exit, but rather was worked out of the President's body in the course of external heart massage, he replied only: "Yes, in essence we have." Dr. Humes admitted that the back wound had been difficult to probe, and that the doctors had at one stage entertained the possibility that there was no exit wound. Then, he said, the doctors noticed that contusions in the vicinity of the President's throat, which could have been caused by an emergency incision made at Parkland Hospital in Dallas, were similar to contusions further back, along the top of the right lung, and they concluded that these contusions taken together described the path of the bullet from the back to its exit through the lower throat. But the autopsy report refers to the throat wound only as "presumably" one of exit. So it is a matter of judgment. The doctors may have been right in their first hypothesis, and wrong in their second.

ONE ASPECT at least of the doubt in which we are left can be readily cleared up. There are, although the Commission appears never to have seen them, photographs of the President's body taken before the autopsy began. It is not clear who has these photographs; perhaps they are in the possession, or at the disposal, of the Kennedy family. In any event, an examination of them should indicate the location of the back wound. (There are also X-rays, but they would probably not be helpful in this respect.) But even if the back wound is where the autopsy report places it—which is, after all, quite probable—the question remains whether the bullet that entered there came out through the President's throat and then inflicted Governor Connally's wounds. Such a bullet might have lodged in Governor Connally's final wound, in his left thigh. A bullet was found on a stretcher in Parkland Hospital which, the Commission decided, had fallen out of the Governor's thigh and was the bullet in question. It is the only bullet, aside from fragments, that was ever found, and ballistics tests have connected it with Oswald's rifle. It is a very nearly whole bullet. And there's the rub. Dr. Humes and also Dr. Finck, a well-known forensic pathologist, testified that this bullet could not have inflicted all of Governor Connally's wounds, since too many fragments were found in his wrist and thigh to make it possible for the bullet that inflicted these wounds to remain as nearly whole as this one is. Yet the bullet is somewhat flattened, and evidently it did hit something. It came off a stretcher in Parkland Hospital, and out of Oswald's rifle. If it did not come out of Governor Connally's thigh, it came out of President Kennedy's back. And if that is the case, the one-bullet theory is finished.

The Commission never refuted the firm testimony of the forensic pathologists. The only evidence it received tending to weaken this testimony was an opinion ambivalently expressed by one of Governor Connally's doctors.* The Commission simply disregarded the views of the pathologists and chose to rely instead on wound-ballistic experiments performed at its behest. And it rendered the results of these experiments, it must be said, with considerably more assurance than the testimony of the experts who conducted them warrants. The tests consisted of shooting bullets from Oswald's rifle separately through substances (both animal and mineral) simulating the President's neck and Governor Connally's chest, wrist, and thigh. No test was conducted simulating a bullet's supposed passage through the President's neck *and* Governor Connally's chest, wrist, and thigh. The tests were all separate. However, it was possible to measure both the entrance and exit velocities of the bullets that were fired. The Commission reports two of the three experts who conducted the tests as con-

*Dr. Charles F. Gregory, an orthopedic surgeon, thought that the bullet, having tumbled in flight, might have entered the Governor's wrist backward, and thus produced the wound that Dr. Gregory in fact treated. When asked whether there was "sufficient metallic substance missing from the back or rear end of that bullet to account for the metallic substance which you have described in the Governor's wrist," Dr. Gregory replied: "It is possible but I don't know enough about the structure of bullets or this one in particular. . . . It is irregular, but how much it may have lost, I have no idea." Dr. Gregory, interestingly enough, also thought it quite improbable that the wrist wound he treated could have been caused by a bullet that had first gone, not only through Governor Connally's chest, but also through the President's neck. Hearings, Vol. IV, pp. 117, 121, 127.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cluding that a single bullet probably inflicted the President's neck wound and all of Governor Connally's wounds, and the third as expressing no opinion. Actually, under an examination plainly aimed at eliciting this opinion, one at least of the two experts who gave it sounded none too firm.* He was quite clear only that the bullet that wounded Governor Connally in the wrist and thigh probably passed through another substance first—namely, of course, Connally's chest.

In any event, whatever these experiments may or may not prove, they do not refute, they do not even relate to, the testimony that the bullet in fact found at Parkland Hospital could not have inflicted Governor Connally's wrist and thigh wounds because it did not lose enough fragments to account for those left in the wounds. The Commission relied heavily on one other expert from whose testimony it drew substantially more assurance than was actually there. FBI agent Robert A. Frazier, a ballistics expert, testified that the President and Governor Connally were so seated in the limousine that a bullet which hit the President in the back of the neck and exited through his throat without deviation from its path could also have inflicted Governor Connally's wounds. That is the only independent opinion to which Frazier would own. Frazier, in other words, did not preclude the one-bullet theory, but said nothing to help establish it.†

THE CONSEQUENCE of all this, Mr. Epstein suggests, is that it is at least as likely as not that there was a second assassin. So must anyone believe who accepts the Commission's conclusions on the timing of the shots. But the case cannot rest there, for these conclusions in turn are neither as firm nor as necessary as Mr. Epstein, and indeed all the recent literature, would lead one to think. The basis for the belief that President Kennedy was not shot before frame 210 of the Zapruder film is that at the relevant time before that frame, a large live oak tree obscured the assassin's view of the President's back. But as the Commission indicates, for a moment before frame 210 the assassin did have an unobstructed line of fire to the President's back through a break in the tree. This was at frames 185-86. There was a split second, no more, but a shot was possible. It was, as the Commission understandably thought, an unlikely shot. Why would the assassin fire through a break in the tree, when within a second he would have an entirely unobstructed target? But the assassin, finger on the trigger, was tracking his victim through his sight. He could well have thought that the tree had been cleared. Besides, how calmly and rationally was he assessing his chances?

Now, if there was a shot at frame 186, there was time for the same assassin to get off a second shot, hitting Governor Connally before frame 240, and then a third at frame 313. President Kennedy's reaction to his first wound must on this hypothesis have been delayed a second or so, just as on the one-bullet hypothesis, Governor Connally's reaction must be assumed to have been a delayed one; but that is not at all unusual. When exactly the President began to react cannot be determined, since Mr. Zapruder's view was blocked somewhere near this point by a street sign, and for some frames before it becomes plain that the President is reacting, the Zapruder film does not show him. It is commonly believed that the President raised his hand to his throat, but in fact both his hands seem to have gone in the direction of his upper chest,** a reaction thoroughly consistent with a back wound, and not necessarily suggesting an exit through the throat. The theory of a first shot at frame 186 also accounts for the three bullets that were probably fired from the School Depository Building, as the single-shot hypothesis does not. The first would have lodged in the President's back (later dropping out onto the stretcher), the second would have hit bone in Governor Connally, and—like the third, which went to the President's head—would have broken up, one fragment entering the Governor's thigh, and the rest bouncing up and out of the open car. This theory, then, though it also raises some questions, at least does not clash with the known facts.

Much greater difficulties are encountered by the hypothesis of a second assassin. We know—at least I assume it for the moment—that Oswald was shooting, we know where he shot from, and we know even, because of the three empty shells found near his perch, that he probably fired three shots. And we know, give or take an inch or two on the President's back, the wounds that were inflicted. There is not a shred of evidence pointing to a second assassin. The Commission, Mr. Epstein shows, did not look very hard for one, but he does not charge it with suppression of evidence. The Commission did discount eyewitness testimony to which Mr. Epstein alludes and of which a great deal is made in Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgment*,†† suggesting that at least some of the shots came from the area around the triple underpass, west of the School Book Depository Building. This was the direction in which the Presidential motorcade was heading, and some witnesses thought the shots came from a grassy knoll just east of the underpass, but west of the School Book Depository Building. Yet people were milling about this area, and looking down on it from the railroad bridge over the underpass, and no one saw an armed man. Moreover, and quite conclusively, whatever else the autopsy and the President's clothes may or may not show, they do demonstrate that the shots came from behind the

*Dr. Alfred G. Olivier, Hearings, Vol. V, pp. 82-85.
†Hearings, Vol. V, pp. 171-74.
**Hearings, Vol. II, p. 139; Vol. XVIII, pp. 226 *et seq.*
††Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 478 pp., $5.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motorcade. Conceivably, since it could not be examined, having been opened at Parkland Hospital, the wound in the President's throat might have been a wound of entry, caused by a bullet coming from the front. But this possibility is eliminated by unshaken evidence that the wound was one of exit. For on examination, the fibers in the fabric of the President's shirt collar all pointed outward, whereas in an entry wound they would have pointed inward.*

Mr. Epstein also makes something of two witnesses, one of them questioned by the Commission and the other by the FBI, who thought they saw a rifle in a window of the Texas School Book Depository Building, but thought also that they saw two men in that window. But uncorroborated eyewitness testimony is unreliable even as to general impressions received at close range, and the more so as to detail observed at a distance. This is a first wisdom in the investigation of crime. The case against Oswald does not rest on eyewitnesses alone or even chiefly; else it would be a weak case. If there was another man at the same perch as Oswald, also shooting a rifle, where are the traces of him? And if he vanished out of the building without a trace, carrying his rifle and his spent shells, why didn't Oswald? If there was no second rifle, then this second assassin doesn't solve the problem of the single-shot hypothesis, and there is no call to suppose him into existence.

OTHERS HAVE labored much harder than Mr. Epstein to erect the second-assassin hypothesis, as well as theories that the assassination was committed by persons unknown, and that Oswald was framed. One of these is Léo Sauvage, the French newspaperman, whose book, *The Oswald Affair*,† first published in France, has now been translated and made available in this country. Mr. Sauvage remarks that "it would not be an exaggeration to suppose that among the evidence gone undetected [by the Dallas police during their examination of the sixth floor of the Texas School Book Depository Building] were the footprints, the fingerprints, the gloves, the handkerchief, the calling card of another suspect—or even this other suspect himself, in person." But an exaggeration it would be, and quite an exaggeration, for the Dallas police did find the rifle and other clues left behind by Oswald. True, the Dallas police did not do too well, even considering that the assassination of a President is not an occasion calculated to bring out the best in anyone. A good part of Mr. Sauvage's book is given over to wondering at the stupidity, not to say venality, of the Dallas police, of District Attorney Wade, of other Dallas officials, of the Secret Service and the FBI, and of the American press. Mr. Sauvage is filled with contempt, which he heaps on all concerned. Much of it is well-deserved. But it is also remarkably self-righteous, and capable of degenerating into indiscriminate abuse.

Near the end of his book Mr. Sauvage says: "I find nothing to show that Oswald was the assassin of President Kennedy." He then develops a theory of a racist conspiracy, the members of which assassinated President Kennedy and framed Oswald. This is fantasy, and the only interesting question about it is why an otherwise responsible newspaperman would wish to go to such lengths in order to avoid facing up to so much of the truth as we can be fairly confident we know. The Commission established that Oswald owned the rifle that was found near the sixth-floor window at the southeast corner of the Texas School Book Depository Building. There was ballistics evidence that the whole bullet found on the stretcher in Parkland Hospital and two fragments of bullets recovered from the limousine were fired out of this rifle. There is nothing to connect this rifle with anyone else. The night before the assassination, Oswald made an unusual trip from Dallas to the house where his wife and children lived, and where the rifle had been stored in a garage. He said he wanted to bring back some curtain rods. He was then seen carrying a long package, consistent with the curtain-rods story. The two witnesses who saw the package thought it too short to contain even the disassembled rifle. But eyewitnesses make mistakes on details of this sort. If, like these two, they are members of the same household and likely to compare impressions, they are prone to make the same mistake. There is, at any rate, no other explanation for the package. A bag otherwise meeting the witnesses' description, except for length, but in fact long enough to carry the disassembled rifle, was found near the assassin's perch in the Texas School Book Depository Building, and it bore Oswald's palm print. Oswald was in the building, and was seen on the sixth floor before noon. He was seen on the second floor by the manager and a policeman within minutes after the assassination. Mr. Sauvage tries to turn this incident into an alibi for Oswald, on the theory that Oswald could not have got from the sixth floor to the second in time for this encounter. But a reconstruction staged by the Commission demonstrated that there was time, especially since during the actual event the policeman had to jostle through a crowd, and probably took longer than he did during the reconstruction. Oswald then left the building, went to his rooming-house to pick up a revolver, and was finally arrested in a movie theater, where he had drawn attention to himself by his distraught appearance. When arrested, he had the revolver in his possession. This much about his movements after the assassination is undeniable. Oswald admitted to the Dallas police

*Hearings, Vol. V, pp. 60-61.

†World, 418 pp., $6.85. See also, e.g., *Whitewash: The Report on the Warren Report*, by Harold Weisberg, privately published in Hyattstown, Md., 208 pp., $4.95.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that he had gone to the rooming-house to get his revolver. (It is characteristic of Mr. Sauvage's manner of argument that he wants the Commission to have proved why Oswald would have admitted owning the revolver, while steadfastly denying ownership of the rifle. Well, he was caught red-handed with the revolver.)

IT WAS ON the way from the rooming-house to the movie that Oswald—so the Commission concluded—shot and killed Officer Tippit, who was cruising in a police car. This is an incident full of unanswered questions. There is ballistics testimony that shells found in the vicinity of the Tippit shooting were fired out of Oswald's revolver. There is no ballistics proof concerning the bullets that hit Officer Tippit, although nothing about them is inconsistent with their having been fired out of Oswald's revolver. There is eyewitness testimony identifying Oswald, but it is weak. The real puzzle is what might have led to the encounter and the shooting. By this time, a vague description of Oswald as a suspect in the President's assassination had gone out over the police radio—and thereon hangs another puzzle: who was the author of this description, and how did he come by it? The Commission surmised that Officer Tippit might have recognized Oswald and stopped him. This seems exceedingly unlikely, for the description was exceedingly vague. On the other hand, if Oswald looked distraught—and why should we suppose that he did not?—the officer might have stopped him on general principles; police do that. At any rate, it is likely that Oswald shot Tippit, and that a jury would so find on the evidence available. And if Oswald did not shoot Tippit, we are in the presence of an unrelated incident, a stunning coincidence, to be sure, but it was a day for coincidences. If Oswald did not shoot Tippit, there is absolutely nothing that anyone has uncovered which can connect the incident with the assassination of the President. The incident can therefore only strengthen the case against Oswald; it can scarcely weaken it.

Nevertheless, Mr. Sauvage dwells darkly on the mysteries of the Tippit killing. Oswald, he insists, was altogether innocent, and was framed. The Dallas Police induced, or at the very least connived in, the assassination of Oswald by Ruby, not because they were part of the conspiracy to assassinate the President, but because they feared that Oswald, being innocent, would be acquitted, thus making them look very silly. Proof that Oswald was framed can be found in a series of supposed identifications of Oswald in several places during the weeks before the assassination, at times when Oswald could not have been present, in view of his known movements. The plotters were manufacturing a trail to lead to Oswald. The rest is easy. Evidence tending to prove Oswald innocent (e.g., the bag supposedly too short to carry the rifle) is evidence proving him innocent. Evidence tending to prove him guilty is equally evidence proving him innocent because it is evidence that he was framed.

A variant of the frame-up theory, also positing a second Oswald who left a false trail, is developed at length and through heroic feats of the imagination by Richard H. Popkin, in the *New York Review of Books* of July 28. The trouble with Mr. Popkin's notion (as with Mr. Sauvage's) that unknown conspirators planted a second Oswald in various spots is that they did not do it in a way that would make sense from their point of view. Some of the incidents would have pointed away from Oswald, others were inconsistent with known facts about Oswald—such as that he could not drive a car. Of course, the incidents themselves remain unexplained, and the Commission could certainly have done more to explain them. But it must be realized that an event like the assassination of President Kennedy will collect around itself clusters of supposedly related incidents, which may be partly or wholly imaginary. The shock waves of such an event reach many people in many curious ways. An event so universally known will also bring to light genuine coincidences, which abound in life, but are normally not remarked. The election of a new President, for instance, invariably turns up someone, in some corner of the country, who looks exactly like him.

Mark Lane, the veteran demonologist, from whom Mr. Sauvage is, for some reason, careful to dissociate himself, also devotes attention to the second Oswald theory. But then his book is a grab-bag of virtually all the conceivable theories that offer an alternative to the findings of the Commission. He makes some of the same points made by Mr. Epstein, and suggests that even if someone shot at the President from the Texas School Book Depository Building, someone else also shot at him from the front—despite the fact that the fibers of the President's shirt collar show the throat wound to have been one of exit and not of entry. He wonders—utterly without foundation—whether Oswald's rifle, which the Dallas police said they found on the sixth floor of the Depository Building, was in fact found there, or was otherwise produced by the Dallas police. He picks, quite unsuccessfully, at the evidence that Oswald bought and owned the rifle. He is absolutely certain that Ruby "murdered Oswald through the complicity or complacency of members of the police." He divines in the pathetically deranged testimony of Ruby before Chief Justice Warren in Dallas a series of shrewd if muted hints by Ruby that he had a tale to tell, would the Chief Justice but allow him to tell it in Washington rather than Dallas. He has Ruby and Officer Tippit meeting at Ruby's nightclub on November 14 with one Bernard Weissman, a hanger-on of right-wing groups in Dallas. He has Ruby involved in some abortive plot to run guns

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into Cuba for use by anti-Castro guerrillas. And so on and so on. Mr. Lane's book is introduced, approvingly, yet not without a note of caution, by H. R. Trevor-Roper, for whose most brilliant scholarly achievements the Warren Commission has not provided the occasion. The book is wildly speculative, and it is—rather like Mr. Sauvage's work—peripheral and indiscriminate. It treats all facts, all questions, all doubts, not merely as equally relevant, but as equally decisive. Great trial lawyers, like great detectives, have an instinct for the jugular. Mr. Lane has an instinct for the capillaries.

It is no longer possible, however, simply to love the Warren Commission for the enemies it has made. We know now that the Commission did not satisfactorily investigate the assassination. It did not fit the established facts into a narrative consistent with all of them. This is no Sacco-Vanzetti, and no Dreyfus case. No innocent man stands convicted. But a President of the United States was wantonly shot down, and if there is such a thing as national honor, we must know all that can be known of the truth of this terrible affair. Somehow, through some disinterested investigative agency, our government must either rehabilitate the one-bullet theory, or establish some other probability. If a first pristine bullet lodged in President Kennedy's back, why did such a bullet not penetrate further? Is it possible that it might have brushed a branch of the live oak tree, and lost some speed in this fashion? How on this hypothesis was the President's throat wound inflicted? It appears certain from the fibers of his shirt-collar that it was an exit wound. Could a fragment of bullet or bone from the President's head wound have caused the wound in his throat? What happened to the bullet that hit Governor Connally?

The Warren Commission did not explore these questions, nor many others. As Mr. Epstein is able conclusively to show, the supposed massive and definitive investigation conducted by the Commission was in fact hurried and superficial. The Commission had little full-time staff, and under pressure mainly from the Chief Justice, who wanted the Report finished and out as soon as possible, it gave what staff it did have little opportunity to conduct thorough, independent investigations. The staff operated through a bureaucratic maze, exchanging memoranda with the FBI, venturing only occasionally into the field itself, having no corps of investigators assigned to it and acting under its control, and having also little contact with the Commission. The Commission consisted of men busily engaged in other affairs, whose attendance was spotty and in some instances highly infrequent, and who simply could not have had adequate opportunity to give direction to the inquiry, or even to arrive at fully informed judgments on the facts. It is a marvel that parts of the Report are as sound as they are. But that, of course, is not nearly good enough.

There is a tendency, exhibited by Mr. Lane and Mr. Sauvage, and by others, not excluding even Mr. Epstein, to demand of the Commission a certain unattainable perfection: no unanswered questions, no loose strings, a Report all-knowing and infallible. There goes along with this tendency something of an idealization-by-contrast of the criminal trial, in which the defendant is represented by counsel with a right to cross-examine. Such trials supposedly answer all relevant questions. But they do not. Nothing is more characteristic of the criminal process than that it narrows the line of vision severely, asks one or two essential questions, answers them in terms of probabilities, and goes on to the next case. A trial of Oswald, assuming for the moment it could have been a fair one, would undoubtedly have resulted in conviction, and would have given us much less information than even the Warren Commission has produced. To say this, however, is by no means to excuse all the loose strings the Commission left lying about, or the instances when it professed to know what it could not prove. The Commission was subject to its own kind of illusion of infallibility. On little evidence, if any at all, it concluded not only that the bullet found in Parkland Hospital came from Governor Connally's stretcher, but that Oswald was the author of the notorious attempt to assassinate former Major General Edwin Walker. All too often, the phrase, "the Commission has concluded," was made to substitute for evidence. It is almost as if, through the agency of the Chief Justice, the Commission had borrowed a habit that the Supreme Court sometimes indulges of settling a point of law on which the arguments run with equal force in two directions by simply saying, "We hold that. . . ." It is an arbitrary habit, and not a good one for a court of law. It is an inexcusable habit in a fact-finding body, whose conclusions must be true rather than good.

Why, one is entitled to ask, did it turn out this way? Mr. Epstein, who addresses himself to this question, says that the Commission—four senior Senators and Congressmen; Allen W. Dulles, the former head of the CIA; John J. McCloy, a highly and justly respected elder statesman; and, above all, the Chief Justice of the United States—was at least as eager to protect the national interest "by dispelling rumors" as it was to establish the truth. It established, therefore, something that Mr. Epstein calls "political truth," which may not be a lie, but is certainly and wilfully not the whole truth. No doubt a national interest was perceived in dispelling the sort of rumors that Messrs. Lane and Sauvage are still peddling, and undoubtedly the Commissioners shared with the President who appointed them a presumptive faith in the essential findings of the Dallas police and of the FBI, which pointed, of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course, to Oswald as the lone assassin. But fidelity to this conception of the national interest, and the presumption in favor of the prior investigations, need not have involved the Commission in trifling with the truth. A conflict between the truth and a national interest of sorts might have arisen only if the facts had necessarily pointed to a second assassin. But they did not. Mr. Epstein does not demonstrate that the Commissioners put the national interest, as they saw it, above the requirements of truth, and published "political truth." That he simply asserts. What he succeeds in showing is only that the Commissioners did an inadequate job—something that men are all too capable of doing with the utmost honesty, and whether or not they see themselves as constrained by reasons of state.

The Commission's besetting sin was in being the kind of institution it was, in which men of prestige and authority assume responsibility for work they do not direct and barely supervise, while other men, who have neither authority nor responsibility, do the work. The result is nobody's product, which is likely to be worse than nearly anybody's. There are no good commissions of this sort, but this was a particularly bad one, because staff and time were in particularly short supply, because those who did the work were particularly lacking in authority and limited in initiative, and those who were responsible had particularly little connection with the work. It is one thing to use staff as an extension of oneself; it is quite another to receive staff work through channels, especially when it is mostly second-hand staff work at that, forwarded from the FBI through yet another channel. We are unfortunately seeing more and more such Presidential Commissions—there is one on crime, and a newer one on the selective service—which employ prestigious names to persuade the public that the findings and conclusions of an obscure staff merit its confidence. The trick works, but it is a trick.

That the trick works, and works on nearly everyone, is proved by the reception generally accorded the Warren Report when it was issued. Yet the trick worked in this case also because the Report bespoke the continuity of American history, and confirmed the cherished sense of the separateness of that history from the common experience of mankind. The assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt by Puerto Rican nationalists on the life of President Truman may have been political conspiracies of a sort. They were acts of revenge, however, by isolated and politically incoherent conspirators. Even these incidents have little in common, therefore, with the kind of political assassination that other societies have known. The assassinations of our Presidents, and the attempts on their lives and on the lives of Presidential candidates and Presidents-elect, have invariably been committed by a type of deranged loner, a type that even John Wilkes Booth fits, and that Oswald fits very well indeed. Consciously or otherwise, most of us did not wish this tragic but reassuring continuity to be broken by an event that would assimilate the American experience, as Mr. McCloy expressed it, to that of "a banana republic, where a government can be changed by conspiracy." Hence the findings of the Warren Commission, and the fatuous praise with which all the voices of the great majority greeted them two years ago, were in some measure a matter of wish-fulfillment. Of course, there is also in play a minority wish—and it continues to be in play, even though its pursuit demands an increasingly fierce resistance to reality. This is the wish of a portion of the Left, clinging stubbornly to a kind of abstract logic, to believe that the shots that killed John F. Kennedy came from the organized Right. In all probability, it is the majority wish that did actually correspond to the reality in this case. But the Warren Commission did not establish the correspondence beyond a reasonable doubt. That can only be done by a renewed and more effective effort to uncover the truth "as far as it can be discovered."

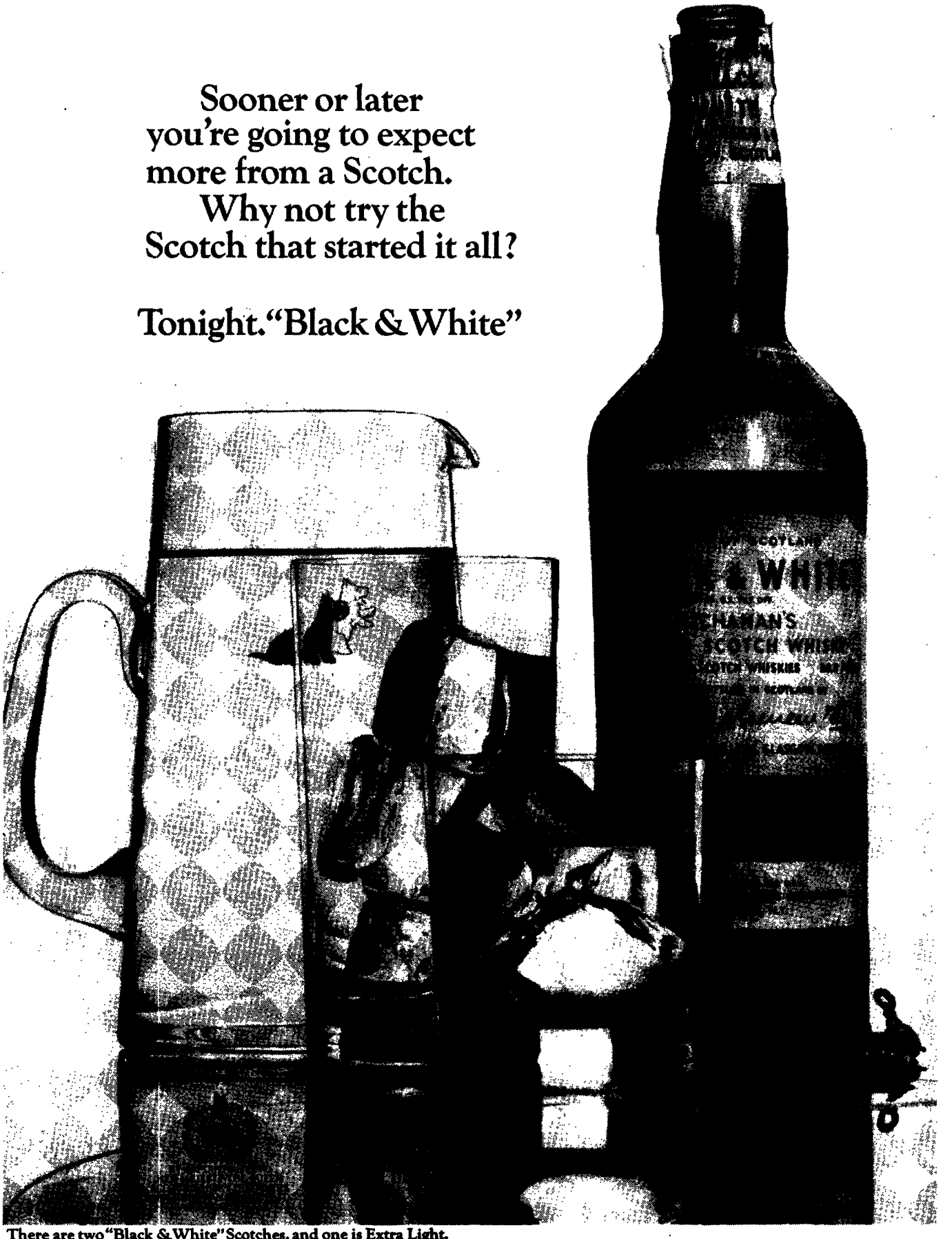
THE LIKELIHOOD that Congress or President Johnson will organize a fresh investigation is easily overestimated. To do so would be to say officially something quite unusually harsh about the performance of such personages as the Chief Justice of the United States, the most influential Southerner in Congress (Senator Russell of Georgia), and the Majority Whip and the Minority Leader of the House of Representatives (respectively, Messrs. Boggs of Louisiana, and Ford of Michigan), let alone the other members of the Commission. But the excuse that no institution is available or is readily created which could be expected to be free of the Warren Commission's built-in drawback—this excuse no one need credit. The *ab initio* prestige of the Warren Commission cannot be duplicated without risking that Commission's infirmities, but candor and a self-evidently painstaking effort to uncover truth can generate prestige and acceptability of their own. All that is called for is a compact body of three to five men, drawn from private life or perhaps on leave from judicial office, whose independence is assured, whose full energies are devoted exclusively to the task at hand, and to whom are confided the necessary power (which the Warren Commission possessed), and the resources to use that power (of which the Warren Commission hardly availed itself). As Professor Herbert L. Packer of the Stanford Law School has shown, looking at the problem in a different context in his book, *Ex-Communist Witnesses*, there are models on which to pattern such an investigative institution and its modes of operation, and there are ways of constituting one. It should be done, and quickly, before total staleness of the evidence sets in.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NYC SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

Sooner or later
you're going to expect
more from a Scotch.
Why not try the
Scotch that started it all?

Tonight. "Black & White"



There are two "Black & White" Scotches, and one is Extra Light.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YIGAEL YADIN

MASADA AND ITS SCROLLS*

From October 1963 to May 1964, and again from November 1964 to April 1965 (the "second season" referred to below), a series of exhaustive archaeological excavations was undertaken at the last stronghold of the first-century Jewish revolt against Rome; Masada's defenders, the Zealots, all chose to die at their own hands rather than surrender to the Roman siege. (See Daniel Gavron's "The Masada Dig" in the October 1964 COMMENTARY.) *The expedition yielded a number of important discoveries, among them a series of scroll-fragments which bear a striking similarity to the Dead Sea Scrolls. The possible significance of this similarity continues to provide the occasion for—in Professor Yadin's words—"a stormy debate among scholars."* COMMENTARY *has previously published Cecil Roth's contribution to that controversy ("New Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls," June 1964); the account that follows includes Professor Yadin's own interpretation of his findings, which conflicts strongly with that of Professor Roth.*

YIGAEL YADIN, *director of the Masada Archaeological Expedition and professor of archaeology at the Hebrew University, is the former Chief of Staff of the Israeli army. The present article, in different form, will appear as part of his forthcoming book,* Masada: Herod's Fortress and the Zealots' Last Stand, *which Random House will publish in Moshe Pearlman's translation from the Hebrew later this month.*

The Scrolls

BEFORE STARTING the excavations at the rock of Masada, on the western shore of the Dead Sea, we dreamed of the possibility of finding scrolls there. I say "dreamed" because the hope that we would could not be very bright. Hitherto, all the scrolls which had been found in the vicinity of the Dead Sea had been discovered only in caves, where they had been hidden intentionally, and where the only damage they suffered —comparatively slight—had been damage by nature, such as mild dampness, or by the nibbling of small animals. Now, as we approached Masada, we asked ourselves: "Had the Zealots hidden their writings before committing suicide? And if they had, would any of them still be preserved? And would we find them?"

As I say, these were simply reflections on our part, hopeful speculation; and so our great excitement may be imagined when, only a few weeks after we started digging, we found our first scroll. It was discovered in one of the rooms in the casemate wall (room 1,039, as it is referred to in our field charts). After clearing more than six feet of debris, we had got down close to the floor. The room had not been burned, and it contained a large collection of vessels, cloth, mats, baskets, and leather articles. We thought perhaps that the Roman garrison had assembled here a mixed bag of articles gathered in the vicinity. Then came the first serious find, important not only in itself but also in relation to the other finds. Strewn over a small area of the floor in the southern corner of the room were seventeen silver shekels. They were in excellent condition. The inscriptions in Hebrew, "*Shekel Israel*" and "*Jerusalem the Holy*," were completely clear. So were the Hebrew letters *shin alef, shin beth, shin gimel, shin daleth*, and *shin he*. *Shin* is the first letter of *shana*, the Hebrew word for "year," and the other letters represent the numbers 1,2,3,4,5 respectively. The markings on the coins were thus "year one," "year two," "year three," "year four," and "year five"—each denoting in which year of the revolt (which lasted five years†) the coin had been struck. Until this discovery, the total number of shekels struck in the rare "year five" known to exist in the world was only six; here, among the seventeen shekels we found, three were of "year five."

About three feet away from the shekels the first scroll was found. All the details of this discovery are sharp in my mind. In the early hours of the afternoon, while I was in one of the northern storerooms, Shmaryahu Guttman** came running to me, followed by some of the volunteers working with him, and flourished before me a piece of parchment. It was so black and creased that only with difficulty could one make anything out. But

*© Copyright, 1966, by Yigael Yadin. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc. from *Masada*, by Yigael Yadin.

†From 66 to 70 C.E.; the fortress of Masada, however, held out until the year 73 C.E.—ED.

**An archaeologist and field supervisor of the Masada expedition—ED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a quick examination on the spot showed us immediately that here was a fragment from the Book of Psalms, and we could even identify the chapters: the section ran from Psalm 81 to Psalm 85. A little while later we also found another part of the scroll, which completed the top part of the first fragment. After this scroll fragment had been treated by the elderly technical expert, Professor Bieberkraut, and photographed by his wife, Helena, with infra-red film, this writing on parchment could be read with ease.

This discovery is of extraordinary importance for scroll research. This is the first time that a parchment scroll has been found elsewhere than in a cave, and in circumstances where it was possible to date it without the slightest doubt. The scroll could not possibly have been written later than the year 73 C.E., the year Masada fell. As a matter of fact, this scroll was written much before —perhaps twenty or thirty years earlier; and it is interesting that this section from the Book of Psalms, like the other biblical scrolls which we found later, is almost exactly identical (except for a few very minor changes here and there) with the text of the biblical books which we use today. Even the division into chapters and psalms is identical with the traditional division. This not only testifies to the strength and faithfulness of the Jewish tradition, but it enables us to learn many things about the development of the biblical text, particularly in the light of the fact that many of the scrolls of biblical books which were discovered in Qumran, and in the caves north of Masada, contained significant textual changes from the accepted traditional text. On the second section of the fragment that we found lay several bronze coins struck in the second and third years of the revolt. We could not have hoped to find more effective testimony to the date of our scroll. In the same room in the casemate's wall, we found another few fragments of scrolls, among them one from the Book of Leviticus.

But the scroll which gave us the greatest surprise was discovered in the southeastern corner of the room. This was not a large fragment, and it appeared, as with other fragments, to have been cut and torn intentionally. Had this been the work of the Roman garrison? It is possible. Josephus writes that one of the ways in which the Roman soldiers persecuted the Jews was by tearing books of the Bible before their eyes. Apparently, the Roman soldiers occupied this room for some time, as is evidenced by a number of Latin papyri, some kind of military documents, which may be ascribed to the Roman garrison. The torn scroll fragment, when photographed, was found to contain Hebrew writing. When I began reading it, I came across the line, "The song of the sixth Sabbath sacrifice on the ninth of the second month." Seeing this and a few other lines, I was suddenly struck by the amazing fact that this text was exactly the same as the text of one of the scrolls discovered in Qumran, in cave four. That scroll was a very definite sectarian scroll which details "songs of the Sabbath sacrifices" dealing with each Sabbath and its date.

The sixth Sabbath could have fallen on the ninth of the second month only on the basis of the special calendar used by the Qumran sect. This calendar divided the year into 364 days—twelve months of thirty days each, and one additional day at the end of every three months. The first day of the first month, namely, the month of *Nissan,* always fell on a Wednesday, the day of the creation of the luminaries, which determined the division of time.

THE BIG QUESTION was: "What has this sectarian scroll to do with Masada?" Most scholars believe that the sect to which the scrolls of Qumran belonged was that of the Essenes, described at length by Philo the Alexandrian and by Josephus, and also mentioned in the writings of Pliny, who was with the conquering Roman army. These writers say that the Essenes lived on the western shore of the Dead Sea in an area which very much suggests the location of Khirbet Qumran. A minority of scholars has long suggested that the Qumran sect should be identified with the Sicarii Zealots, the very Zealots who occupied Masada. For these scholars, of course, the discovery of this sectarian scroll in Masada was, on the face of it, important support for the truth of their theory. However, I believe that the evidence in the hands of the majority of scholars who identify the Qumran sect with the Essenes is so strong that one needs to find another explanation for the presence of a Qumranic scroll in the Masada stronghold of the Zealots. It seems to me that the discovery of this scroll serves as proof indeed that the Essenes also participated in the great revolt against the Romans. For some reason, a distorted picture has emerged about these Essenes, and this is mostly the fault of Philo's descriptions. There were scholars who sought to infer from these descriptions that the Essenes were pacifists, in the modern meaning of the term; but this was not so. They refrained from participating in wars so long as these wars were not in accordance with their concept, namely, wars preordained by God. But if they had reached the recognition that the great revolt was in fact the ordained war against the Romans, there would have been no reason, in terms of their own beliefs and concepts, not to take part in it. Moreover, there is in fact direct evidence, in the writings of Josephus, of Essene participation in the war.

It will be recalled that Josephus, at the beginning of the revolt, was one of the Jewish commanders responsible for the Galilee region, and he certainly was acquainted with other commanders of the revolt. When he lists the names of the commanders of the revolt and their sectors, he relates that the commander of the important cen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tral sector—which included Lod, Jaffa, Jamnia, etc. —was someone named John the Essene. Is it likely that only one Essene joined the revolt and became an outstanding commander? I think not. It is more likely that a considerable number of Essenes also joined the rebellion. And after the country had been destroyed and Masada remained the sole stronghold and outpost in the war against the Romans, it is likely that all who had fought together and survived found shelter there, among them also the Essene participants. It would have been natural for all such groups to have brought with them their holy writings. This, it seems to me, explains the presence of the Qumranic sectarian scroll in Masada. At all events, this small scroll fragment found in casemate 1,039 will assuredly remain—more than any other discovery of ours in Masada—as a subject of research and stormy debate among scholars of ancient scrolls and of the history of the Second Temple period.

This was not the only casemate in which scrolls were found. We discovered other fragments: for example, in one of the chambers in the eastern sector, just north of the "snake path." The excavation work in this sector was very difficult because large sections of the outside wall had collapsed and they needed to be strengthened and supported before we could start digging.

What we discovered was a piece of white leather which contained the last chapter of the Book of Psalms, namely, Psalm 150: "Praise ye the Lord . . . . Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet." The writing on it was so faded and the color of the parchment so light that it almost escaped our notice, and indeed when it was being cleaned one of the volunteers thought that what she was holding in her hand was a piece of newspaper.

To the south of the "snake path," in casemate 1,109, we found another scroll, perhaps one of the most important for the study of Jewish and Hebrew literature of the Second Temple period. In the northern part of the room, near the floor, we came upon a few crushed and creased scroll fragments. When they were opened and photographed by the infra-red process, we were able to read them as if they had been written that very day, and our delight may be imagined when it became clear that these were fragments of the lost original Hebrew text of the scroll, *The Wisdom of Ben-Sira*.

Ben-Sira lived in the first half of the 2nd century B.C.E., several decades before the Hasmonean period. His book, which was widely known in his day, just missed being included in the Old Testament canon, and it is widely quoted in the Talmud; the ancient Rabbis referred to it and quoted its proverbs in the same way as they quoted from the books of the Bible. However, since it was not included in the canonical works of the Old Testament, its original Hebrew text disappeared in the course of time, and it was preserved for us only in translations, of which the most notable was the Greek. This was the work of Ben-Sira's grandson, toward the end of the 2nd century B.C.E. This Greek translation was included by the Church in the books of the Apocrypha, and is known as *Ecclesiasticus*. Modern scholars had long felt that there were corruptions in the Greek copies and some even held that the grandson's translation had not always been faithful to the Hebrew text.

A dramatic turning-point in *Ben-Sira* research came in 1896 with the discovery of portions of a Hebrew text of *Ben-Sira* among the medieval manuscripts found in the *geniza** of the old Cairo synagogue. This discovery immediately set off a fierce controversy among scholars. The majority believed that this was indeed a copy of the original Hebrew text of *Ben-Sira,* even though there were a number of copyist's corruptions, since this copy had been made in the Middle Ages. A minority of scholars, however, argued that it was a translation back to Hebrew made in the Middle Ages, from the Greek or the Syriac translations of the original Hebrew.

Well, here at Masada we had just discovered parts of the original Hebrew text of *The Wisdom of Ben-Sira,* and the writing of our scroll could be dated to the first half of the 1st century B.C.E. We could now compare this with the text of the Cairo *geniza*. The comparison put an end to the controversy, for it showed quite clearly that the two texts are basically identical, namely, that the text in the Cairo *geniza* on the whole represents the original *Ben-Sira* Hebrew text. I say "on the whole" because there are, of course, some corruptions, some earlier, some later, some the fault of copyists, some the fault of editors. But the model was clearly the original *Ben-Sira.*

OUR DISCOVERY may have stopped the controversy over *Ben-Sira,* but it also opened a new chapter in research on this book, which is one of the most important apocryphal works and one of the greatest Hebrew books of the period of the Second Temple. Here, for example, is a translation of one of the pages found in Masada:

Let me now hymn the praises of men of piety
  Our fathers in their generations
Great honor did the Most High allot
  And His greatness from the days of old
Men who wielded dominion over the earth in
    their royalty
  And men of renown in their might
And counsellors in their discernment
  And all-seeing in their prophecy
Princes of the nation in their statesmanship
  And leaders in their decrees
Clever of speech in their scribal instruction
  And speakers of wise sayings at their festivities
Devisers of psalms according to rule

*A cache of sacred Hebrew writings—ED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And authors of proverbs in books
Men of resource and supported with strength
And living at ease in their dwelling-places
All these were honored in their generation
And in their days had glory
Some of them there are who have left a name
That men might tell of it in their inheritance
And some of them there are who have no memorial
So that there was an end of them when they came to their end
They were as though they had not been
And their children after them
Nevertheless these were men of piety
And their goodness shall not be cut off
With their seed their goodness remaineth sure
And their inheritance to their children's children
In their covenant their seed abideth
And their children's children for their sakes
And for ever their seed abideth
And their glory shall not be erased
And their body is buried in peace
But their name liveth unto all generations
The assembly recounteth their wisdom
And their praise the congregation relateth
Noah the righteous was found blameless
In the season of destruction he became the continuator
For his sake there was a remnant
And by reason of the covenant with him the flood ceased.

Having mentioned this apocryphal book, we should also mention the discovery of another scroll which was found in one of the wall towers to the west of the western palace.* This tower rises to a great height; at the top of it there were remains of a monk's cell from the Byzantine period. After we had removed the foundations and had cleared a layer of almost nine feet of debris, we got near to the floor of the structure. It was apparent that here, too, during the period of its occupation by the Roman garrison, all sorts of articles in the area had been gathered and thrown as if it were a garbage heap, and among such articles we found beautiful Nabatean vessels whose exact date we were able to determine.

Because of the dryness of the atmosphere and the discovery here of mats, baskets, pieces of wood, and so on, we had the feeling that this was a site where we might find a scroll. There was almost a "scroll smell" about the place, and indeed when we got right down to the floor of the room, we found a scroll fragment. The credit for this find went to a doctor from London. The fragment we found is small but its importance is great. It is written in Hebrew and it contains portions of the original Hebrew text of one of the pseudo-epigraphical works which has also disappeared with time, namely, the *Book of Jubilees.* This book, which describes the journeys of the patriarchs in the Book of Genesis in accordance with the special calendar of the Qumran sect, had, as I say, disappeared in its original text and has been preserved largely in its various translations into Greek, Ethiopian, and Latin.

The one scroll which was found outside the bounds of the casemate chambers and the dwellings of the Zealots was discovered in a place we could never have thought of. At the end of the first season of excavation, after seven months of work, a small heap of debris was still left from the huge mound which had covered the wall of the upper terrace of the northern palace-villa. This small heap, which we had not managed to excavate, was at its western edge, and all we could do was to mark it and postpone its clearance until the second season. On the very first day of the second season, early in the afternoon, it fell to a young lad from a kibbutz in Western Galilee to discover, in the western corner of the court in front of the large wall, fragments of a scroll scattered among the ruins. This discovery provoked great excitement and was taken as a happy omen for our future work. Parts of the fragments had been eaten away, but those that were undamaged were very well preserved and we could immediately identify them as several chapters from the Book of Leviticus, chapters eight to twelve, and to note that this scroll, too, was absolutely identical with the traditional text of Leviticus. Moreover, there was the same division into sections, the traditional division into "open" and "closed" ones, that is, sections which begin after an empty line-space at the end of the previous one, and those which begin after a small space in the same line.

How the scroll reached this location we shall never know. Maybe it was blown there by the wind during the destruction of Masada and was buried among the ruined debris; or perhaps it was thrown there by one of the Roman soldiers. At all events, its discovery at Masada might be called an archaeological "miracle."

The discovery of the next two scrolls also surprised us by their location, and shed much light on an understanding of the building in which they were found, as we shall now see.

The Synagogue and Its Scrolls

At the very beginning of our first season of excavations, while digging in the northwestern section of the wall of Masada, we came upon a strange structure adjoining the wall, so close that it seemed part of the wall, even though it projected substantially inward and eastward, inside Masada. It was unlike any of the buildings we had excavated up to then in the casemate wall. Early in the dig, we noticed what looked like benches plastered with clay pro-

*Of King Herod—Ed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

truding from the debris inside the building, next to the walls. Gradually, pillars began to appear, made in sections, and when we had finished excavating, what appeared before us was a rectangular structure with benches all around the walls, tier upon tier, all plastered with clay. On the eastern side there was an opening. In the center were two rows of columns, three columns in the southern row, and two in the northern. The northwest corner of the building was a kind of cell which merged into the casemate wall, and there was an entrance to it from the south, next to the western pillar of the southern row.

Even while excavating, we felt that the final stage, at least, of the building, and particularly the benches, had been constructed by the Zealots. Not only did we find many coins from the period of the revolt on the floor of this room, but here and there, where the plaster on the benches had peeled, we could tell that the benches had in fact been made out of quarried stone and broken pieces of dressed stone which had been taken from other buildings on Masada. Particularly conspicuous among these were portions of column drums and of capitals which could be identified immediately as having belonged to the lower and perhaps also to the upper terrace of Herod's northern palace-villa. It was clear that at least these benches had been built after various parts of the palace-villa had been destroyed; and it was even clearer that this structure had the character of a communal building and was designed for public gatherings. But what was its purpose?

During the first season we already dared to suggest, albeit with considerable hesitation, that it was perhaps a synagogue. What strengthened this assumption was also the fact that the entrance faced east, and it was wholly oriented toward Jerusalem, as required by the traditional injunctions of the Sages. Moreover, we found on the floor an ostracon* with the inscription "Priestly tithe," that is, one of the tithes that was allocated to the Levites, and another sherd which bore the inscription, "Hezekiah," perhaps the name of a priest.

In one corner of the main room we found scores of soot-blackened lamps, and in the rear cell the floor was covered with the remains of a powerful fire; it was evident that numerous articles of furniture and many vessels had been collected here and set alight. They included handsome vessels of glass and metal, and among them was a washbasin.

If what we had just unearthed was indeed a synagogue, then this was a discovery of front-rank importance in the field of Jewish archaeology and certainly one of the most important finds in Masada. For up until then, the very earliest synagogues discovered in Israel belonged to the end of the 2nd or the beginning of the 3rd century C.E. There were no remains of any synagogue from the period of the Second Temple.

Because of its outstanding importance, we decided to continue our excavations of this building in the second season, and to cut sections in it and around it to enable us to examine the stages of its construction. What spurred us particularly was the fact that toward the end of the first season, while cutting a section in the upper floor level of the rear cell, we found beneath it the base of an additional column. It was clear, however, that those who built the last floor of the building, while constructing this special cell in its corner, had removed that column and covered its base with the floor. It was evident therefore that before the Zealot stage of construction, the plan of the building had been different. In its earlier stage, the building had had an anteroom, and the main room had had columns along its southern, western, and northern sides.

It is difficult to determine the function of this building in the original Herodian plan, but one may hazard the guess that even then it served as a synagogue. This theory may be supported by the following assumptions. First, it seems most unlikely that Herod would have denied a place of worship to the Jewish members of his family or to other Jews who were members of his court. Second, the architectural plan with its pillars is quite reminiscent of the plan of several early synagogues discovered in Galilee. And third, there exists a strong conservative tradition in the siting of houses of worship, and it would be in keeping with this tradition that the Zealots, when deciding on their synagogue, specifically chose this place, knowing that it had previously served as a synagogue. This would explain, too, why even the original building had been oriented toward Jerusalem. It is possible that in the period between Herod and the Zealots, when Masada was occupied by the Roman garrison, the building may have served as a stable, for between the two floors, the original and the later one, we found many layers of animal dung.

I TURN NOW to a most interesting find which, I believe, enables us to state with greater certainty that this building was indeed a synagogue. While making the exploratory cuts in the rear cell, the two architects of our expedition, Dunayevsky and Menzel, measured the distance between the bases of the two columns we found there and examined the filling between the two floors. In so doing they extended the area of the cut, and came upon a piece of rolled scroll. How had it got there, and why beneath the upper floor? When we studied the area of the cut more carefully, we found that a pit had once been dug at this spot, from the upper floor. The scroll was found at the bottom of this pit which had later been filled with earth and stones. This had therefore been a kind of *geniza*. This scroll may have

*An inscribed piece of pottery—ED.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been buried while the Zealots lived here because it was no longer usable, or it may have been hidden by them just before they ended their lives. Whichever it was, we were spurred by the find to excavate the whole of the upper floor in the rear cell to see if there were any other such pits.

I assigned this delicate task to Chief Petty Officer Moshe Cohen—known as "Mussa"—of the Israeli navy. After several days' work, he discovered a portion of the floor missing in the southern section of the cell, and beneath it a pit full of stamped-down earth. At the very moment of his discovery, an urgent telegram arrived recalling Mussa to his job in the navy for three days. He begged us to hold up the clearance work until his return, and though it was not easy to restrain our eagerness, we agreed to the delay. When he returned, he immediately resumed excavating the pit, while we all stood by tense with excitement. Within a few hours he had reached almost to the bottom of the pit and there his groping hands found the remains of a scroll. Though the parchment was badly gnawed, we could immediately identify the writing as chapters from the Book of Ezekiel; and the parts that were better preserved than others, and which we could easily read, contained extracts from Chapter 37—the vision of the dry bones.

As for the rolled scroll discovered in the first pit, it was found on opening—which had to be done with great care in the laboratory in Jerusalem—to contain parts of the two final chapters of the Book of Deuteronomy. But the tightly-rolled core of the scroll, on which we had pinned much hope, turned out to our dismay to be simply the blank end "sheets" of the scroll. They had been sewn to the written "sheets" to facilitate rolling and unrolling.

These two scrolls are important in themselves. They also lend support, as we have indicated, to the probability that this building was indeed a synagogue. But there is another aspect of high importance to the discovery of these two scrolls: they are the only ones found not on the floor of a room but in a *geniza,* beneath the floor laid by the Zealots. This means that the date of the scrolls cannot possibly be later than 73 C.E. and not even the most skeptical of scholars can challenge this.

All in all, we discovered at Masada portions of fourteen scrolls, biblical, sectarian, and apocryphal. From the point of view of scroll research and study of the literature of the Second Temple period, these were the most important discoveries of our Masada excavations.

The Remains of the Last Defenders

THE DEFENDERS of Masada, as testified by Josephus, died by their own hands. The exceptions were two women and several children who hid themselves during the suicide operation and who later recounted to the conquering Roman unit what had taken place in Masada in the final moments. From the very beginning of our excavation we concerned ourselves with the problem of finding the remains of the defenders—whether there were such remains and if so where they were likely to be. The probability that they would be found was dim indeed. According to Josephus, General Silva established a Roman garrison on the Masada summit after its conquest, a fact confirmed by our excavations, and it could be assumed that this garrison would have disposed of the bodies in one way or another for sanitary reasons. Nevertheless, we retained the hope that we might perhaps find some remains, and from the very outset we searched for possible places where they might have lain unnoticed. We did find three skeletons on the lower terrace of the palace-villa, and they were almost certainly those of the final Jewish defenders. Would we come across others?

One of the sites where it seemed probable that we might find skeletons of bodies buried or thrown by the Roman garrison was the network of caves near the top of the southern cliff of the Masada rock, only a few yards below the casemate wall. There had apparently been some early intention of using these caves to store water. But evidently, some of them were found unsuitable for this purpose and the project was abandoned. Our excavations showed that some of Masada's defenders dwelt in these caves at various times, as indicated by remains of food and domestic utensils which we found. And it was in one of the smaller of these caves that we came upon the stark sight of skulls and other parts of skeletons scattered in disorder about the floor. Among the bones were fragments of linen and pieces of clothing. A brief examination showed that there were altogether about twenty-five skeletons. Had these been the bodies of Zealots? Had they been troops of the Roman garrison? Or had they been the monks of the Byzantine Period? At the time, we could give no accurate opinion. But now, after the bones have been carefully studied by my colleague, Dr. N. Hass, of the Hebrew University Medical School, the following facts have been established: fourteen of the skeletons are of males between the ages of twenty-two and sixty; one is of a man over the age of seventy; six are females aged between fifteen and twenty-two; and four are children aged from eight to twelve; there is also one of an embryo! Most of the skulls belong to the same type as those we discovered in the Caves of Bar Kochba in Nahal Hever. It seems to me that these facts conclusively rule out the possibility that the skeletons are those either of the Roman garrison or of the monks. They can be only those of the defenders of Masada.

Could they have been thrown into this cave by their own comrades during the siege? This is difficult to believe. The only feasible assumption is that they were flung here irreverently by the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roman troops when they cleared the bodies after their victory.

In no other place on Masada did we find additional skeletons. In our search, we made several exploratory sectional-cuts in places where such finds seemed likely, but without success. It is possible that we may have missed some pit where bodies might have been cast, but I think that on the whole our excavations confirmed our earlier view that the Roman garrison which occupied Masada for several decades after the dramatic event cleared the area of all such human remains. Thus, apart from the twenty-five skeletons found in the cave and possibly the three found in the palace-villa, no physical remains of the last defenders of Masada were left. But the moving words of Josephus have kept them alive to this day:

> For the husbands tenderly embraced their wives and took their children into their arms, and gave the longest parting kisses to them, with tears in their eyes. Yet at the same time did they complete what they had resolved on, as if they had been executed by the hands of strangers, and they had nothing else for their comfort but the necessity they were in of doing this execution, to avoid that prospect they had of the misery they were to suffer from their enemies.

AT EVERY archaeological excavation, there is always at least one visitor who, after being shown all the digging sites and the finds, asks: "What was your most important discovery?" This, for me, is a difficult question to answer, for every archaeological find has its own special importance. The structures, the wall-paintings, the mosaics—all are of great value for a study of Herodian period architecture, the nature of Masada, and the character of King Herod. The coins and the ostraca are of considerable importance for certain paleographic and historical studies. The thousands of pottery sherds and stone vessels, articles of leather and straw, cosmetic vials, jewelry, the ovens and cooking stoves, the ritual baths *(mikvot)*, the synagogue, and especially the scrolls—these are invaluable for research into the Jewish archaeology of the Second Temple period.

If, however, I were pressed to single out one discovery more spectacular than any other, I would point to a find which may not be of the greatest importance from the point of view of pure archaeology, but which certainly, when we came upon it, electrified everyone in Masada who was engaged in the dig, professional archaeologist and lay volunteer alike.

This find was in one of the most strategic spots on Masada, close to the gate which leads to the "water path" and near the square between the storehouses and the administration building, where all the northern tracks meet on the summit. The debris on this site was in the process of being cleared by a group of volunteers—one of whom, incidentally, is an elephant-tamer in civilian life; suddenly they came across eleven small, strange ostraca, different from any others which had come to light in Masada. Upon each was inscribed a single name, each different from its fellow, though all appeared to have been written by the same hand. The names themselves were also odd, rather like nicknames, as for example "Man from the valley" or *Yoav* ("Joab"). (The name "Joab" may seem perfectly ordinary, but it was extremely rare during the period of the Second Temple, and it was almost certainly applied to a man who was particularly brave.)

As we examined these ostraca, we were struck by the extraordinary thought: could it be that we had discovered evidence associated with the death of the very last group of Masada's defenders? Josephus writes, in a passage immediately following the one we have just quoted:

> They then chose ten men by lot out of them, to slay all the rest; everyone of whom laid himself down by his wife and children on the ground, and threw his arms about them and they offered their necks to the stroke of those who by lot executed that melancholy office; and when these ten had, without fear, slain them all, they made the same rule for casting lots for themselves, that he whose lot it was should first kill the other nine, and after all, kill himself.

Had we indeed found the very ostraca which had been used in the casting of the lots? We shall never know for certain. But the probability is strengthened by the fact that among these eleven inscribed pieces of pottery was one bearing the name "Ben Ya'ir." This inscription could have referred, at that particular time and place, to none other than Eleazar ben Ya'ir, the leader of the Masada rebels. And it also seems possible that this final group were his ten commanders who had been left to the last, after the decision had been wholly carried out, and who had then cast lots amongst themselves.

It is thanks to Ben Ya'ir and his comrades, to their heroic stand, to their choice of death over slavery, to the burning of their humble chattels as a final act of defiance to the enemy, that Masada has become an undying symbol of desperate courage, a symbol which has stirred hearts throughout the last nineteen centuries. It is this which has moved scholars and laymen to make the ascent to Masada. It is this which moved the modern Hebrew poet, Yitzhak Lamdan, to cry: "Masada shall not fall again!" It is this which has drawn the Jewish youth of our generation, in the thousands, to climb to its summit in solemn pilgrimage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How do you rate an airline if all airline rates are the same?

Flying time to Israel? That's pretty much the same for all jet airlines.

Million-mile pilots? That's the same, too.

Service? That's different!

Take economy-class meals, for example. Plastic plates. Plastic mugs. Plastic trays. And stainless steel utensils. Hardly what you would call elegant.

Running a truly elegant airline takes a certain amount of fuss. We polish up gold-rimmed china, Italian crystal stemware, Christofle silver flatware, until it gleams. And we're very fussy about the food, too. All our meals (except specially prepared and sealed kosher meals upon request) are prepared by "21" Club. Pâté de Foie Gras, Crab Meat Sauce Antoine, Filet Mignon. No, that's not the first-class menu. It's economy class. First-class passengers get even more choices of the choicest kinds of food.

And for everyone, there's a choice of entertainment. Wherever you sit, you can plug in the sound of a first-run movie or any of seven audio channels,* including one that gives you travel tips about the city in which you land.

Every day Olympic's new 707 super fan jets depart from New York's Kennedy airport to Europe and the Middle East. And every day we make a fuss about it.

Daily transatlantic service. Direct same-plane-service to Tel Aviv by way of Athens. (With stop-overs in Paris and Rome, if you like) Olympic connections in Europe to major European and Middle Eastern cities, and to the Golden Isles of Greece.

For full information see your travel agent or call Olympic Airways, 647 Fifth Avenue, New York, (212) 838-3600.

enjoy the elegant air of

OLYMPIC AIRWAYS

Direct Flights from New York to Paris·Rome·Athens and on to Tel Aviv.

Other offices in Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Hartford, Los Angeles, Miami, Newark, Phila., San Francisco, Seattle, St. Louis, Washington, Montreal, Toronto, Mexico City. Movies/Audio by Inflight Motion Pictures Inc. *At nominal charge per IATA. Olympic honors all major credit cards.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PETER SCHMID

LETTER FROM TOKYO

IN THE hallway of the American Cultural Center in Tokyo, a Japanese employee was arranging a display of photographs that had been taken in Vietnam. Nothing could have been more harmless: these were not photographs of air-raids over flaming jungles, or of bombs dropping on the North, but simply pictures of doctors in the act of administering healing injections, agricultural experts holding in their hands the seeds of future growth. Yet as I focused my camera on him, the employee warded me off—"Just a moment"—and ran to fetch a vacation poster advertising the beauties of the American Northwest. I lowered my camera; why all the fuss? "I won't let myself be photographed with Vietnam propaganda," he explained, "even if I am an employee of the USIS. . . ."

That same afternoon, at the entrance to the American naval base in Yokosuka, I filmed the demonstrations being staged by the Sohyo unions to protest the visit of a nuclear-powered U.S. submarine. It was a horrible day; the rain hung in the air like a wall. The oilskin coats of the demonstrators gleamed dully like medieval armor; at the gate a phalanx of police, their plastic helmets lowered over their faces, awaited the assault. In 1960, at Zengakar, demonstrations like this one had ended in violence. Today, however, no one was throwing stones; it was as if everyone was aware that somehow the battle had already been lost. The chant of *"Vaschoi-Vaschoi-Vaschoi,"* which, when repeated incessantly, can produce an almost hypnotic mood of collective irresponsibility, faded away harmlessly under the umbrellas, and after a meandering "snake dance," the column of demonstrators—arms linked together—marched in sullen silence. I turned my camera from the chaotic spectacle toward a police officer speaking into a walkie-talkie, and for the second time that day I was taken by surprise: the officer looked at me in unconcealed terror, and took off. Like the employee at the Cultural Center, he too obviously preferred not to be "caught" in the service of Americans.

PETER SCHMID, whose "Letter from Havana" appeared in our September (1965) issue, is a veteran Swiss journalist and foreign correspondent. Mr. Schmid has spent the past several years traveling in Europe, the Far East, and Latin America. The present article was translated from the German by WERNER J. DANNHAUSER.

I turned to a colleague of mine for an explanation. A typical young Japanese intellectual, he was a graduate of the University of Waseda with a degree in jurisprudence, and now worked as a reporter for NHK, the government broadcasting system. "We have nothing against the Americans personally," he said, "only against their methods. We don't like what they did in Santo Domingo or what they're doing in Vietnam—their arrogance, their conception of themselves as the custodians of the world. We Japanese must dissolve our alliance with the U.S. We don't need American protection. In fact, no one would have the slightest interest in attacking us if we didn't permit the American war machine to use our country as a military base. The Socialist party is right: we should terminate the security pact in 1970, conclude non-aggression treaties with Peking and Moscow, and demobilize our military forces. Our future lies in neutralism, in peaceful economic cooperation with the whole world."

"But what about the Chinese bomb?" I asked him. "Do you think it's just a toy? Are you prepared to expose an unarmed Japan to that sort of blackmail?" "The United States would never permit that," he replied, with the logic of a small boy who hits his mother, secure in the knowledge that she must protect him nevertheless.

DISCUSSIONS with Japanese intellectuals, especially about fundamental questions of military security, are apt to be highly frustrating, as one quickly discovers that, in Japan, thinking takes a basically different direction from the customary norms of logical discourse. "The Japanese," writes the journalist, Tetsuro Morimoto, of *Asahi*, "tries to discover the intention which underlies an argument, rather than the argument's logical accuracy. If one accepts the intention, one also accepts the logic—which is to say that we judge logic from a moral perspective and sacrifice truth to ethics." At that, it seems to me that "ethics" is much too sharply limited a concept to describe this ambivalent mode of thought. A more appropriate term might be that all-embracing concept—*kimochi*, or "mood"—upon which so much of Japan's inner life depends. A Japanese, for instance, will not hesitate to lie if the truth (or what we Westerners designate as such) might darken his mood, or his relations to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society or to his fellow man. How else can we explain the political naivete of the Japanese socialists, who, amid the high tension of today's Asiatic world, believe in the sanctity of non-aggression pacts and the efficacy of Gandhian non-resistance? Their illusory detachment cannot be said to stem from logic, but only from one of the numerous configurations of *kimochi*. Ultimately, of course, the present mood itself must be traced to that traumatic experience of defeat at the hands of the West from which the Japanese—the people of Samurai and the Kamikaze pilots—have not recovered even today.

"During the war," a historian told me, "our people so perfectly believed everything they were told, and did so completely what was expected of them, that the vacuum created by defeat, by the exposure of this senseless swindle, can never be filled again." Indeed, the mere mention today of anything having to do with weapons or warfare activates a curious psychological revulsion in the Japanese mind. Even the name of the new Japanese army amounts to little more than an excuse. According to the constitution imposed by the U.S. in 1946, Japan renounced war forever as a political means. All attempts by the right wing of the governing Liberal-Democratic party to legitimate the existence of an army by constitutional revision have up to now foundered on the furious resistance of the Left—a resistance, incidentally, that is fully supported by public opinion, which is overwhelmingly in favor of perpetuating the current vague arrangements. (When, for example, the Korean War necessitated Japan's rearmament, recourse was had to labeling the new army a "defense force.") Not that the average Japanese opposes the existence of a modest military force, but there is nothing he wants less than to run the risk of another shooting war. Public opinion polls indicate that most Japanese do not even favor the participation of Japanese troops in the peace-keeping operations of the UN.

I recall in this connection the day I observed induction procedures at a Tokyo barracks. The voluntary recruits gathered there represented the dregs of the nation, disillusioned souls and long-haired beatniks who somehow expected the routine of military life to impose an outer form on their senseless existence. The army public-relations officer made haste to demonstrate to the group—some of whom were accompanied by their mothers—the comforts of military existence, from the excellent cuisine to the soft beds. Not the slightest trace now remains of the strict discipline and spartan conditions of the old imperial army, to say nothing of its fierce martial spirit.

Quite naturally, after the experience of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the Japanese also react with particular sensitivity to the issue of nuclear weapons, although their feelings on the matter did not crystallize until some time after the actual event, and in fact much later than one is apt to assume in the West. Those who knew Japan during the war report unanimously that the Japanese simply accepted the bombing of Hiroshima as one of the many catastrophes of war, and submitted to it without any particular sense of moral horror. A member of Tokyo's bohemia went so far as to tell me that she and her friends had reacted to the destruction of Hiroshima—which had always been considered a stronghold of militarism—with a kind of fatalistic satisfaction. It was only after discussions began in America as to the moral justification for the bomb, after voices began to be raised there in protest and self-recrimination, that a mood of indignation took hold in Japan as well. It may be debated whether this delayed reaction was due to the necessarily slow process of recovery from an earlier feeling of total numbness, or whether, as many observers cynically maintain, it represented a means of gleefully torturing the victors with their own moral doubts. The fact remains, however, that the Japanese now regard the atom with terror—even when it is used to drive the propellers of a ship.

Nevertheless, despite the demonstrations and the protests, and the worrisome connection in Japanese minds between the American presence and the threat of nuclear destruction, to this day there is no *direct* anti-American mood in Japan. The street-battles of 1960, for instance, were not so much a product of anti-American feeling as an example of the peculiar Japanese relation to the exercise of power, and in this case a reaction to the ruthless political methods of Nobusuke Kishi, then prime minister. Kishi had used his majority in parliament to trample the opponents of the U.S.-Japan security pact. To the Japanese, such blatant imposition of the majority will represents the worst sort of *hubris*, and it justifies, for the minority whose unwritten rights have been disregarded, a retaliation that is often of the most brutal kind. Incidents of disproportionate revenge taken by an outraged minority are very frequent in present-day Japan, whether it is the Socialists physically preventing the President of the delegate-assembly from opening a meeting; or a group of high-school students breaking every single window in their school building; or, as happened this spring, the students of the University of Waseda, in the course of negotiations about tuition rates, holding their honorable old president a prisoner until he finally had to be taken to the hospital on a stretcher.

Chaotic outbursts of this kind have all been justified by reference to the "arrogance" of authority, the failure of those in power to consider the rights of the weak and the governed. Moreover, public opinion not infrequently supports the rebels. All of which helps to explain why, quite apart from political details, and solely from considerations of mood, or *kimochi*, the Japanese

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are so profoundly opposed to the war in Vietnam. It is an "arrogant" war, the war of a hard, logical, rational Western people, against a soft, vague, irrational, Oriental, fraternal people.

WHEN ONE remembers the Japanese mass-murders during World War II, and the atrocities of the Vietcong today, it may perhaps sound absurd to speak of "hard" Americans and "soft" Orientals, but it is precisely this convenient dichotomy which lies at the heart of the new Japanese self-image. Indeed, a recent book, written by Toyokako Sabata—a professor of history from Kyoto—and devoted to a "scientific" analysis of this subject, has become a Japanese best-seller. Previously, Sabata writes in his foreword to *The Civilization of the Carnivores,* we Orientals have interpreted history from a Western perspective, adopted blindly and almost unconsciously. Let us for once invert this method and place the West under an anthropological magnifying glass. What strikes us at once, and instinctively, about the carnivorous Westerner—as opposed to the Oriental—is his greater brutality. Whereas the Eastern religions place man within the friendly world of nature, the Christian religion sees all creation as subject to man's domination. An Oriental, according to Sabata, kills mammals only with the greatest reluctance, because he feels mystically related to them, while the Westerner is an unscrupulous butcher. From this fundamental antithesis between the bloody, meat-nurtured, vitally energetic Westerner, and the sensitive Asiatic vegetarian, at one with the entire world, Professor Sabata derives all the other social and political differences between Western and Eastern civilization. It matters little to the book's popularity that Sabata radically simplifies history, and literally ignores anything that might tend to contradict his theory. In the pages of *The Civilization of the Carnivores* the Japanese reader can find a quasi-scientific theory to justify his new image of himself as an eminently peaceful creature, no longer the murderous monster portrayed by Western writers. In fact, the eminent jurist, Dr. Araki Masaki—one of those whose thinking has been influenced by this new interpretation of the Japanese soul—told me that the whole bloody history of Japan, from the mutual massacres of the Heikes and the Genji to the excesses of the late war, is simply the "wrong development" of what is really a highly peaceful disposition, which has found proper expression only since 1945.

I witnessed an actual manifestation of this new Japanese self-image when I attended the meeting of a curious sect—the Japanese Christian Church—in the Buddhist temple-city of Mount Koyasan, near Nara. After enjoying a brief period of fashionableness, the more orthodox forms of Christian missionary activity in Japan fell into total stagnation shortly after the war; the Japanese Christian Church is the only movement which still continues to enjoy a steady increase in membership—and that, mostly at the expense of other Christian churches. Founded after the war by the Reverend Ikuro Teshima (a former businessman inclined to mysticism), the Japanese Christian Church derives its rituals from ancient Nestorian Christianity, which was influenced by Eastern rites and in turn influenced the Shingon Buddhist sects of China in ways that are still recognizable today (such as the use of the cross as a central symbol). Because of this millennial relationship, the Neo-Nestorians have been permitted to hold their meetings in venerable Buddhist temples. On this particular occasion, all-day exercises—sermons, prayers, communal singing—culminated in a kind of mass penetecostal ecstasy, in which the congregation was transformed into a sea of writhing bodies. As night fell, a wooden pyre was lit before the temple, and the embers were spread about the square with rakes and shovels to form a glowing carpet. Through a loudspeaker, the Reverend Teshima urged his congregants to prove the strength of their faith by walking on fire. Following his example, hundreds of people, men and women, young and old, walked barefoot over the red-hot embers, as though strolling across a lawn full of flowers. (One man, trying to cheat by walking on tiptoe, burned his feet in the attempt.) During this ancient Shingon ceremony, the congregation hummed a weird melody that reminded me somehow of Isolde's *Liebestod*: a single cry for surrender and mystical dissolution. I looked to my interpreter for an explanation. "It is the song" he whispered, "of the Kamikaze pilots: 'I went to the sea and the waves were full of corpses. The mountains, too, are covered with the dead. In spite of this, I do not hesitate to surrender *my* life, too, for the Lord. . . .'" In taking over the hymn for his purposes, Teshima had not had to change a single word.

Aside from expressing perfectly the new mood of surrender, this song also exemplifies the way in which the Japanese tend to incorporate large elements of the past into their present lives, in total and blind disregard for questions of appropriateness, or for the changing contexts of history. As the reincarnation of this particular song might suggest, most Japanese—unlike most Germans—do not regard World War II as an unrelieved moral nightmare, to be expunged at all costs from the nation's consciousness. The war was terrible because it entailed destruction and ruin, and above all because it was lost; but there is no uneasiness in Japan, as there is in Germany, about the "unmastered past," or about the "murderers in our midst."

This tendency has lately become a source of concern to the Japanese themselves. In a series of articles in the periodical, *Tembo,* several Japanese sociologists have recently noted that instead of altering the old vertical social structure to meet the needs of modern industrial development (and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thus effecting a necessary transition from the strict loyalties and exclusiveness of the clan system to the horizontal social forms of modern industrial society), the Japanese have arbitrarily imposed their inherited cultural style on modern developments. The case seems to refute Marx: here, the cultural superstructure has altered the economic foundation. Thus, the new Japanese industrialist once again becomes a *daimyo*, before whom the *samurai*-managers tremble exactly as they did in days of old. And added to this is the fact, as I have noted, that the highest *samurai* virtue, the passion for sacrifice and unconditional obedience, still haunts the Japanese soul—except that now, with the collapse of the old values, this need is met by snake dances, or by walking on fire, or by the mass processionals of the Buddhist *Soka-Gakkai* sects.

It is undoubtedly significant in this regard that in his latest film, Yukio Mishima, Japan's leading writer, who is also a film producer and director, plays the tragic role of a rebellious officer who makes the heroic self-sacrifice of *harakiri* as a mystic deed of love. Nor does it come as a surprise that the self-immolations of the Buddhist nuns and monks in Vietnam have been greeted in Japan with a deep sense of empathy. Little wonder that the newspaper, *Yomiouri*, indignantly rejects Lyndon Johnson's right to judge the Buddhist mentality. "In the hottest depths of the Buddhist hell," one editorial concludes, "evildoers are immersed in a boiling kettle. . . . The Buddhist monks who burn themselves feel no warmth whatsoever. The suffering of those monks who sacrifice themselves by fire is as nothing compared to the torments of hell awaiting the Americans who fight today in the jungles."

INDEED, the war in Vietnam has plunged the Japanese into a curious schizophrenia. A year ago, the campaign in the Japanese press against American bombardment of North Vietnam was almost xenophobic in tone. Only after Edwin O. Reischauer, the beloved former American ambassador, accused one of the most malicious newspapermen of frivolous thoughtlessness, did the reports tend to become somewhat more objective. But even those Japanese who are in general apprehensive about a Red Chinese invasion regard this war as nothing but a mere conflict of power. "The West must be clear about one thing," one of Tokyo's leading journalists told me. "Democratic freedom doesn't mean much to the Japanese. Of course, on the basis of a superficial view, we can boast of a well-functioning democracy, with free elections, competing parties, and unrestricted discussion of all public problems. But to a certain extent all that is merely window dressing. We enjoy this pleasant situation but we do not experience it as a deep concern or an inner necessity. To slaughter human beings in a war against a regime whose only sin is the suppression of individual freedom—that, to us, seems most profoundly absurd."

It is no great leap from this to much more extreme positions. The popularity of Prime Minister Sato, whose hard-line China policy has been attended by a steady worsening of diplomatic relations with Peking, has plunged to a new low in recent months, not only because of the rapid rise in the cost of living, but also because of his pro-American foreign policy. The left wing of the Prime Minister's party has vehemently challenged his Chinese policy and even threatened a party split. Led by former Foreign Minister Aichiro Fujiyama, who may be considered a spokesman for heavy industry, this "liberal" group regards the present Chinese rulers as energetic reformers, who have managed to introduce rapid modernization and so save their country from obsolete economic and social structures. Japanese industrialists naturally sense a major opportunity here. It is up to Japan, they claim, with its related cultural background, to take Russia's place in furthering China's development. But with the government refusing to grant long-term credit, the Japanese business world has had to look on grimly while order after order has gone to the European competition, and to Germany in particular. One can hardly assume that the Japanese will tolerate this situation for very long.

In the meantime, however, while remaining ambivalent about China, the Japanese are attempting to assume a major economic and political role in other Asian countries, especially in Southeast Asia. Every year more technical experts are sent to the underdeveloped countries of this region, and about a thousand students from these countries are invited annually to study at Japanese universities. Yet compared to similar undertakings by the Western powers, the Japanese program seems quite limited—in 1964, for example, Japanese aid to Southeast Asia amounted to only one per cent of American aid and ten per cent of European aid, and the percentage of the Japanese gross national product allocated to grants-in-aid (0.66%) was also less than that of other nations. Nor have foreign students been overly enthusiastic about their stay in Tokyo. They complain that the Japanese are less friendly toward them than they are toward white students, and upon returning home they frequently discover that among their compatriots a Japanese education is valued less than comparable schooling in America or Europe.

The notorious difficulty of the Japanese language has proved to be still another barrier to intimate collaboration between Japan and her Asian neighbors. On the one hand, the Japanese generally find it hard to learn foreign languages, or, once having learned them theoretically, to carry on a conversation in them. It is frequently the case that after years of practice, students of English still cannot pronounce a single sentence.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the other hand, it is easier for an Indonesian to learn a European language than it is for him to make linguistic contact with his Japanese "brother."

But language is not the only difficulty, nor is it only with regard to Asia that Japan still faces an uncertain future. The peculiar insular mentality of the Japanese has—one hundred years after this island first flung itself open to Western influences—still to be overcome. "Japan is lacking in international men," Shinichi Shibusawa, the director of the Japanese Overseas Technical Cooperation Agency, told me. "Look at the UN or the World Bank; you'll find only a few Japanese there. The UN sends three thousand technical experts into the various countries of the world; only about thirty of them are Japanese. Even little Taiwan has that many, and underdeveloped India contributes more than a hundred. And it isn't only a question of language. We simply lack the will to handle jobs that are of international significance." After a century of emulating the West, the Japanese have at last achieved a competitive level of creative technical intelligence, yet their attitude toward the foreign culture which they admire and imitate remains wholly ambivalent. For example, although Japanese optical goods are the envy of Europe, no Japanese is satisfied until he owns a German Leica; yet there is, on the other hand, a discernible pride in the new Japanese nationalism, even in such spurious expositions of it as that found in *The Civilization of the Carnivores.*

ALL THINGS considered, however, no one will deny that the new Japanese mood, for all its uncertainty, must be considered a good deal healthier than the old. Indeed, its very ambivalence may prove to be the country's greatest redeeming asset. Japan today is seeking a new self-interpretation, and is ready to assume a new historical role. In the next few years her activities in the international arena will undoubtedly still be cautious, like those of a convalescent. The security pact with the United States will no doubt be renewed in 1970, but, at the same time, we can expect Japan to improve its relations with Red China and the Soviet Union. To dance at so many weddings may strike Western rectitude as a manifestation of lack of principle, but to Orientals it may appear to be a higher wisdom, a sense for the totality of things.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leo Darga was cut out to work with wood.

Today he fashions tomorrow's cars.

The hands that hold the chisel are the hands that help shape the car. And exceptional hands they are. For they belong to Leo Darga, for 35 years with General Motors, and now a skilled wood craftsman and designer at the Fisher Body Central Engineering Plant in Warren, Michigan.

Leo is *really* a chip off the old block, as his father was a woodworker for GM for some 30 years. In fact, as a young boy Leo became interested in working with wood by watching his father carve out his own pipes with knife and chisel. It naturally followed that young Darga showed an amazing aptitude and skill for wood shaping in manual training all through school.

Today, with all of his experience, Leo concentrates on the fine work—minute detailing of the dips, bends and flairs on the exteriors and interiors of Fisher Bodies in the initial stage of their development.

It's great to have the skill and artistry of men like Leo Darga working on the General Motors team.

General Motors is people making better things for you.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GERALD JONAS

THE PRINCE

A Story

HE WAS A senior and already something of a legend at Harvard when I arrived as a freshman in the fall of 1960. His full name was Franklin Delano Roosevelt Prince. Most of his contemporaries knew him as just "Prince"; the less sympathetic made it "The Prince." According to the more reliable accounts, he had been born in one of the poorest sections of Roxbury, Boston's largest Negro ghetto; his father was a bootleg preacher who had deserted his family when Prince was twelve years old; Prince had somehow managed to support an invalid mother and two younger sisters and at the same time make off with every academic prize in the public school system before going on to Harvard on a full scholarship, where he added every honor the university had to offer, including a ripe Harvard accent. He graduated *summa cum laude* and disappeared immediately on a grand tour of Ghana, Guinea, Tanganyika, Kenya, Nigeria, both Congolese Republics, and a small rebel-held enclave of Portuguese Angola—the entire trip paid for, of course, by some fabulous foundation grant.

Even during his absence from Cambridge, the Prince-legend was kept alive by a series of wild, presumably apochryphal tales that filtered back to our class from mysterious sources; the stories dealt with such matters as West African gunrunning, one-man safaris in Kenya, civil-disobedience campaigns in Lagos, and a virtual harem of adoring women, mostly white. His triumphal return at the beginning of our senior year seemed to confirm everything we had heard. He was said to be taking his Ph.D. in the unprecedented time of twelve months; several publishers were fighting for the rights to his nearly completed thesis on the history of colonialism; he was about to be named Associate Professor of African Studies with tenure, unless M.I.T. snatched him away first.

I happened to be majoring in political science that winter (having already outgrown my earlier interests in English and Fine Arts), and I managed to get a glimpse of him at two or three interdepartmental parties. He was invariably surrounded by a crowd of admirers, mostly female, and he towered above them, his broad, flat, mahogany-colored face set off by bright, beautifully-tailored clothes that looked like intentional parodies of the Ivy League uniform. No matter where you were standing in the room, you could hear his deep voice booming out over the chatter of the rest of the guests, predicting the imminent downfall of the Western world and the rise of a truly African hegemony.

I remember one evening in particular, late in March, a party celebrating some professor's new book. Prince was wearing a charcoal double-breasted suit and a yellow turtleneck sweater, and he had interrupted a serious discussion of the forthcoming civil-rights bill to put forward an outrageously phrased demand for what he called the "unconditional surrender" of the white power structure. "What you don't understand," he declared to the entire room, "is that the only way to redress the balance is to give *us* dominance for a few hundred years." A tall blonde girl who had caught my eye earlier in the evening laughed nervously and said, "What would you do if you were in control?" Prince reached out and placed his dark hand on her forearm, and then slowly tightened his thumb and forefinger around her thin pale wrist. "I don't think *you* have anything to fear," he said; I was standing close enough to see her shiver with unmistakable pleasure. Then she let out a little shriek of laughter, and the rest of the room joined in gratefully as Prince uncoiled his fingers and set her free.

II

I DIDN'T SEE him again before graduation (and I certainly didn't expect to see him ever again afterwards), but looking back one evening during the final week of exams, it struck me that meeting Prince had been one of the high points of my college career—which only proved how distressingly ordinary that career had been. More than once during those four years, I had thought about dropping out of school to explore other possibilities; the only thing that held me back each time was the fear of hurting my par-

GERALD JONAS, a new contributor, is on the staff of the *New Yorker*. He has published poetry in a number of periodicals, including *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Saturday Review*, *The Spectator*, and the *New Republic*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ents. My father had put himself through college by driving a cab at night; my mother had never finished high school but she was a charter member of the New York Friends of the Hebrew University in Tel Aviv, and cherished that connection above all others. I felt that I owed them something for their past sacrifices. When I wanted to go to Mississippi one summer to work in a freedom school, I let them talk me out of it ("Helping *schwartzes* is all very fine, but you don't have to get killed doing it!"); I compromised on a job in a Lower East Side settlement house, teaching Puerto Rican boys how to play basketball. When I wanted to hitchhike through Europe with a pack on my back, they gave me a thousand dollars and an Air-Credit card which I would have been a fool not to use. By spartan economies, I managed to bring back three hundred dollars; they deposited it in my savings account. But according to my own mental accounting, the debt that I owed them would be paid off in full on the day I graduated. After the ceremony—which I thought of primarily as *their* ceremony—they took me to the Commander Hotel for a drink, and my father asked me what I intended to do now; I told him that I had taken a job as a reporter on the Boston *Morning Ledger* at a salary of $75 a week. I knew that my father was planning to offer me a position in his construction business, and that my mother was in favor of graduate school (any graduate school) to save me from the draft, so I emphasized that my only reason for choosing a newspaper job was that it seemed like the shortest possible route out of the classroom and into the world.

"And my business isn't in the world?" my father said. It wasn't so much a question as an appeal to a higher court.

"I meant the world where things happen," I said patiently, as if explaining it to a child. I didn't even try to explain that as a direct result of their years of sacrifice, I could no more live in their world than they could in mine.

I FOUND A cheap apartment on the "wrong" side of Beacon Hill and started work on the following Monday. The *Ledger* had recently moved from a group of outmoded buildings on the Tremont Street corner of the Common to a modern air-conditioned plant in the redeveloped section of the South End, and "redevelopment" was the order of the day: new type faces, new front-page layout, more photographs, more white space.

It didn't take me long to discover that, behind the new facade, the *Ledger* was the same tight-fisted, old-fashioned, New-England family firm it had always been. I was treated more like a 19th-century apprentice than an on-the-job trainee. When I wasn't writing routine obituaries, I was rewriting routine press releases. I answered phone calls; I typed up the daily fire-record for the city of Boston (number of alarms, address, time, amount of damage); I copied down lists of winners of high-school essay contests, suburban art shows, American Legion elections. I did everything but sharpen pencils. If I complained about the boredom, I was immediately reassured that there was no other way to become a "professional," which everyone in the office seemed to agree was the highest goal a young man like me could possibly aspire to. Dutifully, I passed this explanation along to my parents, who kept writing each week to ask why I hadn't had a byline yet.

Even when I got what looked like a good story, something always intervened. One evening in my third week on the job the night city editor called me to his desk and asked me if I had ever covered a fire before. I said that I had never covered one alone, which was only half a lie, and he looked at me suspiciously and said, "O.K., try this one, but God help you if you muff it." It was a two-alarmer on the Roxbury-Back Bay line; the flames were already out by the time I arrived, and there were no serious injuries, but the deputy fire chief told me that fifteen sorry-looking driven-outs had taken refuge in a neighbor's house down the block. I found them in a gloomy living-room on the ground floor of an antique frame building, a near replica of the house that had just burned. ("This whole section's going up one night," the deputy chief had confided to me, "and good riddance, I say.") The driven-outs were huddled together on an enormous sofa; ten young children and five women of varying ages with the same curiously childlike expression on their faces. I tried to get them to tell me their names and ages and relationships, but it was no use. Questions about husbands and fathers were met with a blank stare; the spelling of family names was apparently a mystery; no one even seemed to know which child belonged to which mother. They were obviously terrified, but it took another twenty minutes of fruitless questioning before I realized that it was *me* they were afraid of. When I got back to the office, I made my excuses to the editor, who looked unconcerned: "They were all shines, right?" he asked me. I nodded, and he said, "Well, just give me a couple of grafs on the damage and forget about the names. They don't read anyway." I didn't say anything. I knew it wasn't fair, but I couldn't help feeling that I had managed to let everyone down.

The next Sunday a small item appeared on the front page of the late city edition announcing that Franklin D. Prince, a Harvard University expert on African affairs, had joined the *Ledger* as a special correspondent in the field of civil rights and race relations. A brief account of Mr. Prince's recent travels and academic honors followed, along with the information that this "leading authority on the worldwide revolution of rising expectations" was a native of Boston; his present address was given as 1303 Palmer Hall,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cambridge. In the blurry photograph accompanying the story, it was hard to tell where the smooth dark planes of his face ended and the edge of his pointed black beard began. The beard was something new, and for just a moment I thought that it must be someone else, by some wild coincidence *another* Franklin D. Prince from Harvard. Then I saw that that was ridiculous, and I felt a surge of excitement out of all proportion to the event itself: it was as if everything I had been doing (and not doing) for the past month had suddenly been vindicated.

III

THE ONLY person at the paper I felt free to talk to about such things was a girl named Alma Fogarty, who wrote for the woman's page. She was a short, trim girl with very white skin and long black hair that she wore in a tight bun on top of her head. Her father was a police sergeant in Brockton, and she had a kind of hereditary toughness—I had never heard dirtier language coming from a more innocent-looking mouth. The woman's page had separate offices on the second floor of the *Ledger* building, but someone introduced us in the lobby on my first lunch hour, and we seemed to hit it off.

Like a lot of younger people on the editorial side of the *Ledger*, she had gone to the Boston University School of Language and Communication; unlike most of them, her ambition was to get out of Boston as soon as possible and make a name for herself in New York. She had a way of making me feel terribly cosmopolitan. When I asked her once, only half joking, what any woman could possibly see in my funny-ugly face with its ludicrous Jimmy Durante nose, she said that she had always found dark, Mediterranean looks—and especially long, Semitic noses—"very sexy."

Our weekends didn't match (I was off Fridays and Saturdays and she was off Sundays and Mondays), but we managed to meet three or four times a week, mostly for drinks after work. In her own way, she was a kind of rebel. She insisted on what she called "guts-honesty." No conversational taboos. On our second date, she told me that she believed in God but hated Him because He reminded her of her father in a nightshirt; on our third date, she said she was looking forward to menopause: "I think it must be a godsend for a career woman." It's just possible that all this was her personal variant on the 20th-century seduction game, or it may have been intended precisely to keep me at arm's length. Actually, it worked both ways at once: whenever I got stimulated by our verbal intimacy and tried to give it a more tangible expression, we always ended up having another, even more intimate, discussion.

When the news about Prince's appointment broke on the front page, I was surprised to learn that she already knew all about him from a girlfriend of hers who worked at CORE. "Quick mind and quick hands" was the way the friend had summed him up.

I told her that the reaction in the city room had been a little more extreme. Taking a cue from the announcement itself, the staff had discussed the appointment without ever mentioning the fact that Prince was to be the *Ledger*'s first Negro reporter. Everyone agreed that the management had been forced to do something "drastic" by the continuing circulation gains of our flashier downtown rival, the *Patriot-Sun*. Someone had pointed out that the story had come down directly from the publisher's office, without any advance warning, like a house-ad for some new promotion gimmick. And the dean of the city room, a white-haired Irishman who signed his copy "Herbert Adley Smith" and called everyone else "bucko," had insisted on knowing what *I* thought about having "another Harvard man" on the staff.

I said that while he wasn't exactly a friend, our paths had crossed once or twice on the Cambridge social scene. In a moment I was being pressed for an eyewitness account: What kind of bucko was he? What did other people think of him? Was he competent? Was he friendly? Would I want to marry his sister? Would he want to marry mine?

"And what did you tell them?" Alma asked, with an anticipatory giggle.

"Nothing but the truth. I just brought them up-to-date on the saga of Franklin Delano Roosevelt Prince—An American Dream Come True—chapter by chapter from early childhood on up."

"How did they take it?"

"Quietly," I said.

Two weeks went by without a sign of Prince. The summer turned hot and muggy, the kind of weather that once meant a news-drought to city editors; now it was recognized as the start of the riot season. Street violence in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia was making headlines in the Boston papers, but the homefront had been relatively peaceful so far.

A new story began to make the rounds: the little front-page item had been an intramural hoax, cooked up by someone in the composing room (similar things had happened in the past, although on a smaller scale), and the management was too embarrassed to print a correction. I felt obliged to spike this rumor with a counter-rumor of my own, which was that Prince had gone underground to work on a "massive exposé" that was going to "blow the lid" off practically everything. "The *stove*-lid, you mean," someone said, and the city room roared.

The weather got hotter. A few days before the fourth weekend in July, Alma invited me to a house-party on the Cape (her friend from CORE was one of the "groupers" who owned the house); she said she would be calling in sick on Saturday, and I was welcome to come along if I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could get Sunday off. Reluctantly, I asked her to give me a rain-check—the city room was usually short-handed on Sunday, and it was my best chance of the week to get an outside assignment. I told her that I was sure she'd understand. She shrugged, as if to make perfectly clear that it wasn't any great concern of hers either way.

I rang her up at work on the following Tuesday, but before I could even ask how the weekend had been, she announced that she had thought things over very carefully and had come to the conclusion that it would be better if we didn't see each other anymore. "There's no point in our going on like this," she said, in a cool, matter-of-fact voice. "We're too far apart on too many things."

I started to laugh, thinking that it must be one of her telephone routines—she was always calling me up to read me absurd quotes from tomorrow's Advice-to-the-Lovelorn column—but she said quickly, "No, I mean it, David, I've made up my mind; it's all over. There's nothing else to say." And it suddenly struck me that behind her cool voice and the spray of woman's-page jargon, she was being deadly serious. She was talking about our abortive affair—which I thought had reached a safe platonic impasse long ago—as if some *grand amour* were coming to an end. For two people who had done nothing but talk, talk, talk for more than a month, the breakdown in communications was frighteningly complete. We had been playing two entirely different games. (Another possible explanation, which didn't occur to me until much later, was that she had simply taken up with someone else, and this was her way of breaking the news.) I held the phone in my hand, unable to speak, thinking that the one kindness I owed her under the circumstances was silence. Then I realized that she had already hung up.

IV

THE HEAT-WAVE became front-page news. The Boston papers began to speak, with unmistakable civic pride, about the "hottest July 29 on record" and the "continuing record drought."

I was seated at my desk on a steamy Thursday afternoon in the first week of August, waiting for the evening death notices and working my way through the *Morning Ledger* crossword puzzle, when I heard a familiar voice booming from the other end of the city room; I glanced up and there was Prince, towering over the managing editor in the open doorway.

He was even taller than I remembered, at least six-foot two or three, and he had on a suit of light tan corduroy with an almost velvet-like sheen, a dark green shirt with a maroon tie, and a pale green felt hat. His face gleamed a deep reddish-brown like old mahogany under several coats of wax. His goatee was black and shiny, as if that too had been waxed. He shook hands with the managing editor, and I could hear him say, "No, no, that's fine, that'll be fine," as he swung an enormous leather briefcase under his left arm and walked the entire length of the city room, between the two rows of frankly staring reporters, to my desk. "Mr. Stern?" I took his offered hand and pumped it as vigorously as I could, while he said, "Mr. Ellsworth tells me that I'm to have the desk next to yours. He's under the impression that we have met. I'm sorry to say that I don't remember the occasion, but I'm very happy to make your acquaintance—for the second time."

I mumbled something about "Cambridge party" and "long time ago," hoping that the other reporters couldn't hear us. Prince's smile bared a jumbled graveyard of irregular yellow teeth. I understood that he was trying to put me at ease by revealing this, his only flaw.

He took immediate possession of the desk, snapping open his briefcase and transferring a mass of notebooks, manila folders, and looseleaf material to the dusty metal drawers. He plugged his set of earphones into the metal jack on the side of the desk and tested the ten switches for the ten outside lines; then he placed the headset on top of the switch-box and put his hat down on top of both, as if he expected to have no further use for the telephone. He swiveled his chair back and forth a few times, pecked experimentally at the keyboard of the old Underwood, rolled in a sheet of yellow copy paper and, without removing his jacket or so much as loosening his tie, began typing away at a furious pace. A few minutes later the city editor brought me a sheaf of death notices and tossed them on my desk with his usual comment, "You wanna bury these for me?" If I looked surprised, it was only because he usually made me come to his desk to pick them up. But I knew better than to make some joke about the extra service; he got a good long look at Prince before turning his back.

Obituaries usually took between two and three hours, depending on how many phone calls I had to make to local stringers, funeral directors, family ministers, and close friends and relatives of the more prominent bodies. By the time I had finished checking out the last notice, and typing up the last obit, it was nearly eight o'clock, and I was starved. The neighborhood around the *Ledger* building had been so zealously redeveloped that there were hardly any eating or drinking places within walking distance. The city-room staff had more or less adopted a dingy saloon four blocks away called The Red Rooster. But when I ate alone, which was most of the time, I preferred to walk five blocks in the opposite direction to the Imperial Cafeteria, a self-service Jewish delicatessen whose main attraction, aside from the homemade *gefilte fish*, was that I could take along a book and read twenty or thirty pages over a cup of coffee without being disturbed by a waiter or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any other customers. During the day the Imperial catered to a slightly seedy crowd of small businessmen; at night it was usually deserted from six o'clock until closing time, which for some reason was eight-thirty sharp. Presumably the hours had been set years ago—long before the neighborhood's Jews had all moved out to the suburbs.

I slid my paperback copy of *The Great Gatsby* out of my top desk drawer. Prince's typewriter was still racing, but I thought I ought to make some gesture at least, so I leaned toward him and said, without raising my voice, "Do you want to join me for a snack?"

He looked up, his long fingers poised on the last keys he had struck, and asked me if there was any place nearby that was "quick and decent."

"Well, 'quick' anyway," I said.

To my surprise, he said Yes, and reached for his green felt hat.

THE SKY was nearly dark and there was a faint breeze off the river, but the heat of the afternoon still radiated from the sun-baked pavements. After a brief exchange of comments on the weather, we walked in silence most of the way, along one of the broad straight access roads that had been gouged across the old South End by legislative fiat. We passed a row of new factories and warehouses, ugly, efficient, horizontal structures, squatting in the middle of their empty parking lots, all dead and dark now—the only light in the area, except for the beacon on top of the *Ledger* Building, came from the neon sign that spelled out "DELIC TE SEN" in buzzing red letters, up ahead where the streets narrowed again to their original proportions. The street the Imperial was on had just been spared by the bulldozers; it marked the boundary between the new industrial complex and the crumbling tenement district, which was almost one hundred per cent Negro. At the end of the block there was an intersection known as "The Gut," where paddy wagons made almost hourly trips to pick up the winos and haul them away to the Fourth Precinct stationhouse.

A machine to dispense food-checks stood just inside the door, but it never worked; a fat man in a blue linen jacket sat on a cashier's stool next to it with a fistful of unpunched tickets. (As far as I could remember, his main function was to throw out the panhandlers who shambled through the front door periodically. The tightly-rolled racing form he kept balanced on one knee served as a symbolic billy-club.) Three old men in misshapen black fedoras were nursing glasses of tea at scattered tables as we entered; they looked like synagogue janitors. The wall clock said 7:45. The room was hot and steamy and smelled of old dill pickles. It gave the impression of a place where things are cooked, not eaten.

Prince was ahead of me, but the fat cashier had made no move to hand him a check. I tried to get his attention, but he seemed to be studying the paper in his lap; I had never noticed before how filthy his frayed jacket was. Finally, I pried two checks from the man's nail-bitten fingers; he looked up at me coldly, then shifted his glance to the back of Prince's neck, and then back to me again. There was an expression in his eyes that I thought I recognized; I only hoped that Prince hadn't seen it.

If he had, he gave no sign. In fact, he seemed delighted with everything about the Imperial; he kept peering around the room like a tourist in a foreign country trying to familiarize himself with the local customs. Behind the food counter a man in rolled shirtsleeves was slopping gravies from one metal tray to another. Prince smiled at him and got a look of wary appraisal in return. There were only two portions of *gefilte fish* left in the pan on top of the counter; I recommended it as the best thing they had, and Prince took one without hesitation, adding a bowl of noodle pudding for dessert.

The concept of tea in a glass fascinated him, and he insisted on trying that also. The man behind the counter punched our checks and instead of handing them back to us dropped them on top of the greasy glass case. I picked them both up without a word.

We sat down at a table near the window, and Prince ate with deep concentration, pausing only once between mouthfuls to pronounce everything excellent. He had some trouble drinking his tea from the hot glass; I assured him that this was an Old World talent that many American Jews—including me—had not been able to master. He asked me what part of the Old World my people came from, and when I told him, he immediately pressed me for details about genealogies, birthplaces, migrations, occupations—details which I had either forgotten or had never taken the trouble to learn. When I confessed my ignorance on a number of points, he looked at me scornfully.

"You're a fool to let all that die."

I laughed. "Is that the newspaperman speaking, or the historian?"

"Everyone has to be his own historian," he said, with the blandly confident air of a man quoting himself. "If you don't do it for yourself, who's going to do it for you?"

Despite myself, I had to laugh again. His formulation had such a Jewish—almost a talmudical—ring to it; I had a sudden vision of him in a black *yarmulka* and prayer shawl, nodding over a scroll in an unheated synagogue while a circle of my bearded ancestors chanted around him. I tried to explain to him what had struck me so funny, but he seized on one word and broke in to ask if I had ever "studied the Talmud."

I felt I was conceding a major point when I said, "No."

By now we were the only customers in the restaurant. The old men had departed. The clock said 8:25. At the far end of the room the man

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with rolled shirtsleeves was swabbing out his metal trays. The front door opened halfway, and a skinny little Negro bum in a battered Army fatigue coat stuck his head inside. The cashier, who was busy counting up the day's take, looked up and waved him out with a flick of his racing sheet. The door swung shut, and the fat man got up and locked it from the inside.

Prince was still trying to drink his tea. I offered to transfer it to a cup for him; he looked offended, and lifted the glass boldly and gulped down half of it. I knew that everyone in the office expected me to bring back some word on Prince's mysterious project—and I had an idea that Prince himself was waiting for me to touch on it—so I took advantage of the momentary pause to remark how surprised I had been to learn that he was quitting the University to join the *Ledger*.

Prince took another, more cautious sip of tea. "Do you see such a great conflict between history and journalism?" he said slowly.

It wasn't exactly the response I'd anticipated. "I was thinking more about the *Ledger* in particular. . . ."

"What difference does it make?" he said, gesturing dangerously with the half-full glass. "The *Ledger*, the *Patriot-Sun*, the New York *Times*—they all serve the same purpose in the end."

"I suppose it's a question of how well they do it."

"Do you know what *coprolite* is?" Prince said suddenly, with a sly, closed-lipped smile.

I did, but he obviously intended to answer it for himself.

"Dinosaur droppings!" he said finally; the pleasure he took in repeating the phrase was almost sensual: "Petrified dinosaur droppings! Very valuable stuff! Analyze a little piece of it, and you can tell what the dinosaur had to eat that day, and from that you can tell what sort of place he lived in, and what grew there, and what the climate was like—spectrographs, carbon-14, and all the rest—all from a little piece of dung! And it doesn't matter which piece you begin with."

"So newspapers are nothing but—"

"Artifacts," Prince said. "*Pre*-petrified." He broadened his smile. "No one really *reads* newspapers anymore, isn't that so? The public gets all the news they want from radio and television. As it happens—Bang! Bang! Bang!" Prince snapped his fingers in the air between us. "You know what makes a newspaper valuable today? The sheer bulk and weight of it. That's right—the fatter the better. It's our way of proving to ourselves that we were really here yesterday, and the day before that, and the day before that. . . ."

"I suppose I should be grateful," I said, grinning tentatively. "You make obituaries sound like front-page news."

He almost shouted back, "Why not? Why not? That's the heart of it." He tapped on the grimy window with a fingernail and pointed to the dark street beyond: "Think of all the people out there who will be utterly lost—swallowed up and forgotten forever like those nameless ancestors of yours—except for a single line of type in someone else's obituary. 'Among the survivors. . . .' With that one small line, they become a part of history. Without it, they're twice dead." He leaned across the table and laid his hand on my sleeve. "It's precisely the same for abstractions, ideas, attitudes. . . . You *do* understand what I'm talking about, don't you?"

MY FACE must have gone blank; while he was speaking, I had become aware that the fat man was staring at us again. At first I had thought it was just the tone of our voices; to an outsider it might have sounded as if we were quarreling. But now I could see it was more than that; there was the same menacing expression in the fat man's bulging eyes that I had recognized there before—it was a look that I remembered from my summer on the Lower East Side; I had seen it on the faces of old Jews in the street, old men in long black overcoats with frayed cuffs and black hats with dark sweat stains showing just above the brim. They would stand on the other side of the cyclone fence, blinking in the sun and watching me play with the Puerto Rican kids in the schoolyard, and after a while I would feel their eyes freeze on me and I knew what they wanted: they wanted me to turn around and meet their gaze, they wanted me to acknowledge my bond with them, to make some sort of sign, and to answer their silent question: Why was I betraying them, and myself, by stooping to aid these *goyim*, the age-old enemy? If I was ever persecuted for being a Jew, it was by those old men and by the pale little boys with knitted woolen *yarmulkas* who walked beside them on those dangerous streets. Now the fat man with the dirty jacket was staring at me in the same way, and I was afraid Prince would notice, so I smiled quickly and said, with what I thought was a disarming shrug, "Let's just say I don't take my responsibilities so seriously."

"I envy you that luxury," Prince said. "Unfortunately, it's being paid for in someone else's blood."

I tried not to look shocked at the violence of the phrase, but before I could answer, he asked me, "Did you ever learn any Negro history at school?"

"Well, not much, I suppose. Just the usual—slavery, the Civil War, Reconstruction. . . ."

"That's *white* history," Prince snapped, bringing his hand down flat on the table so that the dirty dishes rattled in their trays. I looked around; the fat cashier was staring even harder; the man behind the food counter had stopped swabbing his metal trays and was watching the fat man for a signal. Prince went on: "Did anyone ever tell you, for example, that there were thousands of Free Negroes who owned slaves in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the South before the Civil War? And that some of them had as many as a hundred black fieldhands working for them on their own plantations? And that according to all evidence, Negro slaves were treated no better and no worse under black masters than under white ones? Did you ever learn any of those facts in school?"

I shook my head. The fat man had slipped off his stool and was standing, with his arms locked across his chest, near the front door.

Prince showed his teeth in a ghastly smile. "Well, don't think you're alone—most American Negroes never did either." He lowered his voice to a normal conversational tone. "Evidently, someone has been fooling around with the artifacts."

I didn't want to say anything. The two men were watching us from opposite ends of the room. I had no idea of what they might say or do next, but the mere thought of being *discriminated* against in a Jewish delicatessen made me tremble with an absurd rage. All I could think was: Don't let him know. But Prince was staring at me too, and I had to say something, so I said, "Believe me, I understand," as I grabbed up my copy of *The Great Gatsby* and pushed my chair back.

Prince eyed the book. "You reading that now?"

"Rereading it actually. It keeps getting better . . ."

"The anti-Semitism doesn't bother you then?" he said quickly.

"What anti-Semitism?"

Prince clapped his hands; the report rang like a shot in the empty room. "Wonderful! You don't even recognize it anymore. Do you want to know something?" he said, with a great mirthless laugh, "I've never met a Jew yet who didn't believe that he had some special empathy with the Negro, some deep community of suffering, but just look at you! You're *safe* now, you've crossed over, and that makes you just as white as the whitest Founding Father. The only difference is, you're still close enough to the line to remember the price you had to pay. . . . Do you want to know why Negroes hate the Jews?" He paused, for rhetorical effect obviously; I sat absolutely still, as if paralyzed. The man at the food counter had abandoned his post and moved up the aisle toward us. The rasp of his heavy shoes on the gritty tiles stopped; both men were close enough now to hear what we were saying. Prince went on:

"It's the way you presume to patronize us—all that bleeding, whining empathy you insist on—when the truth is, your pain and ours have nothing to do with each other. Absolutely nothing! The Negro can't make enough money to *buy* his way out, and he has no history except what he creates for himself, so your way is closed to us, shut tight, forever! But there are other forms of leverage in this world that you can't even begin to understand—numbers of bodies, discipline, physical 'pressure'. . . ."

I had no time to appreciate the ironies of the situation. The fat man was tapping the rolled-up paper against his thigh; I saw him make some kind of gesture with his left hand. I may have been wrong, but at the moment I was sure that he was getting ready to come over and tell us to get out. I didn't want to wait until Prince and the fat man got a good look into each other's eyes. Before anything could happen, I was on my feet and telling Prince, in a voice much louder than necessary, that I had to get back to the office to make a phone call to Police Headquarters to check out a "big obit."

The cashier reserved his fiercest expression for me as we paid our checks; the other man came to the front of the room and stood beside the cashier until we were safely through the door. The glass pane rattled as they shot the bolt behind us. Prince was still talking about the millions of dollars worth of property owned by Free Negroes in ante-bellum New Orleans. "The truth is," he said to me on the dark sidewalk outside, "the black man became 'subhuman' only when his status as a slave was *removed*. That's when he became a threat to the white power-structure, and that's when the manipulators went to work, with their carefully designed propaganda, to convince everyone—black and white alike—that it had always been so." He adjusted his green hat at a jaunty angle over his right eye. "Your well-educated ignorance is just one of their minor triumphs."

I was on the verge of telling him that his own knowledge of the ghetto-Jew was somewhat less than complete, but that would have meant going into detail about what had just happened inside the restaurant, and if he really hadn't noticed anything, I didn't want to be the one to enlighten him.

V

FRIDAY WAS the start of my weekend. I wasted most of the day sleeping and reading back issues of *Time* and doing household errands; in the evening I went to a W. C. Fields double-bill at the Beacon Hill Theater. When I got back to the sweltering apartment, I took a cold shower and lay on the bed without any clothes on and finished *The Great Gatsby*.

Of course there was nothing offensive in it. The gangsters just happened to be Jewish. So what? There were obviously plenty of Jewish gangsters, and in Fitzgerald they seemed aesthetically "right." I wondered whether thirty years ago a Jew reading the novel would have felt any different.

I slept as late as possible on Saturday. The phone rang at one o'clock; it was the switchboard operator at the *Ledger*, calling to say that she was sorry to bother me but someone had been trying to get in touch with me all morning; it was against company policy to give out em-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ployees' home numbers, but she had taken down a number I could call if I wanted to. CA 9-7993. It didn't sound familiar. I dialed it, and a strange voice said, "Yeah?"

Just to be safe, I put on my most professional phone-manner: "Hello? This-is-David-Stern-of-the-Boston-*Ledger*-calling, I-have-a-message-to-call-this-number. . . ."

"Oh, right," the voice said. "Well, he just stepped out, but I guess he wanted to tell you about tonight. A little blow for the Prince? Two-oh-oh-five Cater Avenue. That's in Cambridge? Apartment four-ee. Nine-thirty on. You got it?"

"What did you say? For *Prince*?" I tried to shake off the last tentacles of sleep. "Wait a minute, who is this?" I had begun to sniff a practical joke, some of Smitty's work maybe—"Is this someone from the newspaper?"

The voice seemed to ripple with amusement. "Oh yeah. This is Clark Kent, man. I'm in a phone booth."

"Look, I don't even. .. ." There was a rasp of static and the line went dead. I started to dial again, then thought better of it. By the time I had thrown some cold water on my face and heated up yesterday morning's coffee on my sputtering gas stove, I was almost sure that the call had been authentic—I couldn't imagine Smitty or any of his drinking-partners bringing off such a letter-perfect, smooth-as-sugar-syrup Southern Negro accent.

THE BUILDING on Cater Avenue was a four-story walkup in the old commercial district of Cambridge, down near the river. I climbed the splintery wooden stairs to the top floor; a door was open at the end of a long hall, and a promising party-roar was coming through it. Just inside the door there was a little square foyer with a homemade table of lumber scraps balanced against one wall, and on top of the table were bottles of every variety, all open, some already empty. Apparently the party was a bring-your-own, which my mysterious informant had neglected to tell me; but there were plenty of paper cups, so I helped myself to the best Scotch I could find and went looking for The Prince.

There were five rooms in all, great high-ceilinged loft spaces with hardly any furniture. The stupendous square windows were sealed over with yellowing newsprint, and the only light came from a scattering of dented metal floor lamps with bandages of red crepe-paper for shades.

The two largest rooms were reserved for dancing; I stood on the threshold of one and watched a stunning couple (so tall and thin, they looked like Watusis in the semi-darkness) improvise to the beat of an invisible electronic combo. Their intense unseeing faces jerked and bobbed above the other dancers like helium balloons on a tight string. I watched them for a few minutes, until admiration gave way to envy; then I moved on to the next room, which was better lit but even more crowded. The action here was entirely conversational. The crowd seemed about half white, half Negro, and most of the whites looked vaguely familiar to me, as if we might once have attended an early-morning seminar together. Standing on the edge of several conversations, I picked up stray bits of information—a very dark Negro with football-player shoulders was telling a blonde girl in a shiny plastic dress about the influence of Haitian voodoo on Pentecostal Church ritual in East Harlem; a pale-faced undergraduate was assuring a sun-tanned girl with teased orange hair that a jazz flautist named Fuad Six was the "dappest cat in the trade"; two short men in turbans were arguing about whether or not cows were more intelligent than horses; a large mixed group was debating the moderating presence of Trotskyite legal advisors in the Progressive Labor Movement. Then I heard a voice boom out—"A *hundred* black Hitlers would be preferable to another white Messiah!"—and I knew that I had found the guest of honor.

He was standing in the next room with his back to the window, speaking to a short bald man who occasionally interrupted his flow of rhetoric with a sentence that began, "Well, but surely you can't maintain . . . ," whereupon Prince would immediately assure the man—and the large audience that had gathered around them—that he not only could but did, and would defend it to the death if necessary. Even from the doorway, I could see that Prince had changed the cut of his beard; it was rounded off below the chin and shaved to a thin strip along the edge of the jawbone, more of an accent-mark now than an exclamation point. He wore a black suit and his tie was a thin black line, like a careful brushstroke, from the tightly-rolled collar of his white shirt to the top black button of his black vest. He looked like an undertaker's assistant.

"How many times must I tell you?" Prince was saying, speaking over the bald head to the crowd at large, "that there are no rules in today's Africa? The name of the game today is *Power*, and a whole generation of black Hitlers wouldn't be too high a price to pay for winning. Let me tell you something. The very worst of all the crimes of the colonialists," Prince pointed an accusing finger at the bald man, "was trying to impose an alien, *white* order on a black land, where blacks killed blacks in black wars and took black slaves and, yes, even ate black meat. It's because of you that we have to go back to the beginning and start all over again, and the first item on the agenda is the unleashing of Black Africa, savagery and all. You can't build anything without a foundation, and that *is* the foundation in Africa. And what's true for Africa is true for all her children, no matter where they are." Prince advanced one small step on the bald man who was forced to give

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground. "And that means only one thing—worldwide revolution! A worldwide black revolution, straight from Africa's jungles to ours!" Prince's forefinger zoomed in on the bald man like a dive-bomber and landed point down on top of his head. "The only question now is, how soon?"

"Hey, man, now you got *me* scared," someone said; I thought I recognized the voice I had heard over the phone. Everyone in the group, white and Negro, laughed, and the same voice said, "You sound like Leroi Jones in blackface." Now I could make out the speaker; he was standing in the shadows against the opposite wall, a wiry young man in blue jeans and a blue denim jacket and dark sunglasses.

PRINCE turned in the same direction: "I was referring to the 'revolution of rising expectations,'" he said, trying to ride out the wave of laughter, but the tension was broken, and his audience was already beginning to pull apart; the bald man fled the room; for a moment the guest of honor was left unattended, and I managed to catch his eye. He waved me over and without the slightest sign of embarrassment asked me if I had met the Gabonese minister of education, who was at the party somewhere; he was in town for a conference at M.I.T., very bright, very suave, sharp as steel, eyes open, right connections, strong-man material in five years, not to be missed. I shook my head. Listening to Prince bait the bald man, I had decided that I couldn't let another Doomsday sermon go by without making some kind of noise, some protest, but before I could form the sentence, a red-haired girl started pulling at his sleeve and he was drawn, half-protesting, into a discussion of the Negro's role in Artaud's Theater of Cruelty. I turned to go, and found myself face to face with the young heckler in blue denim. "You're on the newspaper, right, stud?" he said.

Warily, I agreed that I was.

"The Prince pointed you out," he said, pronouncing my name for me in his high-pitched drawl. I held out my hand; he shook it with a soft, squishy grip, a parody of a handshake. "Willie Williams," he said, and grinned. His eyes swam dimly behind the dark glasses. He leaned toward me and asked, "What's that scene like down there? I mean, with Prince on the keys?"

I shrugged and said something about being new on the scene myself.

"Oh come on, stud, don't play dumb. The Prince is onto something, right? Well, what is it? What's he laying down? What's the story?"

"You mean his assignment? Nobody knows."

"What's that's mean, nobody?"

"It means nobody. Nobody *I* know anyway. Why?—Are you afraid you're in it?"

"Me?" The question apparently struck him as deliciously funny; his mobile face seemed to writhe with silent laughter.

I was suddenly tired of amusing other people. "Look, who the hell are you anyway? One of Prince's old playmates?"

His lips made a huge O. "Oh hey, stud, you got the wrong boy. If you're looking for The Prince's playmates, you got to check out column B—you know, like free, white, and op-po-site sex." He seemed to be struggling against a fit of hysterics with each word he spoke. "I'm just the host, man. I live here. All these rooms, right? The Prince says the Third Testament is ready, so we're giving it a countdown. Only nobody knows what the Word is. Nobody!" He closed his eyes and rolled his head from side to side. "Oh that's the dappest Prince there is, that is the dappest mother of them all." I didn't know if he was high or not; he seemed to be squeezing back laughter with such a great effort that the tight membranes of his cheeks trembled with it. My paper cup was empty; I held it up as an excuse, and slipped away from him.

The first bottle of Scotch was empty, so I poured another brand, and wandered into a conversation with a white girl who thought the party was a "drag." She kept saying, "Like where's the action? You know, like the action?" She wanted to dance but I told her I didn't know how; she found someone else and I went back to the bar for a refill. All the Scotch was gone now, so I switched to bourbon. I tried to get into the bathroom, but it was locked from the inside. I waited for a few minutes; the sounds from behind the door were not encouraging, so I went back to the bar and poured myself another drink.

The party got louder. I kept moving from room to room; I kept thinking, "I don't belong here, I'm in the wrong room," and I'd move on to the next. The smell of marijuana was particularly strong in the dark dancing-rooms. No one offered me anything. Everytime I passed by Prince, he was in the middle of a conversation, holding forth, orating, preaching, dominating his audience. At some point in the evening, I got the idea of calling up Alma Fogarty. She would probably be asleep, but I wanted to wake her up. I wanted to hear her curse me out in that ladylike voice. I wanted to tell her about the party and make her laugh. I wanted to tell her that everybody here was in the minority. Everybody! The more I thought about that, the more profound it seemed. I went looking for a telephone, and found myself in the hall outside the front door. There was a violent argument going on at the top of the stairs between a white girl and a Negro man. None of the guests inside seemed to be paying any attention. From a distance, the girl looked a little like Alma Fogarty. She was screaming; I couldn't hear any of the words, just the rage in her voice. The man was grinning, and said nothing. For just a moment, the girl seemed to choke on her rage; she paused in mid-sentence, and the man took a step toward her. I saw her raise her right arm as if to push him away, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the man brought his open palm across her face, hard; the sound shocked me; it sounded more like metal on wood than flesh on flesh. The girl collapsed in tears, covering her face with both hands and slumping to her haunches on the top step. I felt a shiver run through me, touching some nerve-end deep inside, and I lurched toward them, horrified by my own reaction but driven by the blind force of it, and with no clear idea of what I wanted to do—all I knew was that it wasn't right, it wasn't right, it wasn't right for a black man to slap a white girl. I stumbled over a guest who had passed out on the floor; before I could get back on my feet, the Negro had brushed past me and plunged back into the party. The girl was still huddled on the top step. I reached her, and it wasn't Alma at all, but I put out a comforting hand to pat her on the shoulder or something—maybe my touch was heavier than I intended. She twisted around and screamed, "Get your filthy hands off me," and half-jumped, half-slid down the flight of stairs to get away. I think I started to cry.

VI

THE ALARM went off at 11:30 the next morning. I got dressed very slowly, and shaved with elaborate care. I cut myself anyway, and cursed all the normal people in the world who didn't have to go to work on Sunday.

The sun was painfully bright on Beacon Street. I bought a paper in the Park Street MTA kiosk. As the man handed it to me, I could see the banner headline across page one, "REBELS IN ROXBURY," and under it in 18-point boldface, "Beginning a shocking new series by *Ledger* special correspondent F. D. R. Prince."

The thesis of the piece was stated bluntly enough in the lead paragraph: A Negro underground movement, organized along the same lines as the revolutionary forces in China, Vietnam, and Cuba, was planning to open "guerilla operations" in the Boston area within the year or "as soon as logistically feasible." The movement was known as "The Cadray," and the writer went to great lengths to document his assertion that this was no crackpot group: The Cadray's leaders had received training in special camps in Africa and Latin America; foreign instructors with field experience had been "imported"; money for the organization was being channeled through sources described as "almost certainly West African, probably Ghanaian, but ultimately, it seems, Red Chinese in origin." The existence of The Cadray had been uncovered originally by "a series of fortuitous accidents," but further investigation had revealed that its leaders were willing to talk if they could be guaranteed anonymity—they seemed to believe that publicity for The Cadray would help lay the groundwork for their campaign of terror, a campaign that would eventually include kidnap for ransom, sabotage, and "selective assassination." Their long-term goals were a little vague, but they looked forward to the day when the federal government would be forced to negotiate some kind of "treaty" with them, involving an enormous cash settlement and other compensations for the years of unpaid slave labor exacted from their ancestors. Despite the need to suppress names and other details that could be construed as vital to the nation's security, the writer had decided that it was his duty to grant The Cadray's conditions and get at least part of the story. The first article ended with a quote from a man described as "the General Giap" of The Cadray, a 24-year-old Negro who claimed to have spent two years fighting against the Portuguese in Angola. "We got started in Roxbury," he said, "and we've already spread to seven other cities. I won't name them, but they cover the country. The black ghettos are like the fuse, and we're the match. When the big day comes, all those white cities are going up together. It'll make Hiroshima look like Halloween."

By the time I got to work, the office was already on an emergency footing, trying to handle all the incoming phone calls. It sounded as if every politician and religious leader and taxpayer and housewife in the Greater Boston area wanted to register a violent protest with the editor, or congratulate the *Ledger* on its courage, or volunteer some kind of service, or present a list of demands, or just scream obscenities at someone in authority. My job was to take down as many of these statements as possible; we were going to run an entire page of "reaction" in the Monday paper, along with Part Two of the series. Around three o'clock, the assistant city editor started calling in extra help to augment the regular Sunday staff. The general reaction among the arriving reporters was one of grudging admiration—no one believed that The Cadray was any more than another "nigger street gang" with dreams of glory and an up-to-date vocabulary, but it was agreed—and everyone made a special point of telling me this directly, as if I were a collaborator—that Prince had done a beautiful job with his raw material: even discounting the amateurish rhetoric here and there and the more obvious exaggerations, it was a hell of a story.

By five o'clock the staff was up to full strength, and I took a break to call Alma Fogarty. She wasn't home. I tried again an hour later, and then again just before I left the office at ten that night. Still no answer. I wasn't sure exactly why I wanted to speak to her so badly, except to hear what she had to say about Prince's bombshell.

After the initial shock of the headline I had had one awful moment of thinking it must be some kind of joke; it sounded so much like a crude parody of his usual doomsday rhetoric. But of course there had to be more to it. He was too smart to risk his reputation for the brief notoriety which even a successful undergraduate prank

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like that might win him. With people like Prince, you had to be careful to separate the rhetoric from the reality behind it, and The Cadray was obviously part of that reality, whether it was just another "nigger street gang" or an actual attempt to organize an army of disaffected Negroes. I didn't blame Prince for presenting The Cadray's bombast at face value, even if he himself knew how empty it was. I could almost hear him defending the story as "necessary shock therapy" for the great smug mass of white America.

Monday's installment went even further. The Cadray's table of operations was listed in detail. Directly under the Chief of Operations there were two lieutenants described as "Chief of Propaganda" and "Chief of Terror." The Cadray's leaders claimed at least 700 members; the writer corrected this to "certainly not in excess of 300," which sounded more reasonable but hardly more comforting. Their weapons—ranging from homemade bombs filled with stolen explosives to surplus anti-tank guns supplied with imported ammunition—were already cached in basements and on roofs and in empty lots and even buried in graveyards throughout the Negro ghettos. As for strategy, the Chief of Terror was quoted as saying, "We know we're outnumbered. But we figure once we paralyze the cities, then Whitey will have to come to us." As for tactics: "We'll take tips from Mao Tse-tung, the Nazis, the OAS, anyone. You can learn all sorts of things from Lawrence of Arabia." Several people in the city room thought that Prince might have gone too far with that quote—from a strictly technical point of view. Smitty said, "People love exaggerations, distortions, even lies. But sheer nonsense bothers them."

All day Monday the other papers and the radio and TV stations tore into the story with competitive ferocity. Most of them simply rehashed Prince's material—sometimes with credit, sometimes not—and then concentrated on community reaction. The *Ledger*'s own "reaction piece," which made use of the stacks of telephone statements that I had transcribed in the office plus scores of on-the-street interviews, led off with the assertion that the people were "upset, but determined to get to the bottom of things, no matter how shocking the truth." Most of the Negroes interviewed in Roxbury and the South End insisted that they personally had never run across The Cadray, but they all added that that didn't necessarily mean anything. A few of them reported that they had "heard tell" of some such group. One young Negro, interviewed late Sunday night in front of a "social club" on Washington Street, said that he "wouldn't be surprised if The Cadray is all they say it is." And he added, "Don't think that most colored people in this town won't applaud when the action starts. I'm not saying they'll all take part, but don't think they won't be one hundred per cent behind it just the same."

The coverage in the other local media was much closer in tone to the front-page treatment in the Monday *Morning Patriot*, which marshaled two columns of official pronouncements by everyone in city government from the mayor on down, all discounting the existence of "any terroristic organization whatsoever" and attributing the original rumor to the "overactive imagination of a presumably sick mind." But every fresh denial just added to the yards and yards of copy that the wire services were sending out, and by Monday night, word began to come back to the *Ledger* office that the story was getting good play all across the country.

Naturally, everyone who had been calling the office during the last two days wanted to know about the author of the series. The paper had so far refused to give out any information beyond that contained in the original story of his appointment. My own confessions of ignorance as to Prince's whereabouts drew suspicious stares from the other reporters, and especially from Smitty, who now seemed convinced that I was shrewder than I looked. "Maybe he's joined The Cadray," I said finally, only half in jest. Smitty turned away with a grunt.

I KEPT dialing Alma's home number whenever I got a free minute on Monday; when she finally answered, on what must have been my sixth or seventh call, it was nearly nine o'clock, and I found myself staring stupidly at the receiver, wondering what to say to her. "Hello?" she said again. "Hello?"

"Hello, Alma. This is David Stern. How are you?"

She said she was fine, all things considered, and what the hell did I want?

I asked her if she had seen the Prince series.

"Oh don't be an ass, David, of course I did. What do you think I do on my days off, go into a coma?"

"Well, what's your verdict?"

"I don't believe a word of it," she said.

I told her that no one in the city room was taking it very seriously either, but that a lot of people thought it was a hell of a job anyway, considering the raw material. . . .

"I think he made it all up," she said. "All of it. Except his byline, which is the one part that no one else is going to believe."

"They must have checked it out first. Upstairs, I mean."

"You think so?"

"They wouldn't dare run it blind."

"Don't be a child, David. It's selling papers, isn't it? The way things are going, they'd serialize A Hundred-and-Twenty Days of Sodom to sell a few papers. And Prince would be right there to put his byline on it." Then she laughed. "I forgot, he's a friend of yours. Old school tie, and all that. Forgive me, David."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I gather you've met him."

"Oh yes. I've had the pleasure. At a party. We met at a party on the Cape. He used to go out with a dear old friend of mine."

"Who was that?" I said.

"Oh just an old school friend you wouldn't know. That makes us even, doesn't it? I mean, your old school friend and my old school friend all tied up together in an old school tie. For a few weeks. That's about par for such things, I understand."

"Maybe I do know her. Your friend, I mean. What was her name?"

"You want to know what's very funny, David?" All a sudden, her voice sounded fuzzy and faint, as if she were holding the receiver away from her mouth; I told her to speak louder but she went on in the same fuzzy voice: "I think I may be responsible for the whole damn thing. Do you know how he came to the *Ledger* in the first place? Did he tell you that?" I said I didn't know, and she said, "He really didn't tell you? Well. . . ." Her voice trailed off and I had to ask her to speak up again. "Well, your old friend had a theory," she said, "and he told my old friend, and the theory was that the American Negro didn't know his ass about all the marvelous things happening in Africa, and that was a big black shame, wasn't it? So I told him to speak to the managing editor about doing an article or something, and he did, and I haven't seen him. . . . No one's seen him for weeks and. . . . You haven't seen him, have you, David?"

I said, "No," because the lie seemed kinder.

"No one has. Not even his family—his mother lives out in the wilds of Roxbury in a filthy little hole; she hasn't seen him for years. I even went out to see if he. . . . You think I'm crazy, don't you?" she said suddenly.

I was afraid she was going to break down into a real confession, so I said quickly, "Alma, I'm sorry, I really am, I didn't know—"

"Oh don't wet your pants, David. What are you sorry about? You didn't do anything. You never did. Not a goddam thing. Don't make me laugh." She broke off.

For her sake, I lied again: "Alma, I've got a call on another line, I'll call you back later."

She said, "Goodbye David," very distinctly, and hung up.

I didn't want to think about it. My desk was covered with cuttings from the New England wire that I had been condensing into column fillers for the suburban edition. I stared at the story on top of the pile, five grafs about a weekend of teenage vandalism at some New Hampshire resort town, and read the first sentence over and over and over—I refused to think about Alma and Prince. I was afraid that if I even started to think about them, it would be like that terrible moment at the party when I felt myself being drawn down a dead-end alley filled with bogeyman thoughts that were not mine—they weren't thoughts at all, but the rotten scraps and leavings of all the childhood terrors I'd been apprenticed to, all the bad dreams I thought I'd forgotten, all the lies I had breathed in and never taken the trouble to spit out. . . . It was just coincidence that they were inside my head now, they weren't mine, I refused to acknowledge them as mine, I absolutely refused.

VII

On my way to work on Tuesday morning I passed a newsstand and automatically scanned the pile of *Morning Ledgers* for the headline of the promised installment; according to the advance blurb, the subject of the third article was supposed to be: "How The Cadray Recruits Its Suicide Squad." I didn't see anything on the front page, so I bought a paper and flipped through the main news sections, expecting a black banner to catch my eye. I still didn't see it, so I went through the entire paper, more carefully now, standing in the entrance of an office building on Tremont Street with my back to the wind. Not a sign of The Cadray or F. D. R. Prince. It couldn't be a question of space. And there had been no hint of a break in the series the night before.

When I got to the city room a few minutes later, a group of reporters was gathered around Smitty's desk; one of them shouted my name and Smitty poked his head out of the circle and said, "I suppose you've heard?"

Through a barrage of interruptions, humorous and otherwise, from the assembled staff, I managed to get the gist of the story: the paper had canceled the series overnight, on orders from Washington; the FBI or the CIA or God-alone-knew who, had sent agents to check out the facts of the case, and in a midnight confrontation with the publisher and the government investigators, Prince had refused to name his sources, declaring that he would rather go to jail than break his word. But the documents which he had obtained and which the publisher had originally accepted as proof of the existence of The Cadray had been exposed beyond any question as outright phonies. It was still unclear whether Prince himself was a victim of the hoax, or whether he had been in on it. Either way, he had been fired and the higher-ups were in session at that very moment trying to decide what further steps to take.

For me, the worst part was the effort of trying to keep up appearances by acting as if I had just lost my best friend. The only alternative would have been to explain what had actually happened, and that seemed to be out of the question: What could I have said, except that a girl I had once lost interest in had been shabbily used by a man I had once exchanged some words with, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he just happened to be a Negro. . . . It was a chain of reasoning I did not care to pursue.

There was an air of tension in the office all afternoon, but there was also a paper to put out; a convention of meteorologists had arrived at the Hilton Hotel, and I was sent over later in the afternoon to see if there was a story in it. It turned out to be a pretty interesting meeting, especially a symposium on the long-range implications of successful weather control. Afterward, I managed to speak to one of the participants in private, and he gave me some additional quotes on the potential military significance of man-made weather. By the time I left the hotel the late editions of the Boston *Evening Star* were on the stands with a front-page story headed, "U.S. INVESTIGATION EXPLODES ROXBURY 'TERROR' SCARE." Without mentioning any names, the copy did everything but accuse the *Ledger* of high treason.

It was generally agreed in the city room that the *Star* had shown unusual restraint, considering the absolute vulnerability of the target. "Now if *I* had the job of attacking us. . . ." Smitty said, rubbing his hands together at the thought of such an assignment. There was still no word from upstairs.

I handed in my weather story at 7:30, after working on it for nearly two hours, and the city desk liked it; the editor said he thought it might make a good lead for the split-page and asked me for another five or six paragraphs on "the military angle." I was rushing to get them finished in time for the suburban edition when the phone rang; I fumbled with the headset and shouted angrily into the receiver, "Yes? What is it?" The deep voice on the other end was instantly recognizable:

"Would you mind doing me a great favor? I think I left a notebook in the upper right-hand drawer of my desk—somewhere in the back probably. A green cover with a spiral binding. It has my initials on the front. If it's not too much trouble, I'd appreciate it if you'd take it home with you. I could meet you somewhere later tonight to pick it up. I realize it's a lot to ask."

I didn't have time to say anything, so I said, "All right," and he mentioned a time and place, and I said, "Fine, fine," and cut him off.

VIII

I ARRIVED first. Prince had chosen a 24-hour cafeteria on the dark side of the Common, a hangout for late-shift taxi drivers. I got a cup of coffee and took a seat in the back of the room, as far away from the windows as possible, aware that by doing so I was intentionally heightening the drama of this rendezvous. I had managed to sneak the notebook from his desk without being seen, and despite great temptation, I had not looked inside. I didn't want to do anything to impair my sense of moral superiority.

I drank the coffee slowly. He was ten minutes late, then fifteen, then twenty. A Negro attendant insisted on taking my empty cup, and I went to get another; Prince arrived just as I was sitting down again. He had on a white linen suit and a dark blue sports shirt open at the collar. His shoes were soft khaki suede, like desert boots only with higher heels. His beard was gone. He smiled and shook my hand, and as soon as we were both seated, I slid the notebook from my inside jacket pocket and shoved it across the table toward him, face down.

"Oh it's not that incriminating, is it?" he said, with an easy laugh.

"I don't know. I didn't look."

"No, of course not. Well—" he picked up the book and stuck it casually into the outside pocket of his coat, "as a matter of fact, it's just a lot of random notes on some things I'd prefer to keep to myself. I wasn't sure that our colleagues at the office would understand, that's all."

"I hear you've been fired," I said.

"I think 'let go' would be more accurate. Or shall we say, I've been asked to retire from the field, leaving the dragons in full control?"

"Which ones are those? The FBI, or The Cadray?"

He wagged a finger at me. "What's the difference? There's always a steady supply of dragons; only the names and faces change."

But I had no intention of letting him off that easily; I hadn't come just as an errand boy this time, to be casually patronized by him in the same old way. "What about the hoax? Or am I wrong in thinking there *was* a hoax?"

"Ah, well." Prince leaned back in his chair. "Really, what can I say? Words change, don't they? Suppose I denied it. Suppose I said I was a victim of circumstantial evidence. Would you believe me? How would you decide whether I was telling the truth? Would you go running around Roxbury checking up on me? And suppose you did. How could you ever be sure you hadn't missed the key to the entire story—that you hadn't overlooked a certain street-corner pickup, or stumbled on a vacant store the day after it was vacated, or for that matter walked right past the high command of The Cadray a hundred times and never recognized them? Would you be willing to stake your life on your ability to tell one black face from another?"

I let him finish. Then I said, "It all seems like such a waste of time; I mean, giving up your career to play at reporter for a few weeks and then doing such a lousy job of it."

He looked amused. "I didn't give up my career. All I did was shift from the theoretical to the practical side, the way a nuclear physicist might. Actually, I see all this as an exercise in Applied History."

"Look, I don't give a damn how you see it, the point is. . . ."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The point is, it makes no difference whether my Cadray existed or not," Prince said in a calm, inexorable cadence. "It exists now. For you certainly, and for me, and for the hundreds and thousands of loyal readers out there. There's no point in arguing that, is there? Someone wrote a book once called *The Negro A Beast* to prove that black men had no souls. You don't think that its popular appeal was restricted in any way by its flawed documentation? Or do you?"

"I haven't read it."

"I'm glad. Because if you had, you'd remember it long after you'd finished laughing at it. The same way you'll remember The Cadray."

My anger had passed and I felt almost like crying, tears of frustration, not sorrow. "But what good will it do you? The paper will just publish a retraction."

"They won't," he said.

"Don't be stupid, of course they will. They have to."

"They won't dare. The truth is, they can't afford to look that foolish in public; the *Patriot-Star* would crucify them, and they know it."

I shook my head violently to express my utter disagreement, but rather than try to refute his fantasy, I said, "Either way, it'll all be over and forgotten in a month."

"Oh definitely," he said. "But I can assure you that The Cadray will crop up in a serious history text somewhere in the next ten years, perhaps only in a footnote or an appendix at first, and that citation will be cited by someone else, and then by someone else, and eventually you'll find it listed in the standard works along with the Black Muslims and the Blood Brothers and the Five Percenters and the Dark Avengers. . . ." I kept shaking my head while he ticked off a long list of names, some of which I had never heard before; then he paused abruptly, and said, "*That* is the real Underground. Each name added to that roll-call is one more myth for the white man to fear and the black man to live up to. And the longer the list, the greater the pressure to live up to it. As you can see—and I'm speaking as an historian now—" Prince let me see his broadest yellow smile, "—it's just a question of time."

IX

I HAVEN'T seen him since that night. The last I heard of him, he was supposed to be working in New York for some outfit called the African-American Friendship League; I couldn't find any listing for it in the Manhattan phone book. As far as the general public is concerned, everyone in Boston seems to have forgotten about "The Cadray," and that includes everyone connected with the *Patriot-Star* and the *Ledger*. In fact, once the initial furor died down the two rival publishers reached a gentleman's agreement to avoid all further mention of that inflammatory term (and others like it) in the columns of their newspapers, unless absolutely dictated by events. At least, that was the reason given privately in both city rooms for the *Ledger*'s failure to print any public retraction of the original story.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENTARY REPORTS

Readers and organizations have asked for additional copies of many COMMENTARY articles on vital, controversial issues. We are publishing these Reports as a public service to:

- Discussion groups
- Religious institutions
- Schools
- Business
- Civic organizations
- Colleges
- Libraries
- Government

ENTER THE NUMBER OF REPORTS REQUIRED IN THE BOX AT THE SIDE OF EACH TITLE

☐ **THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY: Fundamentalism on the Right** Alan F. Westin 50 cents

☐ **NEGROES AND JEWS: The New Challenge to Pluralism** Nathan Glazer 40 cents

☐ **MY NEGRO PROBLEM—AND OURS,** N. Podhoretz 35 cents

☐ **THE DOMINICAN CRISIS** (December '65 issue) Theodore Draper 75 cents

☐ **A JOURNAL OF THE WARSAW GHETTO,** Chaim Kaplan 60 cents

☐ **AMERICAN CATHOLICISM AFTER THE COUNCIL** Michael Novak 50 cents

☐ **INTERMARRIAGE AND THE JEWISH FUTURE** Marshall Sklare 50 cents

☐ **THE NEGRO AND THE NEW YORK SCHOOLS** Midge Decter 45 cents

☐ **CHINESE VISIONS & AMERICAN POLICIES** Benjamin Schwartz 40 cents

☐ **FUTURE OF CAPITALISM** Robert L. Heilbroner 50 cents

☐ **THE MYTH OF THE JEWISH WORLD-CONSPIRACY** Norman Cohen 50 cents

☐ **THE PROBLEM OF THE NEW LEFT,** Tom Kahn 50 cents

☐ **CHURCH AND STATE—HOW HIGH THE WALL?** Milton Himmelfarb 40 cents

☐ **CHINA'S STRATEGY** Donald S. Zagoria 35 cents

☐ **THE TRIAL OF JESUS** Paul Winter 40 cents

☐ **MUTUAL AID AND THE NEGRO** John Slawson 40 cents

☐ **ON READING MATTHEW** Milton Himmelfarb 40 cents

☐ **BIG BUSINESS & THE DEMOCRATS,** David Bazelon 35 cents

☐ **HOW WE ARE: Are Jews Still Different?** M. Himmelfarb 40 cents

☐ **THE AMERICAN READING PROBLEM** Selma Fraiberg 40 cents

☐ **VATICAN II AND THE JEWS** F. E. Cartus 40 cents

☐ **FROM PROTEST TO POLITICS: The Future of the Civil Rights Movement,** B. Rustin 40 cents

☐ **THE WATTS "MANIFESTO" & THE McCONE REPORT** Bayard Rustin 40 cents

☐ **COMMUNISM IN ASIA** Donald S. Zagoria 35 cents

☐ **FORBIDDEN FOODS** Erich Isaac 35 cents

☐ **PIUS XII, THE JEWS AND THE GERMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH** Guenter Lewy 50 cents

☐ **P. S. 165: Portrait of an Integrated School,** Richard Schickel 40 cents

☐ **FIVE YEARS OF CASTRO'S CUBA,** Theodore Draper 40 cents

☐ **THE FAILURE OF URBAN RENEWAL** Herbert J. Gans 40 cents

☐ **UP FROM APATHY—The Woodlawn Experiment: Self-Help in a Slum Neighborhood** Charles E. Silberman 35 cents

☐ **THE STATE OF SOVIET JEWRY** Maurice Friedberg; and **SOVIET ANTI-SEMITISM—An exchange between Bertand Russell and Aron Vergelis** 50 cents

☐ **THE MEANING OF NEGRO STRATEGY,** D. Danzig 35 cents

☐ **JEWISH RESISTANCE TO THE NAZIS,** Oscar Handlin; and **HANNAH ARENDT ON EICHMANN,** N. Podhoretz 50 cents

☐ **CONSERVATISM AFTER GOLDWATER,** David Danzig 35 cents

☐ **THE ARAB REFUGEES: A Zionist View,** Marie Syrkin 40 cents

NEW REPORTS

☐ **BLACK POWER & COALITION POLITICS** Bayard Rustin 40 cents

☐ **IN DEFENSE OF BLACK POWER** David Danzig 40 cents

☐ **THE UNREMEMBERED GENOCIDE: A view of the fate of the Armenians** Marjorie Housepian 40 cents

REPORT USERS INCLUDE

American Friends Service
Beth Abraham Synagogue, Dayton
Brandeis University
Brooklyn College
Bryant College
City of Detroit
Comm. for Internat. Development
Conn. Council of Human Rights
Community Action Training, S.F.
Douglass College
Hamilton College
Harvard University
Jewish Theological Seminary
Michigan State University
Middlebury College
Oakland (Cal.) Police Department
Reed Street Neighborhood House, Philadelphia
St. Olaf College
St. Paul Epis. Church, New Haven
Stanford University

QUANTITY DISCOUNTS: REPORTS CAN BE COMBINED FOR DISCOUNT

25-49 copies less 10%; 50-99 copies less 15%; 100-299 copies less 20%
300-499 copies less 30%; 500-1000 copies less 40%; more than 1000 copies less 50%

Commentary Reports, 165 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

☐ Complete list of 38 Reports (value $16.30) $5.95

☐ 16 Reports on Jewish affairs (value $7.15) $2.95

Enter the number of Reports required in the box next to the appropriate title.

☐ Payment enclosed *(Commentary pays shipping)* *Minimum order $1.00*

☐ Bill me *Orders over $5.00 can be billed*

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The warmth of Israel starts before you leave New York

Before the Shalom is out of the New York harbor, you'll start to feel the comfortable friendly atmosphere of Israel. An all-Israel crew, Israel continental or kosher cuisine, Israel entertainment, Israel everything. And the islands of the Caribbean. You can't have more in a cruise. Unless it's a Mediterranean Cruise on the Shalom.

Caribbean Cruises

Nov. 2, Fall Fun Cruise sails from Baltimore, 11 days, 4 ports, $360*.

Nov. 15, Thanksgiving Day Cruise, from New York to New York: 13 days, 5 ports, $420 or Nov. 17, Florida to Florida: 9 days, 4 ports, $310.

Nov. 29, Golf Cruise, 13 days, 4 ports, $405.

Dec. 13, Special-For-Singles Cruise, 8 days, 2 ports, $250.

Dec. 22, Christmas-New Year Cruise, 12 days, 5 ports, $430.

Jan. 4, June-in-January Cruise, New York to New York: 12 days, 4 ports, $375 or Jan. 6, Florida to Florida: 8 days, 3 ports, $270.

Jan. 17, Mid-Winter Cruise, 14 days, 6 ports, $440.

Feb. 1, Carnival Cruise, includes 42 hours in Trinidad, 14 days, 4 ports, $490.

Feb. 16, Winter Fun Cruise, 12 days, 4 ports, $420.

*All prices quoted are minimum fares.

Mediterranean Cruises

In 1967 the Shalom will sail from New York on both a 37 and 42 day cruise. Each will feature stops in exotic European ports, days of leisure at sea, and all the facilities of the nicest luxury liner afloat. But the best thing about them is that you will spend six or nine days *in Israel* during Purim or Passover. During this time the Shalom will be your hotel and you can swim in her pools, feast on the finest kosher foods in her restaurants, and dance all night in her night-clubs. Better hurry, reservations on both cruises are going fast.

March 1, 1967, Shalom Holiday in Israel during Purim Cruise....37 days, New York, Las Palmas, Lisbon, Palermo, Haifa, Piraeus, Naples, Palma, Gibraltar, New York, $980.

April 7, 1967, Shalom Holiday in Israel during Passover Cruise....42 days, New York, Madeira, Barcelona, Cannes, Naples, Haifa, Rhodes, Iraklion (Crete), Piraeus, Messina, Palma, Gibraltar, New York, $1,320.

BE A GUEST...GO ZIM LINES

S/S Shalom built in 1964

For more information see your travel agent. All Zim Lines ships registered in Israel.
Owner's Representative: American Israeli Shipping Co., Inc., 42 Broadway, New York
Midtown Office: 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, DI 4-7600

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post-Imperial Britain

GEORGE LICHTHEIM

LONDON: "A stirred nation, a London sight. . . . Undistracted by empire now, we felt intimately that we were at home, that we were seeing our own lives. . . . There was not a trace of private rhetoric about the funeral. The men slow-marching in the greatest occasion since the death of the Duke of Wellington embodied a general emotion. . . . And even to the common fear that we were seeing the end of our own greatness with his; that meanness would now come in, that Churchill was the last, and that to the world outside we had become one more irrelevant folk culture. . . . There was, I suspect, an undertone of grim self-pity: we were looking at the last flash of Victorian aplomb, we were looking at a past utterly irrecoverable."

A year and a half have passed since Mr. V. S. Pritchett's eloquent account of Winston Churchill's funeral appeared in the *New Statesman*. Those who have the melancholy privilege of living in the capital of what was once the British Empire—all of us, foreign-born and naturalized as well as the true islanders—have come to know well the feeling that greatness is gone and meanness has come in: meanness of spirit consequent upon the relentless decline of material influence and power, for it is an illusion to suppose that nations can sublimate themselves into moral entities impervious to the march of history. Unless, that is, they renounce their national sovereignty altogether and retire into the protective shell of a religious community, as the Jews did when the Temple fell, and the Greeks after the conquest of Byzantium by the Turks. But these are extreme cases. The normal course is marked out by the familiar destinies of European nations which have survived the loss of their imperial greatness: Austria, Holland, Sweden. No sublimation here: rather a transfer of national energies from one level (politico-military) to another (socio-economic and cultural). Or—as in the case of Spain—failure to make the transition, nostalgia for vanished glories, and an endless, lingering death-in-life.

The British (like the French) are currently poised between these alternatives, and this circumstance lends to the dreary routine of economic crises and political reshuffles a dramatic quality not immediately visible to the outsider. But there is this difference: France, whatever the continuing dispute between Gaullists and anti-Gaullists, has discovered a suitable task in the political leadership of Western Europe: a privilege which by default has fallen into her lap and which no party or faction in Paris is going to renounce, come what may. Whereas the British (as Mr. Acheson sagely observed in December 1962) have "lost an empire and not found a role." For saying this he was then taken to task, with quite needless violence, by everyone in England, from Harold Macmillan downward. He was, of course, quite right, and the wretched spectacle of British domestic affairs in recent years has only lent the finishing touch to what even in those days was a fairly dismal picture.

That a time would come when France would condescend to her ancient rival, and that it would come within two decades of the wartime triumvirate symbolized by the names Churchill-Roosevelt-Stalin, was something no public figure in England, or in continental Europe, would have thought possible even a few short years ago. The colossal humiliation of exclusion from the Common Market, in January 1963, has not been the end of the story. Worse was to follow: in July 1966 a French Prime Minister paid a brief visit to London (shortly after his Head of State had returned from a triumphal ten-day tour of the Soviet Union) and notified his British hosts in dry language that their financial status would have to be improved before they could be considered suitable partners in an enlarged Common Market. If the incident passed without much public comment, the reason is that it was promptly swallowed up in the great financial panic of late July and early August, leading the Labour Government to adopt deflationary measures (including an official wages stop) that the Conservatives had not dared introduce. The nation was well and truly put on notice that it had been living beyond its means.

How and why did it come to this? The economists, as is their wont, have different and conflicting tales to tell, but there is at least unanimity on one point: Britain has since the war been trying to fill a world role exceeding her economic capacities. Of course the matter can also be put the other way around: the nation has not supplied its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rulers with the material means required for all the various commitments into which successive British governments had entered. But this tedious quibble may be disregarded. Whichever way it is put, there is now a great and growing disproportion between what Britain as a nation is committed to externally, and what Britain as a society is willing to do internally. The gap has for some years been concealed behind financial manipulations involving all the European central banks plus the U.S. Treasury, but it is now out in the open, and this is what "the crisis" is really about.

It is not about living standards: they have gone up steadily since the 1950's (which is one reason why the ordinary voter has ceased to take the newspaper talk about "crisis" seriously). Nor is it simply about the balance of trade: exports have not done as well as they might, but they have not done badly either. They have, in fact, more than doubled since 1950. On current account (leaving aside government expenditure—mostly for military purposes) the country has been paying its way; paying for its imports, that is, with ordinary commercial exports, plus "invisible" earnings from the £10,000 million (almost $30 billion) of overseas investments held by British companies.*

The deficit in the balance of payments (as distinct from the ordinary balance of trade) has arisen because the government has spent abroad more than the surplus earned by British exporters and investors. Most of the overseas expenditure has been for military purposes, the remainder largely for aid to "underdeveloped" countries. But for these politico-military obligations, the country would be solvent, and would even be earning a comfortable surplus, like West Germany. It is as simple as that.

THESE FACTS are recognized by Government and Opposition alike. The Conservative party's official spokesman on defense, Mr. Enoch Powell, (a former Cabinet Minister and a relentless opponent of the Labour party and all its works, notably its vestigial belief in economic planning) puts it this way:

> The simple answer to the question whether Britain can afford to spend £500 millions a year on defense, aid and other governmental activities† is the same as the answer to the question whether we can afford to spend 6½ per cent of our national income on defense, or 40 per cent on purposes determined by public authorities. The answer is: "Yes, of course, if Britain wants to."
>
> It is no objection to point to Britain's persistent balance of payments difficulties and increasing indebtedness, and to draw attention to the fact, that had there been no such expenditure during the last nine years (over which period it has doubled from £253 millions to £500 millions), this country would have had a favorable overall balance of payments totalling £1,942 millions instead of a deficit totalling £1,412 millions. Figures like these bring home the fact that, contrary to vulgar supposition, the country has indeed been "paying its way" before the external expenditure of its government is taken into account. It is a calumny to accuse the British people of having consumed or invested at home, or spent or lent on private account abroad, more than they were prepared to produce and save.**

Since the facts are not in dispute, and since the Tory party has traditionally stood for the sort of "world role" the Labour Government is trying to fill, one may reasonably wonder what the political quarrel between the two sides is about. With the exception of the Liberals—a small though influential group of politicians and intellectuals spread all over the Establishment—no sizable body of opinion has yet declared in favor of renouncing an active role in world affairs. Even Labour's left wing is split on the issue: after all, most of its leading figures are members of the Government. Liberals, pacifists, and "Little Englanders" combined do not make a majority; and those among them who are most insistent on cutting overseas military expenditure are also very vocal about spending more on aid to backward countries. Where then is the total saving to come from, and how big is it to be? Will the £100 million ($280 million) cut in overseas expenditure announced by Mr. Wilson in July do the trick? Few people think so, and others may wonder why economies on this relatively small scale are necessary at all. Britain after all exports £5,000 million ($14,000 million) worth of goods annually, and owns the equivalent of $30 billion in overseas investments. What is the matter with a country which has such assets and yet seems to drift from one financial crisis to another?

What is the matter is quite simply that the pound sterling still finances forty per cent of world trade, and that the burden of acting as banker to half the world can no longer be borne by a small country whose trade does not yield a surplus large enough to cover military and political expenditure abroad. "The pound is weak" because holders of sterling are afraid that it may be devalued; and they fear this because they can see the disproportion between the colossal mass of sterling balances held by Britain's creditors, and the smallness of the reserves held by the Bank of

*A. R. Conan, *The Problem of Sterling* (Macmillan, 1966), p. 13. ". . . there was a cumulative balance of over £1,000 million for the 1950's, followed by a cumulative deficit of under £500 million for the first quinquennium of the 1960's. . . . The deficit for 1960-64 is struck after debiting £1,800 million on Government account: the commercial surplus for the quinquennium was £1,300 million." *Ibid.* p. 99.

†The reference is to overseas spending in foreign currency. The total defense budget is over £2,000 million ($5,600 million).

**J. Enoch Powell, "Britain's Overseas Spending," *The Banker*, London, August 1966, p. 520.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England. But for having pinned this albatross around their necks, the British would be as well off as the West Germans and the Dutch, if not perhaps the Swedes.

But how did the country get into this position? Why must a middle-sized European nation behave as though it were still the center of a world-wide empire? Why cannot it relinquish the burden and content itself with a role that does not strain its economy, and the ingenuity of its financial and political rulers, to the breaking-point and beyond? The answers are many and complex, and sound reasons can be advanced for the decision to go on behaving after 1945 as though nothing had changed. It can even be argued that in the 1950's the gamble looked like paying off: the country went on playing a world role and had a financial surplus nonetheless. Yet it is plain by now that this cannot go on. Something will have to give—most likely the "world role" so dear to Mr. Wilson, the "poor man's Churchill," as his critics have unkindly taken to calling him. The trouble is that Britain still carries the legacy of the real Churchill, the partner of Roosevelt and Stalin. He was, after all, Prime Minister once more from 1951 to 1955, and during those complacent years the British fell into the fatal habit of taking themselves and the world for granted. The awakening came after he had left the scene. By now it is almost complete; but it is also very late.

II

ONE HEARS IT said these days that Washington is not eager to assume the burden of world empire. Eager or not, the role has devolved upon it and must be played out to the end, for better or worse. Because Churchill knew this would happen, the record of his private thoughts during and after the Second World War makes fascinating reading.* Alongside a mass of rather painful detail (Lord Moran, formerly Sir Charles Wilson, was Churchill's personal physician and medical adviser) it offers an insight into the working of his mind while he was still at the height of his powers, political and mental. The decline (in both respects) dates from 1944, when Churchill was seventy and beginning to slow down. By a coincidence this was also the moment when the British Empire began to be overshadowed in the wartime counsels of the Allies by its two giant partners, the United States and the Soviet Union.

Half-American by birth (though not by education, which was conventionally British), Churchill was unique among British statesmen of his generation in treating the Anglo-American alliance as an emotional commitment, and a long-term aim, rather than as a simple convenience forced upon Britain by external circumstances which might be expected to change. At the same time, he remained romantically attached to the imperial vision which, for him, centered on India and the "empire on which the sun never set." The resulting tensions in his mind are faithfully portrayed in Lord Moran's dispassionate account of his private utterances during the quarter century between his "finest hour" in 1940 and his death in 1965 (though the actual record terminates five years earlier in 1960). The conflict was never resolved. How could it have been? Churchill wanted the British Empire to remain in being, while the Americans, from Roosevelt down, expected it to disappear. The Churchillian formula—a permanent union of the "two great Anglo-Saxon powers"—never obtained the genuine consent of the Americans, though they raised no objection when he brought it forward, and indeed encouraged him to believe that it expressed their own view of the future.

Perhaps they felt that in time of war it would be tactless to quarrel about it. At any rate, Churchill was loudly cheered when he addressed a special session of Congress after Pearl Harbor, but the applause faded when he spoke of opportunities missed in the past, when the U.S. and Britain, working together, might have preserved the peace of the world. Even in December 1941, with America and Britain facing the Axis powers in unison, there was no enthusiasm in Washington for Theodore Roosevelt's old theme. Another Roosevelt was in charge, but the Americans no longer saw the future of their country in terms of the Anglo-Saxon rhetoric evolved around the turn of the century by the liberal-imperialist (or Social-Darwinist) school. The coming century was to be America's alone.

On the British side, Churchill had aged but not changed. To the end, he held the faith instilled in him before 1914 by those in England who feared Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism, and who regarded the United States as Britain's natural ally in the coming struggle to preserve the world they believed in: a world run by the Anglo-Saxons, for the benefit of the lesser breeds no doubt, but controlled by the inheritors of Britain's "Glorious Revolution" in 1688. In the last resort it was the Whig interpretation of history, as transmitted to Churchill in his youth by the only historian he ever read seriously—Macaulay.

All this, and much besides, may be gathered from Lord Moran's account of his eminent patient seen at close quarters. No historian himself, but well versed in public affairs (and, surprisingly, a considerable stylist) he has written what may well become the politician's Boswell. Already there are signs that the publication of his Diary has affected the conventional view of Churchill's last years in office (from 1951 to 1955), when Eden waited impatiently for the succession, while

*_Churchill. The Struggle for Survival 1940-65._ Taken from the Diaries of Lord Moran, Houghton-Mifflin, 877 pp., $10.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

across the Atlantic there were still from time to time those private gatherings in the White House, with Eisenhower and Dulles listening half-convinced while Churchill poured out his urgent advocacy of peaceful coexistence with Russia. For it is not the least remarkable revelation of this remarkable book that by 1953-54 Churchill, nearing eighty and with failing powers, had become obsessed with the dangers of another world war. "My thoughts are almost entirely thermonuclear," he said on June 26, 1954, and most of his remaining energy, during these last months of his Premiership, was devoted to persuading the stubborn Dulles and the wavering Eisenhower to seek a lasting peace with Stalin's successors. In this he was backed up by his scientific adviser, Cherwell (Frederick Lindemann), who tirelessly argued that the hydrogen bomb had narrowed the choice to one between preventive war and an understanding with Moscow. On July 3, 1954, Churchill said to Moran:

> I am counting on the Russians wanting a better time; they want butter, not bombs, more food, more comfort. For forty years they have had a pretty rough life. They may have given up dreams of world conquest, and be ready for peaceful coexistence. Anyway, Ike has crossed the gulf which separates a mission to destroy Bolshevism from living side-by-side in peace. I must admit that I myself have crossed that gulf. I would like to visit Russia once more before I die.

Thus did the hydrogen bomb transform the old anti-Communist crusader into a peacemonger, at any rate where the Russians were concerned. For the Chinese ("little yellow men") he had less use. It was Eden who reminded those around him that China could be neither disregarded nor destroyed: Eden who throughout Lord Moran's pages appears as a secondary figure: the eternal heir-apparent, yet indispensable to Churchill who, for all his towering prestige in the country, was never really taken to heart by the true-blue Tories or by the mandarins of Whitehall. The two men complemented each other, especially in the later years when Churchill no longer had his former zest for detail, and of the two it was Eden who was more "European": less inclined to stake all on the Anglo-American connection, and readier on occasion to cross swords with Dulles. In the end, of course, none of this mattered. In 1956, with Churchill gone and Eisenhower refusing to listen to Eden's desperate pleas for American backing over Suez, the dream of an Anglo-American condominium was shattered. It was left for Harold Macmillan to pick up the pieces and organize an orderly retreat to unprepared positions.

By now the chapter is closed. What remains of the "special relationship" has been converted into a matter of American support for sterling, pending some general reshuffle of world monetary institutions. "East of Suez" a few remnants of Britain's former empire continue to be garrisoned by troops and pilots for whom no suitable accommodation can be found at home, but that is about all. When Indian and Pakistani statesmen think it advantageous to meet on foreign soil, in order to sign a short-lived armistice, they go to Tashkent, not to London. By now, indeed, it is not merely the glory that has departed: most of the attendant illusions have gone as well. President Johnson's embarrassing praise of Mr. Harold Wilson, when that statesman visits Washington, does not impress even the dimmest voter in Britain. As for Mr. Wilson's sub-Churchillian rhetoric about his government's resolve to continue playing a "world role" (on borrowed money), it is taken—domestically and abroad—at its true value, which is close to zero. To the experts, the only question is whether Britain will manage to gatecrash its way into the Common Market before or after sterling is devalued and ceases to be a world currency. And who cares what London does with the "deterrent"? It seems an age (actually it is only a little over three years) since Macmillan went to Moscow in order to sign the treaty binding America, Russia, and Britain not to explode any more bombs in the atmosphere. It has been a short but steep decline since those days in 1914 when the British government controlled the destinies of one-quarter of the human race.

Although in his last years Churchill was conscious of the miscarriage of his great design, he seems never to have grasped that the preservation of the British Empire was incompatible with the aims for which the Second World War had been fought: democracy and national self-determination. Roosevelt—in many ways a shallower mind—saw this quite well and, much to the indignation of the British (or at any rate of Churchill and his entourage), hardly bothered to hide his impatience with the Empire's continued existence. On the British side, too, there were men who could see the writing on the wall. Lord Halifax (once Chamberlain's Foreign Secretary and later sent to Washington by Churchill to serve as Ambassador) was a conventional High Tory, utterly remote from the realities of American life. Yet Moran has recorded his judgment (delivered privately in 1958) that the President and his circle during those years already thought Churchill out of date. "The Americans had never met anyone like him. He seemed to them a museum piece, a rare relic. When he told them he had not become First Minister of the Crown in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire, they felt that they were listening to a voice out of the 18th century."

As indeed they were. It was the secret of Churchill's personality that he was a throwback to the age of Marlborough—his distant ancestor, whose career he had described in a multi-volume

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

biography published between 1933 and 1939. John Churchill, who became Duke of Marlborough, had led the armies of a European coalition against the France of Louis XIV. Then it was Holland that was threatened by conquest, and England that came to the rescue. Now it was England's turn, and help must come from the United States. To Winston Churchill (spiritually a Whig though not in literal fact a descendant of the Whig aristocracy), it was still the same fight. Was not Germany a threat to the "liberties of Europe" of which England had become the traditional guardian? And was it not right that America should come into the fight? But then his consciousness of the historical filiation also told him that Holland had barely survived the war fought in her name, to become in the 18th century the satellite of England once peace had been signed. He never resolved the contradiction, and the thought that England was finished as a world power darkened the concluding decade of his life.

Others took a more hopeful view of the matter, adopting a 19th- rather than an 18th-century perspective. To them Churchill's resistance to Hitler recalled England's lengthy struggle against Napoleon. In 1945 the British were rather fond of this comparison (the French, for obvious reasons, thought less of it). Churchill himself admired Nelson and Wellington only a shade less than Marlborough. Trafalgar and Waterloo were splendid memories; in 1815 England had emerged for the second time as victor after a fierce contest with France, just as now she had got rid of the German menace. And the 19th century had brought the great age of Victorian peace and preeminence. Well, then, if there was trouble in the world, it might be said that the first few decades after Waterloo had been disturbed and confused too.

Sir Oliver Franks, who succeeded Halifax as Ambassador in Washington, took the long view, as befitted an eminent civil servant who had once taught moral philosophy in a Scottish university. He, too, by the late 1950's, had come to think of the Second World War as Britain's last moment of greatness as a nation and an empire, but he was not discouraged. It was, he thought, chiefly a matter of adaptation to a new age. "I think the period 1945 to 1975 may be like 1815 to 1845," he told Moran. There were too many old men at the top who still thought in prewar terms. That had also been true of the post-Napoleonic period when the aged Duke of Wellington contemplated with some bewilderment the new world of democracy and machinery. What was to be done about it? One had to wait for a new generation to come to the top. But would Britain still place its seal on the new era, as it had done in the 19th century? In those days the industrial revolution had centered on England. Admittedly there were strains, and the Victorian compromise between monarchy and democracy (or between aristocracy and bourgeoisie) was not achieved without some trouble and even an occasional hint of violence. Still, in the end it had come about, and Britain had climbed to the pinnacle of wealth and power. While after 1945. . . . Franks was too realistic to evade the critical issue: "It is possible that America may meet Russia in conference without us being at the table. After the war we acted as a Great Power, though we had not the resources. A kind of confidence trick. It came off as long as the decisions we made were acceptable to the other Powers. The trouble with these island empires has always been the same: they had too few men. America and Russia can afford a holocaust; we cannot."

In 1957, when this conversation took place, Churchill was in retirement, and his place had been taken by Harold Macmillan, whose artful practice of diplomacy prolonged for a few more years the illusion that Britain counted as a major power. By now the pretense has vanished; so, unhappily, has much of the self-confidence that went with it.

III

If Churchill represents the dynamic aspect of late Victorian England, catastrophically plunged into the maelstrom of war and revolution, Halifax stands for its quiet, passive, domesticated side.* Churchill (as Franks told Moran) had a "demonic" streak in him: his torrential energy and vitality, drawn from hidden springs, overwhelmed lesser men and enabled him to bounce back after the most shattering disasters. He was never happier than in 1940, when England's survival hung by a hair. Franks (a cool customer), who encountered him in those days, compared his effect upon other men to the impact produced by Luther and Calvin. It is curious that his colleagues should have included Edward Frederick Lindley Wood (1881-1959), first Baron Irwin of Kirby Underdale, third Viscount Halifax of Monk Bretton, first Earl of Halifax, Knight of the Garter, Order of Merit, who had been Foreign Secretary at the time of Munich and in this capacity dutifully backed Neville Chamberlain's attempt to "appease" Hitler's appetite at the expense of the hapless Benes. No two men could have been more different, yet Halifax loyally supported Churchill after 1940, just as down to that date he had supported Chamberlain. Nor was this a matter of opportunism: Halifax was the soul of honor. He was also a wealthy and cultivated aristocrat who regarded public life as an unpleasant burden to be borne with such fortitude as one's character might permit. His true interest lay elsewhere: he was a devout Anglo-Catholic and the only issue on which he was totally committed and

*_The Life of Lord Halifax_, by the Earl of Birkenhead, Houghton Mifflin, 626 pp., $8.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unyielding concerned the doctrinal differences separating the Church of England from the Church of Rome on the one hand, and from ordinary Protestantism or Evangelicalism on the other. All other matters, war and peace included, he treated as secondary and, in the last resort, unworthy of serious thought. This was the man who held the key post of Foreign Secretary in the Cabinet which in September 1939 declared war on Germany. For it was Halifax who (with Chamberlain) took the responsibility for notifying Hitler that if he went on with his assault on Poland, the British government would be compelled to stand by its treaty obligations to that country. Having delivered this momentous challenge, and committed his country to war with Germany, Halifax felt exhausted and took no further action. Honor had been satisfied. Winning the war was none of his business.

Lord Birkenhead's biography maintains the leisurely pace and subdued tone suitable to its subject. Halifax's grandfather, a member of various Whig administrations, was related by marriage to Lord Grey of the 1832 Reform Bill. His father, the second Viscount, was an eminent High Churchman and advocate of "reunion with Rome" (on terms acceptable to both parties). His mother was Lady Agnes Courtenay, daughter of Lord Devon of Powderham Castle, whose lineage was so ancient (going back to the Plantagenets) as to cause Gibbon to write: "The purple of three Emperors who have reigned at Constantinople will authorize or excuse a digression on the origins and singular fortunes of the House of Courtenay."

Does all this sound like caricature? Then the reason is that Halifax was among the last surviving members of an aristocracy that had effectively ruled England since the Wars of the Roses (in which several Courtenays lost their heads, having backed Lancaster when York was in the ascendant). What could this descendant of the Plantagenets think of Churchill, a mere upstart, whose famous ancestor, Marlborough, had climbed to fame and fortune in the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688? What, for that matter, could he make of Chamberlain: the grandson of a Birmingham businessman and himself a former mayor of that prosaic city? As for Hitler . . . Lord Birkenhead tactfully concedes that Halifax failed to understand the Fuehrer.

Did he understand anything that was going on around him? As a Viceroy of India from 1926 to 1931 he managed to stay on good terms with Gandhi, even when he felt reluctantly obliged to clap the Mahatma in jail. After all, they both shared an interest in religion. Even so, his biographer doubts whether Halifax (or Lord Irwin, as he then was) quite plumbed the depths of Gandhi's political cunning. "The Viceroy," he says tactfully, "was not a man of intellectual subtlety, and although he won Gandhi's trust and respect, it was inevitable that he should be baffled by a mind so Eastern, so unpredictable in its working, and so oddly compounded of mystical and opportunist elements." Well, perhaps, but when a few years later Halifax encountered the very un-Eastern personality of Hitler, his bafflement was no less. Nothing could have been more blatant than the Fuehrer's cynicism and his appetite for conquest. Yet when in November 1937 Halifax was sent by Chamberlain to sound him out, he thought Hitler "very sincere." Goering, that bloated murderer and drug addict, he found "frankly attractive: like a great schoolboy, full of life and pride in what he was doing" (no doubt). He could not even bring himself to dislike Goebbels, whom he met on the same occasion. "I suppose it must be some moral defect in me, but the fact remains."

IT WAS NOT so much a moral defect as remoteness from ordinary life. There was of course also the important consideration that the Foreign Office had an even bigger headache than the Third Reich. As Halifax tactfully put it to Hitler on that occasion (less than a year before Munich): "Although there was much in the Nazi system that offended British opinion (treatment of the Church; to perhaps a lesser extent, the treatment of Jews; treatment of Trade Unions), I was not blind to what he had done for Germany and to the achievement, from his point of view, of keeping Communism out of his country and, as he would feel, of blocking its passage West." True, Churchill had once praised Mussolini for similar reasons, but then Germany represented a potentially mortal threat. Yet Chamberlain and Halifax were ready to gamble on Hitler's goodwill. So were Geoffrey Dawson of the *Times*, Lord Lothian (once Lloyd George's private secretary), and other eminent pillars of the Establishment. Weariness or despair? Probably a mixture of both. Certainly none of them had any liking or sympathy for the Fuehrer. They simply hoped for the best—the best (in their unspoken judgment) being a war between Russia and Germany, with Britain and France acting the role of spectators. This was the logic of appeasement, yet when in 1939 matters came to the point, Chamberlain and Halifax failed to go through with it. Instead, they drifted into a war they did not want and had no hope of winning.

When Churchill (with the help of the Labour party and much against the inclination of a large body of Conservatives) had become Prime Minister, he got rid of Halifax by sending him to Washington as Ambassador. Arrived there in January 1941, he found himself once more *in terra incognita*, but made a valiant effort to come to terms with his new environment and, on the whole, did not do too badly. The Americans took to him: they liked his naivete, so different from the traditional image of the guileful British

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diplomat. Halifax possessed a fund of native shrewdness (especially in money matters), but he was clearly innocent of those Machiavellian subtleties which Americans had come to associate with the British Foreign Office. Indeed, they soon discovered that even relatively simple matters, such as the system by which Congress was elected, were rather too much for him. "One funny thing about him," said his friend Walter Lippmann, "was that . . . every time an election took place he had to have the whole thing explained to him all over again." His hosts thought this rather endearing. They also sympathized with his earnest efforts to adapt himself to democracy. Though on one occasion he was publicly rebuked by Carl Sandburg for indulging in the effete sport of fox-hunting while men were dying in Europe, he managed on the whole to make a good impression. His unworldliness (he had never heard of Tallulah Bankhead) was forgiven him, and his staff gradually managed to curb his lordly manner. They even persuaded him not to open his Chamber of Commerce speeches with funny stories which smacked too obviously of British caste distinctions and condescension toward social inferiors. His embassy staff (which included Isaiah Berlin) was ceaselessly active polishing his image, and on occasion their nimble wits enabled his lordship to get out of a scrape with the honors clearly in his favor. Thus, when in Detroit, on his way to call on Archbishop Mooney, he was picketed by isolationist housewives and had eggs and vegetables thrown at him (an egg exploding on his trouser bottom), he was officially reported to have said: "I am glad to see the Americans have eggs and tomatoes to throw around, when in England people are rationed and get only one egg a month." He had not thought of the remark himself (it is not recorded that he ever made a joke), but it was widely attributed to him by the American press and the incident helped to make him popular.

On more important occasions his innocence sometimes matched that of his hosts, though in their case it was more a matter of remoteness from Europe and failure to grasp what was going on there. When, for example, on arrival in Washington he met some Republican senators and congressmen, he was puzzled by their insistence that Roosevelt was "as dangerous a dictator as Hitler and Mussolini." Even Halifax knew better than that. On the other hand, he could not quite suppress a certain fellow-feeling with them. As he put it when setting down his impressions in his private diary: "My word—they do all hate F.D.R.! They regard him almost exactly as we used to regard Lloyd George at his worst; stirring up class feeling; no responsibility or knowledge of serious things; pure vote-catching, etc., etc." Lloyd George in 1909 had made an extremely abusive speech about the British landed nobility, whose representatives thereafter regarded him with deep aversion and distrust. Halifax knew exactly how those Republican senators felt about F.D.R., and while he appreciated that Roosevelt was trying to help Britain, he could not quite suppress a certain sympathy for men who were defending substantial property interests against the machinations of that man in the White House.

WITHAL, Halifax admired Churchill, agreed to step down from Foreign Secretary to Ambassador, served loyally through the war, and thereafter took his official duties seriously enough to help Keynes in 1945 negotiate the first postwar American loan to the newly elected British Labour Government, of whose policies he certainly disapproved. Indeed, when the Conservatives, now in opposition, abstained in the House of Commons on the vote concerning the rather onerous terms negotiated by Keynes and Halifax, the Ambassador was shocked and angry. *Noblesse oblige.* Halifax had agreed to serve the Labour Government, done his best for them, and did not expect to see his old friends take a partisan view of the matter when an important agreement came up for approval. He was seriously put out, told Eden so in no uncertain terms, and took his time about letting himself be mollified. "I have never felt more humiliated by the Party to which I am supposed to belong," he wrote angrily to a friend. "His belief in the party system, never robust, sank to its lowest ebb," we are told by his biographer.

There is significance in the employment of the term, "the party system," for it is an ancient term of abuse. What was "the party system" to Bolingbroke, that ingenious heir of the Stuart tradition of modified absolutism, inventor of the myth of the "patriot king" above party? What was it to Halifax? The aristocracy had always regarded Parliament as an instrument of *government*: a great Council of State assembling the learned and the wise, not a plaything of "factions" made up of ambitious politicians catering to the follies of the mob. In this, at least, Churchill and Halifax knew themselves to be at one, though Churchill had made his peace with democracy and even learned to speak its language. In the twilight of the British Empire, the last surviving representatives of the aristocracy—a class older than the state it had founded and ruled—remained true to their guiding tradition.

IV

THE TRADITION, it is perhaps worth emphasizing, allowed for self-government (by landowners and other men of property), and even for a measure of popular participation, so long as the "popular" element did not degenerate into democracy, i.e., the actual displacement of the ruling oligarchy. Throughout the 18th century the oligarchy and its followers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prided themselves upon the "ancient liberties." They were sincerely glad to have escaped the absolutism of continental Europe: complete with standing armies and an irremovable executive. Parliament existed to check the king and enable the oligarchy to conduct its debates in semi-private. Elections might be farcical, but the principle of popular representation was observed.

It was only with the American and French Revolutions that this consensus was challenged—and then only by middle-class radicals outside the Establishment. The latter's liberal wing, led by the Whig aristocracy, had no thought of abolishing the unwritten Constitution which vested "the King in Parliament" with unlimited authority. All the Whigs asked for was a moderate enlargement of the franchise. When the issue was brought to the test around 1800 by the radicals, with their demand for universal suffrage, the Whigs promptly set up their own organization, the "Friends of the People." Of this a modern British historian has observed that the very title "illustrated the paternalist attitude." These aristocratic critics of Pitt and his Cabinet (most of which consisted of former Whigs, now following the lead of Burke) protested quite sincerely that they had no thought of appealing to "the Rights of the People in their full extent"—meaning democracy in the French or American style. Their aim was "not to change, but to restore: not to displace, but to reinstate the Constitution upon its true principles and original ground."*

This was familiar language—going back to 1688, but also recalling the original parliamentary revolt against Stuart absolutism which had issued in civil war. Revolutionaries (at any rate in Anglo-Saxon countries) commonly begin by appealing to ancient rights. The difference is that the Whigs (they included Halifax's ancestor, Charles Grey) really meant it. The Constitution (by which they meant the traditional preeminence of the aristocracy within a "mixed" system) was genuinely sacred in their eyes. Throughout the storms of the French Revolution, the Industrial Revolution, 19th-century democratic radicalism, and the crisis brought on by the American Civil War, the governing class retained its hold upon the citadel of political power. Universal suffrage, or something like it, was enacted in 1867, but the House of Lords retained its functions until the eve of the First World War, and as late as 1894, Gladstone's successor as leader of the Liberal party was quite naturally a peer, Lord Rosebery. There was no "bourgeois revolution"—a circumstance of which continental observers, from Tocqueville and Taine to Marx and Engels, were well aware. Somehow or other, the *ancien regime* had survived, and along with it, "the habit of authority."

*A. P. Thornton, *The Habit of Authority*, Allen & Unwin, p. 89.

This state of affairs had lasting consequences. In the same way that the great families who made up the Roman Senate viewed the Republic as their property (they were the *res publica*, indeed they antedated it), the aristocracy did not merely rule England: it was conscious of having created the distinctive institutions of the Kingdom—all of them, including Parliament (originally a feudal assembly and bearing the mark of its origin down to the present day). To that extent the popular tradition of the "Norman yoke" had a real kernel, though only a handful of democratic radicals followed Paine in treating seriously the notion of a golden age before the Conquest when the English were free and owned their land. It was, after all, a fact that for three centuries a French-speaking nobility had lorded it over a Saxon peasantry. The English State *was* founded upon conquest (and by alien intruders at that). In time these antagonisms had softened and a common culture of mind had been created, but the authoritarian cast was transmitted from French nobles to Tory squires who prided themselves upon being as English as the mutton they frequently resembled.

By the 19th century, literature had come to shed an amiable gloss over the harsh realities of conquest and subjugation. Walter Scott (as Thornton neatly puts it) "made an English hero of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, one of whose customary oaths was, do you take me for an Englishman?" But then Scott was the kind of urban patrician whose highest ambition it was to become a landed gentleman. What is remarkable is that, on the whole, this has remained the ideal of the English middle class. Those successful Victorian industrialists who backed Cobden and Bright in their struggle against the Corn Laws had no thought of displacing the aristocracy from the centers of power. Indeed, it is questionable whether they would have been capable of governing the state had they tried. The point is that they did not. It was enough for them that the monarchy and the aristocracy should adopt bourgeois habits and aims; this done, the middle class renounced the conquest of power and sent its sons to the public schools to be turned into "gentlemen." In the later years of the century a further refinement was added to this complex structure: the gentlemen-amateurs were sent overseas to rule over subject races. Thus the wheel came full circle: the descendants of the subjugated Saxons had now, so to speak, become Normans in their own right.

This transmogrification of the aristocracy into the ruling caste of an empire had as one of its side-effects the spread of "imperial" attitudes through much of the home population, including the working class. Socialists too (notably the Fabians) were naively proud of "their empire." It was the zenith of the old order. It was also

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the nadir of critical thinking about Britain's position in the world. Those decades from 1880 to 1914 witnessed the onset of Britain's creeping paralysis in industrial technology, especially as compared with Germany. They were the true "locust years." (In later years, after 1940, this became the cant phrase wherein patriots reproached themselves for having wasted the interwar era of 1919-39; but the true decline had started earlier.)

Conservatives and radicals, needless to say, take different views of the enduring significance of these years, though the facts themselves are not in dispute. Mr. Thornton, an erudite and eloquent defender of the Tory tradition (an earlier work of his bore the title *The Imperial Idea and Its Enemies*) has no doubt that 1940 was "Britain's finest hour." The war, he thinks, helped to break down the barriers between the classes:

> Accordingly, that "living sense of the State" which Wells had singled out as an integral part of the national outlook, became more profound. The isolation of 1940-1, which to outsiders looked like the beginning of an inevitable end, was fashioned into a positive asset. At that time the British Empire . . . reached the zenith of its moral influence in the world; and Churchill, with his sense of drama, loved always to refer to "our island," as if geography itself was leagued with these few battalions that continued to fight for the right.

Mr. Thornton is aware that the imperial tradition was the last stand of the aristocracy, and sees no reason to regret it. Contrast his peroration with the cold blast coming from the direction of the New Left: that distinctively British amalgam of Tom Paine, Marx, and Sartre:

> The administration of an empire comprising a quarter of the planet required—notoriously—its own special skills. Imperialism automatically sets a premium on a patrician political style: as a pure system of alien domination, it always, within the limits of safety, seeks to *maximize the existential difference* between the ruling and ruled race, to create a magical and impassable gulf between two fixed essences. . . . Domestic domination can be realized with a "popular" and "egalitarian" appearance, alien domination never. There can by definition be no plebeian proconsuls. In an imperial system, the iconography of power is necessarily aristocratic: it is a pure *presence*. The aristocrat is defined not by acts which denote skills, but by gestures which reveal quintessences: a specific training or aptitude would be a derogation of the impalpable essence of nobility, a finite qualification of the infinite. The famous *amateurism* of the English "upper class" has its direct source in this ideal. Traditionally contemptuous of exclusive application to "trade" or "culture," the businessman or the intellectual, the rulers of England were also—uniquely—neither professional politicians nor bureaucrats, nor militarists. They were at different times all of these, and so finally and magnificently none of them.*

Well put, in the neo-Marxist, or quasi-Sartrean style characteristic of the New Left (can anyone imagine a plebeian radical writing in this fashion?). The point has now been reached where Tories and Socialists compete for the honor of writing epitaphs to the story. And the Socialist version, if less eloquent, is by no means less elegant.

V

If this long and complex story has a moral, what is it?

What for some time has vaguely come to be known as "the condition-of-England question" is fundamentally a problem of adaptation. As to that, there is no difference of opinion: Conservatives, Liberals, and Socialists (Fabians as well as New Leftists), have for years argued over the remedies to be offered the patient while agreeing substantially on the diagnosis. Each party, moreover, has claimed to be more up-to-date than its rivals. It was in the name of modernity that the Conservatives in 1962 adopted economic planning (copied—rather unsuccessfully—from France and Japan), while rejecting socialism as "old fashioned." Entry into the Common Market was urged by the Liberals (and some Conservatives) as a means of galvanizing a stagnant economy. Labour won two elections, in 1964 and 1966, under the Wilsonian banner of technological efficiency and rapid growth (no more than a sad memory today, alas). There is now indeed a new consensus, with the inherited empiricism turned to novel uses and neo-liberalism, of a "managerial" or "technocratic" kind, the true doctrine of all three political parties. "Making British Capitalism Work" might be described as the real aim of the Wilson government, while Liberals pursue the goal of "Getting into Europe," and the younger Tories cast envious eyes at the Gaullist technocracy. The old imperial nexus appears to be dead; and over Rhodesia, both Government and Opposition—however hesitantly and ineffectively—have at least affirmed the *principle* of racial equality, and rejected the old-settler attitudes which until the mid-50's were still part of the inherited Tory creed.

Yet effective modernization appears to be as difficult under Labour as under the Tories. The Wilson government clings to great-power attitudes "East of Suez." There is still no real economic planning. Sterling remains sacrosanct. The Treasury and the Bank of England have once more got away with savage deflation, at the expense not merely of consumption (that would be no great loss), but of investment and growth. And the cultural fabric continues to offer effec-

*Perry Anderson, "Origins of the Present Crisis," in *Towards Socialism*, Cornell University Press, pp. 32-33.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive resistance to change—even the "public schools" seem likely to endure.

The extraordinary strength of this blockage is frequently put down to national psychology: the British, it is said, simply dislike change. True or not (it is clearly no longer true of the young), this is inadequate when offered as an explanation of effective resistance to specific changes which in principle everyone seems to be clamoring for. What is it that makes people resent and resist alterations which are clearly in their interest, and which, moreover, they themselves acknowledge to be necessary? If the resistance is merely psychological, why does it not yield to the torrent of enlightening propaganda which for years has been poured out by the mass media? For the media are now overwhelmingly liberal, progressive, even iconoclastic. Why does it seem to make so little difference where it really matters—at the level of national policy?

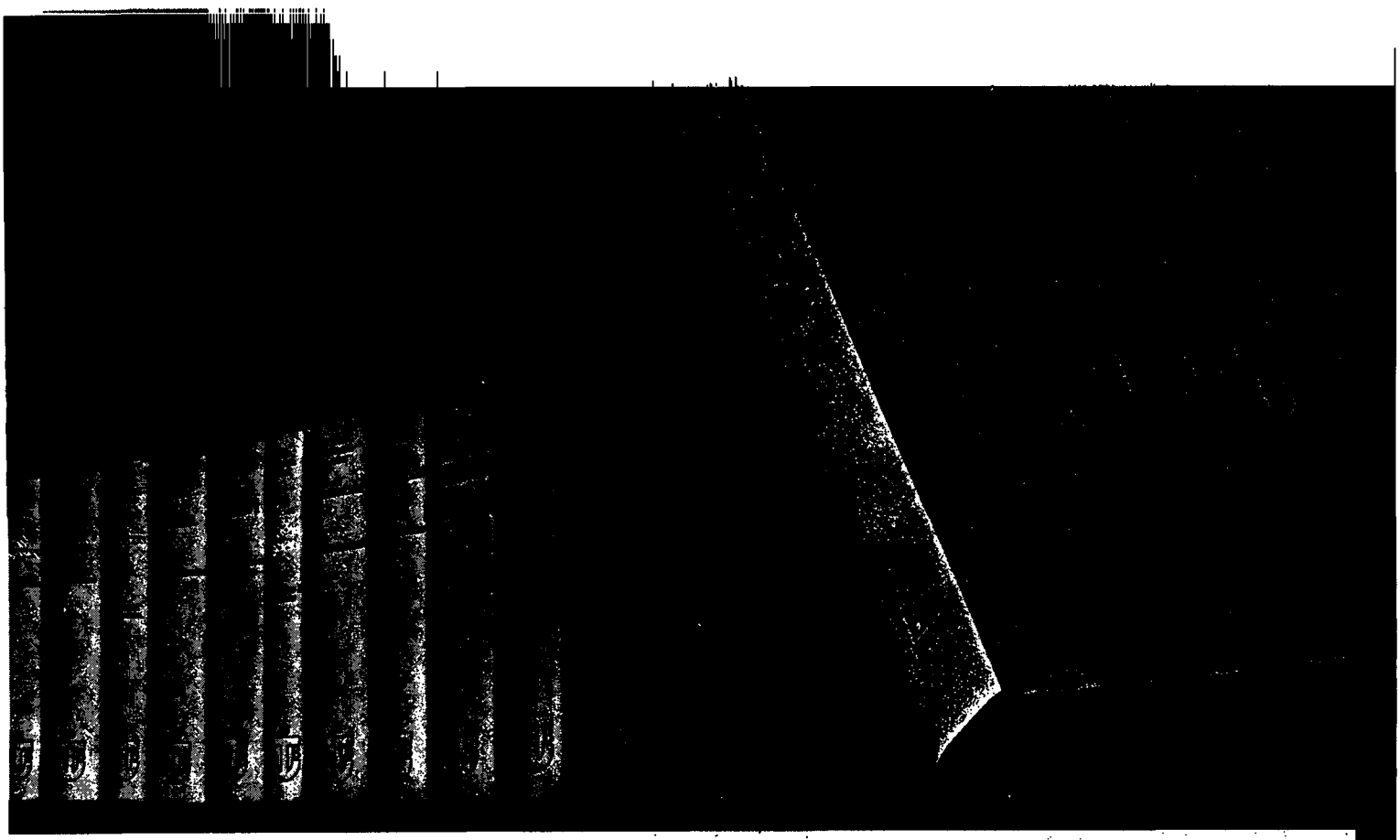
In reality, the blockage is institutional, not simply psychological, although it certainly has its psychological aspect: above all the worship of "experience" which has now replaced "tradition" as the prizewinner. "Tradition" sounds aristocratic and conservative; "experience," by contrast, seems downright practical, positively Wilsonian. What is wrong with experience? Nothing—unless it is experience of the sort that has brought the country to its present plight. But *this* kind of experience has to be judged in the light of general ideas, even philosophical ideas, and the British are not too fond of that. Why bother about general notions when it seems to be so plain that the cure for all ills is greater efficiency, or some other technical specific?

Thus, in recent years the only marketable alternative to the exhausted Churchillian rhetoric has been the short-sighted pragmatism of the Wilson regime. Now that this too has failed to do the trick, there is considerable bafflement and a tendency to blame "the politicians" collectively for not having solved a perfectly simple problem. At a higher level—that of editorials and B.B.C. Third Program talks—the Liberal Establishment pursues the tedious game of psychoanalyzing the national mind, in the hope of isolating the element of perversity which prevents Britain from being as modern and go-ahead as Germany, France, or others. And all the time there is a determined refusal to look at the subject historically, as though it were a matter of indifference that an ancient ruling class is played out and has lost its function.

LIBERAL AND left-wing critics have for years made fun of the neo-Edwardianism so marked under the Macmillan regime: the semi-conscious revival of an aristocratic tradition, down to trivial details of dress and bearing. This collective reenactment of the last great age of British hegemony, a kind of unconscious celebration of the past, was indeed the mark of the 50's and it did considerable harm (not least to the Conservative party, which as a result failed to modernize itself until it was too late). But the phenomenon has to be seen in historical perspective to permit an answer to the question: what is to take the place of the old ruling class? Plainly, the answer is: a new ruling class. But it is precisely this kind of realism which is eluded in the endless self-questioning over Britain's true role in the world: on the Right because it is too painful, on the Left because the Labour party knows in its heart that it is not cut out to provide the country with a new integration of *all* its institutions—above all, its cultural institutions. British socialism has always been a sectional affair; it has not aimed at an all-inclusive view of society and the world. In some ways this empiricism has been its strength; today it constitutes a fatal weakness.

For the ancient governing class, whatever else may have been wrong with it, had a coherent view of the world, of history, and of its own role in society. Its long domination was moral as well as material. It did not merely defend interests: it instilled beliefs. And when put to the test, it was ready to fight and able to draw the whole country along behind it. The final proof was offered in 1940, when the businessmen and their associates—Baldwin, Chamberlain, Simon, and the rest—stepped down and made room for Churchill. For in 1940 Britain still had an empire and she needed an imperial leader to defend it. Conversely, it was the congenital inability of the old ruling elite to make modern industrialism work which doomed the trio, Churchill-Eden-Macmillan, after the war. Churchill's death in 1965 did not close an epoch—the age of British paramountcy was already gone—but it set the seal on its passing. What has happened since then is quite simply this: no new elite has arisen to take the place of the old one. But these changes take time, and the post-imperial age has yet to define its character.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



COMMENTARY

ANNOUNCES A SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION PLAN TO WHAT HAS BEEN CALLED

"THE MOST EXCITING DEVELOPMENT IN BIBLICAL STUDIES IN THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD."*

THE 25-VOLUME DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR OLD TESTAMENT

The Anchor Old Testament gives a new rendering of each book of the Bible in the light of the knowledge now possessed by the sum of the Biblical scholars and sets that translation in an account of the context and background drawn from every relevant branch of knowledge from archaeology to textual criticism. Here, then, is an edition of the Bible in English that for the first time makes fully available to the layman the extraordinary results of modern scholarship.

*David Daiches, COMMENTARY, September 1965

FACTS TO REMEMBER:

- The 25 volumes will be published, at the rate of 6 per year, in handsome durable linen cloth binding.
- Each volume contains a fresh translation in lively English with extensive notes and comments.
- Each volume contains an introduction dealing with the historical and literary background.
- The translators and editors are drawn from all faiths, and each is an eminent scholar.
- All volumes are of uniform size and printed in easy-to-read type.
- Volumes are individually priced, depending on length, between $5.00 and $7.00. NOTE: COMMENTARY readers

COMMENTARY Bible Subscription Plan
165 East 56 Street
New York, New York 10022

I want to enroll in COMMENTARY's special subscription plan for the Doubleday Anchor Old Testament.

Please send me a copy of GENESIS at $5.00 (reg. $6.00) immediately. I understand that with GENESIS, as with all succeeding volumes, I may return the book within two weeks without cost or obligation. Otherwise, you may bill me for GENESIS at the special price for COMMENTARY readers, plus postage and handling.

I am assured that I may return any subsequent book without obligation; that I will be billed individually for the volumes that I receive every other month at a discount of $1.00 per volume; that the Doubleday Anchor Old Testament books will cost me $4.00, $5.00, or $6.00, depending on size; that I may cancel this subscription plan at any time without penalty.

Name _____

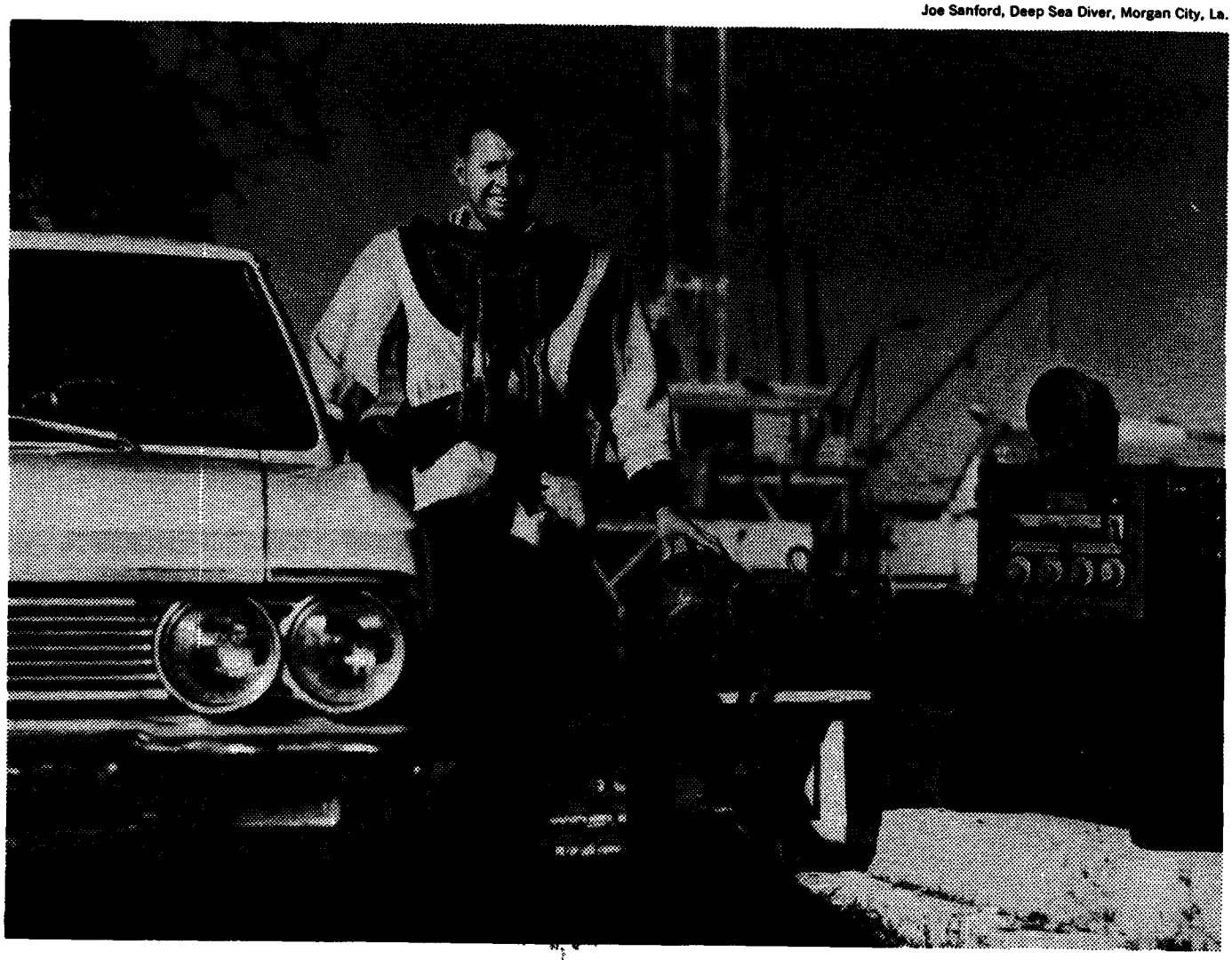
Address _____

City _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMOCO GASOLINE PROTECTS VITAL ENGINE PARTS

Joe Sanford, Deep Sea Diver, Morgan City, La.



"I know gasolines and AMOCO® Gasoline is unique because it is Lead-Free.

I use it in our compressors, the machines that pump air to the divers, for we can't have a failure from a fouled plug or sediment.

And with Filtered AMOCO we don't. Naturally, I use it in my personal car."

You expect more from American and you get it!*

AMOCO

SUPER-PREMIUM GASOLINE • CERTIFIED LEAD-FREE, THE ONLY ONE!

AMERICAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Negroes, Jews, and Muzhiks

MILTON HIMMELFARB

CAN ANYTHING still be said about Negro and Jew in the United States that has not already been said—by Fiedler, Glazer, and Podhoretz; by Baldwin, Clark, and Rustin; in conferences, speeches, books, and articles? The relation between American Jew and American Negro has even been examined in the perspective of Israel and Africa. Let us add the perspective of Belorussia and the Ukraine.

European and European-born scholars, like Yves Simon some time ago and Bruno Bettelheim more recently, have shown that the American relation between white and Negro is similar in some ways to the European relation between bourgeois and proletarian before 1939. Like Negroes and whites here, proletarians and bourgeois there were two nations. Like Negroes here, proletarians there were exploited, alienated, feared, seen as primitive and unclean: George Orwell's shabby-genteel parents used to say, "Workingmen *smell*." In Europe the moral and intellectual elite sided with the workers, here it sides with the Negroes.

All this is clearly true, but I think a better comparison might be with the European peasant, especially before 1914. There are psychosexual reasons, among others, for this: Lady Chatterley's lover was a gamekeeper, the personified principle of opposition to the death-in-life of the factory and double-entry bookkeeping, choosing to be neither bourgeois nor proletarian. In European folklore the depraved noblewoman recruits her lovers from among coachmen, grooms, and goatherds. Their closeness to animals gives them an animal potency, they are stallions; and in their primitiveness and social inferiority she gratifies her taste for lowness, the *nostalgie de la boue*. In the American imagination, of course, the manstallion is Negro. On the female side, the serf girl was the sexual property of her master and his sons, and so was the Negro slave girl: Edmund Wilson reads Mrs. Chesnut's *Diary from Dixie* and is reminded of what Tolstoy said about Russia. Like the Negro slaves in America, the muzhik serfs, emancipated at almost the same time, are then perceived as ignorant, improvident, violent, drunken, incontinent—id figures, embodiments of the untamed instincts.

The association of the Jew with the muzhik was older and more intense than that of the Jew with the Negro. With the Negro the association does not go back, essentially, before the memory of men and women still living. For Jews here, the Negro has not been the only Other (though he is most other); and notwithstanding the current Negro talk of the Jewlandlord and Goldberg, proportionately few of us in America deal chiefly with Negroes. By contrast, Jews in numbers had lived and dealt with the Slavic peasantry for the better part of a thousand years—in Poland, the Polish-Lithuanian empire, and finally in the Tsarist Russian Pale of Settlement. Enough time had passed since Khmelnitski led Ukrainian Orthodox peasants in a massacre of the Polish Catholic landowning gentry and their Jewish estate agents and men of business for his name to have become, in the language of our grandparents, a synonym for antiquity. For the Jews of the East European villages and small towns—not the cities, like Warsaw or Odessa—from whom most American Jews are immediately descended, the muzhik was the Other, statistically and psychologically. The muzhik was the Jew's external environment and, more often than not, his livelihood. In the dictionary the Yiddish word for "peasant" is *poyer* (German, *Bauer*), but in fact the Russian or Polish Jew was likely to say *goy*: the muzhik was the consummate Gentile.

When we consider that the history of relations between Jew and muzhik is so old and intense; that muzhik and Negro have been alike, not least in the culture's perception of them; and that even in plural America the Negro is nevertheless most Other—when we consider all this, we may reasonably expect that current Jewish feelings and ways of thinking about Negroes will be affected by older feelings and ways of thinking about muzhiks.

THE JEWS OF THE Pale of Settlement thought themselves superior to the muzhiks, feared them, felt guilty about them, pitied them, envied them, and, while distrusting them, wanted to see their lot bettered.

The Jews did not hate the muzhiks. In general, we are poor haters—partly, I suppose, because we have had so many enemies that hatred is pointless. What Jew hates Spain? Of Titus, a traditional Jew will still say, when he has occasion to mention him, "may his name and memory be blotted out" (thus preserving the name and memory), but he does not hate Rome. At most he has a fixed epithet that goes with Rome, "the wicked kingdom." We do

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not even hate Germany. I still look twice when I see a Volkswagen or Mercedes in the parking lot of a synagogue, and I will make an effort to avoid buying a German article, but I have not taught that to my children, and when they notice what I am doing they regard it as a cute eccentricity; nor can I altogether blame the Israelis for their heavy imports from Germany. If I do not readily work up enthusiasm for Rumania, Hungary, the Ukraine, Lithuania, and Poland, that is not hatred. The emotional relations between Jews and East European Gentiles were asymmetrical. Nothing with the Jews corresponded at all closely to the hatred against us felt—and acted on, murderously—by Rumanians, Hungarians, and the rest.

To return from this digression—I have said that Jews thought themselves superior to muzhiks. On the Jewish scale of values, Jews ranked high and muzhiks low. As between *shabbat* and *hol, ruhaniyut* and *gashmiyut*—sabbath and weekday, spirituality-intellectuality and corporeality—the Jews, in their own eyes, stood for the first term of each set, and the muzhiks for the second. Typically, Jews could read and muzhiks could not, and literacy and illiteracy have their distinctive corollaries.

Jews feared muzhiks—for the same reason, basically. The muzhiks were so *physical,* so patently the sons of Esau. Jews remembered that their ancestor Jacob had feared his brother Esau and that only a blind man could be persuaded that the hands of Jacob were the hands of Esau. Muzhiks could kill you—either individually, in a passion or for gain, or collectively, in a pogrom. More than most, Jews have cause for fearing violence.

Jews felt guilty. When a merchant (the word is much too grand) is almost as poor as his very poor customer and when he has the upper hand in such things as simple arithmetic, he is apt to take advantage. He shouldn't, but sometimes he does. The rabbis' insistence on the biblical commandment of just weights and measures and on the sacrilege of violating this commandment in dealings with Gentiles is proof that there were violations. The violators rationalized their conduct: "The muzhik steals me blind, but even when I catch him at it I have to make believe I don't see anything because I'm afraid of him, so the only way I can get my own back is to juggle the figures a little." Or else they took their ability to fool the muzhik as further proof of their cleverness and his stupidity. But they also felt guilty. They knew that what they were doing was not right.

An Israeli joke: Jews from a Polish village have survived Hitler and have established themselves as an egg-and-poultry cooperative in Israel. They are grateful to their friend, the peasant elder, for helping to save them from the Nazis, and they are proud of having made themselves into productive, progressive agriculturists. As the Zionist song has it, they came to Israel to build and to be built, and they have succeeded. So they pool their money and send a ticket to the old peasant, who eventually comes from Poland to visit them. They show him their modern equipment and methods, and he is impressed. Then they show him how artificial light twenty-four hours a day keeps the hens laying without interruption. He shakes his head and says, "Ah, *Zhidy, Zhidy*! You have no honest Poles to trick any more, so you trick chickens."

JEWS PITIED the muzhik: he had to bear on his back the weight of the gentry, the bureaucracy, the army, the church, the absolute monarchy. He labored and suffered so that these need not, and so that they could lord it over him. He was a man, by definition created in the image of God, and they had made him less than a man.

Jews envied the muzhik: the other side of revulsion is attraction, even fascination. People under the firm rule of the superego must hanker, whether they know it or not, for instinctual anarchy. As soon as the sovereignty of Torah and the rabbinocracy had been breached, the attraction could express itself: Isaac Babel rides with the Red Cavalry Cossacks, for reasons that Lionel Trilling has finely explained, and the Second and Third Aliyot bring with them to Palestine a Tolstoyan peasant-and-soil romanticism. In I. B. Singer's *The Slave,* when the peasant Wanda becomes the Jewish Sarah, she is more admirable than the homeborn Jewesses. What all modern Jews in Eastern Europe had in common, transcending any difference of formal ideology, was that they valued action, forcefulness, masculinity, and saw the old Judaism as passive, weak, feminine. They liked Esau more than their parents did, and Jacob less. (See Mary Catherine Bateson's analysis of this theme, and of the reconciliation of masculine and feminine in Bialik's poetry, in *Daedalus* for Summer 1966.)

As the Jews did not hate the muzhik, so they did not blame him. They blamed the system, or the authorities—priests, government. I remember the late Hayim Greenberg writing that the ordinary Jew would say, "The peasant is really a good fellow, if he's left alone and if he doesn't get drunk" —exactly what I used to hear at home when my parents spoke of the old country. If only the priests and officials didn't incite the muzhik, if only they cared enough to make him educate his children, if only the social and political system were decent, all would be well, for muzhik and Jew alike.

But Jews believed that the muzhik needed help and guidance and could not be trusted to do things for himself. Without guidance, his childishness, impulsiveness, and propensity to violence would spoil everything. In the 1870's and early 1880's some young Jewish revolutionaries joined the *narodnik* (populist) movement and "went to the people," that is, to the peasant masses. Then came the pogroms. Some Jewish narodniks tried to excuse these as the first stirrings of the revolutionary spirit in a formerly inert mass, but most Jews were strengthened in their conviction that while to do something for the people was just and necessary,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to trust them to do it was folly. In the Jacobin formula, the people were to be compelled to be virtuous.

After Hitler and all that the Nazis had done to the Poles, there was a pogrom in the Polish town of Kielce against the handful of Jews who had escaped the crematoria and returned. Most Jews took the pogrom as the signal to leave forever, chiefly for Israel. Those who chose to remain—above all, the polonized and assimilated—were tempted to rely on Stalin and the Red Army to implant virtue in the Poles, and some became agents of the Stalinist Polish Communist police. That suited Stalin and the Stalinists: let the Poles hate the Jews instead, as always.

USUALLY, the Jewish distrust of the masses has included a distrust of the leader who comes from the masses, and who is all too likely to share their prejudices and weaknesses, including anti-Semitism. Better by far the patrician liberal, cultured, above plebeian uncouthness. Whether a Jew is modern or traditional, if he has any political theory at all it is apt to be classical: the state must have a monopoly of violence, it should be just, and it should be in the hands of enlightened men. Rule by an establishment can be bad, but in the Jewish experience it is generally less bad than rule by men from the masses, appealing to their emotions.

Raw anti-Semitism is more a plebeian and populist phenomenon than an establishment one. Lueger, the late-19th-century anti-Semitic mayor of Vienna, was the populace's man. Between him and the Jews, protecting them, stood the Emperor Francis Joseph; and the Jews of the Hapsburg empire loved their emperor. Hitler was a kind of tribune of the plebs. (In literature, Céline speaks their rancor, with their voice.) Centuries earlier, in the late Middle Ages and the early modern period, expulsions of the Jews had accompanied the nationalisms and the formation of the national states of Western Europe, in England, France, and Spain; and the impulse for both the nationalisms and the expulsions had come more from the rising new men than from the established old ones. The Spanish Inquisition was populist in its origins, and normally Jews had more to fear from the lower clergy than from the higher.

In the United States, Tom Watson was a Populist, and he helped to lynch Leo Frank. The historians debate whether the Populist movement was really anti-Semitic or only seemed so, but Jews can be forgiven for uneasiness about several things associated with the Populists, including the frenzy aroused by a speech against crucifying mankind upon a cross of gold. For Christians, crucifixion was the Jewish crime; and about the time when Bryan was declaiming, the Tsarist secret police was forging the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, according to which there was a gold power out to conquer the world, and that power was Jewish.

McCarthyism was populist and popular. Its target was the establishment—Harvard, the State Department, the Supreme Court, even the Army—and it could be defeated only by the establishment. Civil liberties and the rights of minorities are not characteristically cherished by any populism, which tends toward an intolerant majoritarianism: the Soviet prosecutors of the intellectuals who failed to think wholesome thoughts were able to appeal to popular sentiment. Early in this century American populism won a great victory for democracy, the initiative and the referendum. Today, from coast to coast, these are used with almost invariable success against the civil rights of Negroes. In California, where a large majority voted to put racial discrimination in housing beyond the reach of law, it has been left to the courts, elitist by their nature, to uphold decency against the electorate speaking through the polls. In New York City everybody expects that if the people are allowed to vote on a civilian review board for the police, they will turn it down, and civil libertarians have been hoping that the courts will prevent the people from voting.

On the whole, therefore, we have had some justification for our distrust of populism and men from the people and our preference for the cultivated, liberal, patrician leader. Sometimes, though, we overdo it. We gave and still give to Franklin D. Roosevelt more devotion than he earned, by any cool, political measure of favors done and benefits conferred. But at least Roosevelt was a President, and a great one. What can explain our infatuation with Adlai Stevenson? (I am entitled to ask the question. I voted for him twice.) He was not especially favorable to Jewish causes or interests, nor was he even much of a New Dealer. It was enough for us that he seemed to incarnate all that is enlightened, cultured, and well-bred. (Another good sign: he was obviously no athlete.) To most other Americans, he was not nearly the man Eisenhower was. We were a little tardy in getting to like President Kennedy, because Stevenson was in the way, but when we could perceive Kennedy, too, as enlightened, cultivated, and patrician, we were his—again, a little more than his objective merits or accomplishments warranted.

On the other hand, we have consistently underestimated Truman, and fewer of us voted for him than for any other Democratic Presidential candidate since 1932. Nothing patrician about him. Rather, something folksy-populist, and so a bit disquieting. Twenty years from now, someone may write that we underestimated Johnson, for similar reasons.

WHAT ARE the differences between our present attitude toward Negroes and the older attitude

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward muzhiks? Negroes are not so exclusively the Other as the muzhiks used to be: Negroes are ten per cent or so of the population of America, muzhiks were probably ninety per cent in old Eastern Europe. If there had been psychoanalysts in Zhitomir or Grodno, they would have found that the id figures of their Jewish patients' dreams and fantasies were muzhiks, and only muzhiks. Here psychoanalysts no doubt find their Jewish patients dreaming and fantasizing about Negroes, but not only about Negroes. Our society and our culture offer additional possibilities for representing the id.

We also feel less guilty about Negroes, I think. For the sake of argument, let us concede what should not be conceded: to deal with = to exploit. But even of the so-called Goldbergs, even of the Jewlandlords, not all are Jews. Some are actually Negroes. They are called Jewlandlords because they are landlords.

In what way are the two attitudes the same? About Negroes, Jews fear what our grandparents feared about muzhiks, violence. We know in our bones that the civil peace is always fragile, that a habitude of violence is easily established, and that then Jews and people like Jews had better watch out.

In our distaste for violence we differ hardly at all from our grandparents. When they were displeased they did not hit, they acted *broygez* (Yiddish, "offended" or "sulky," from Hebrew *berogez*, "in wrath"): they did not speak to the person who had offended them, they avoided his —often her—company. (In his wife's presence, a man would say to his child, "Tell your mother the soup is cold.") The characteristic response of Jews to an unpleasant situation is still avoidance, flight not fight. If a Jew does not like Negroes moving into his neighborhood, he moves out. He does not band together with his neighbors to burn a cross—of course not—or to throw bricks and bottles. That may be why Jewish neighborhoods turn into Negro neighborhoods fairly easily. It was not where Jews live that Dr. King's marchers for integrated housing needed massive police protection, this past summer in Chicago. It was where Ukrainians, Lithuanians, Poles, and Italians live—the children and grandchildren of muzhiks (and other peasants).

If I were a Negro I would resent a Jew's acting *broygez*, but I would surely prefer it to someone else's violence. Still, that may only prove I am unable to rise above my Jewish thinking. A few years ago the late Malcolm X said on television—publicly, emphatically, to many thousands—that he liked Sheriff Clark of Selma, Alabama, the man with the dogs and the electric prods, better than Jewish liberals and supporters of the civil-rights movement. Malcolm said: Clark is a wolf but the Jewish liberal is a fox, and the wolf is better because with him you know where you are. Now it appears that Malcolm is a great man in his death, and not only among the young generation of Negroes. A university journal has published a rhetorician's effusion about his rhetoric, which purports to demonstrate—*le style c'est l'homme même*—that Malcolm was good and noble and honest, attacking only those people and things that were wicked and base and false. The rhetoric of the wolf and the fox was not mentioned.

As FOR POPULISM, we like it in Negroes no more than in muzhiks or in white Americans. Once more, it is violence or the aura of violence that worries us, as well as the encouragement to indulge prejudice and dislike of outsiders and the encouragement to suspect and resent elites, whether good or bad. Dr. King and many others say harsh things about "the power structure," but the non-power structure is usually worse. Most judges are better than most citizens, most mayors than most voters, most union leaders than most of their members, most presidents of chambers of commerce than most businessmen; Goldwater is better than most Goldwater zealots. I do not say intrinsically good, but relatively better. A dozen or so years ago, a close study of American thinking about civil liberties showed that the average chairwoman of a DAR chapter and the average commander of an American Legion post were usually better than their rank and file.

Black power? For what it represents of violence-populism, no. But it also represents something that modern Jewish history knows, favorably, as self-emancipation (Pinsker's auto-emancipation). Emancipated Jews know self-hate, though it seems to be our good fortune now to know less about it at first hand than only a generation ago. We know or knew enough about it for the books on it to be written by Jews, about Jewish examples. (Who can forget the case of Otto Weininger?) In some form, black power has to precede or accompany black self-acceptance and self-esteem. Otherwise, there will be black self-hate.

When Negroes demand better education for their children, it must be intolerable for them to hear themselves saying that a predominantly Negro school is necessarily an inferior school. Negroes must feel better when they say that white is not better than black, white is only richer than black; with money, Negro schools can be as good as white schools, and better. This may be a myth now, but if so, it is of that species of myth which, by transforming men, transforms itself into reality. Herzl's Jewish state was a myth of the same species—about which he prophesied, truly: "If you will it, this need not be a myth."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

© 1966 R Lorillard Co.

Co-Founder of the American Medical Association

Technically, Dr. Hays' most important contribution to American medicine was in the field of ophthalmology, being among the first to study color blindness and detect astigmatism. But it is as co-founder of the A.M.A. that his future fame was to rest.

Hays received his B.A. from the University of Pennsylvania, and within two years of graduating from medical college he was appointed to the staff of the Pennsylvania Infirmary of the Eye and Ear.

Not only did Dr. Hays excel in his chosen specialty, he also edited *Hays' Journal,* of which it has been said: "It is one of the few great journals of the world, and one from which it is almost possible to write the progress of American medicine during the past century."

As medical science advanced in skill and prestige, the need for a permanent national organization became evident. In 1847 Dr. Hays led a medical conference in Philadelphia and chaired the committee that presented a series of ethical principles for the guidance of the organization. These rules of conduct were adapted at the formation of the American Medical Association, and continue today as the basis of A.M.A. principles.

Dr. Hays' activities were as numerous as they were varied. In addition to being an expert oculist, he retained a successful general practice. He found time to serve on hospital staffs. He continued to edit and translate medical works, and to publish them as well. But involved as he was with medicine and science, Hays still remained active in Jewish communal affairs, and was a member of Mikvah Israel.

P. LORILLARD COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1760
First with the Finest Cigarettes
through Lorillard research

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MURROW WAS THERE

A Reporter Remembers—Volume I: The War Years

During the turbulent years of World War II, Edward R. Murrow was in London serving as chief of the Columbia Broadcasting System's Foreign Staff.

From the scene of battle he reported the devastating effects of war on a people, and a world.

He was there during the Nazi raid of December 29th, when the entire city was aflame and the falling rain looked like blood. He was there when mighty Britain trembled and shook beneath the hideous weight of so many bombs. He was there when the London schoolchildren were evacuated. And he hungered, along with the rest of England, for the chirping sounds of youthful voices, so painfully absent.

Saw Horrors—and Glories

He knew every horror of war. But he saw its glories, too. He was witness to the sublime valor of Britain's men and women. He recalled with fondness the Christmas carols they sang deep inside their oppressive shelters. These people, he said, "were living a life, not an apology." He saw the indomitable courage of Winston Churchill. He felt the thrill of D-Day.

Columbia LP Now Available

In this outstanding Columbia Records 2-LP set you will hear Mr. Murrow's actual BBC broadcasts—perhaps for a second time. There will be moments of anguish. Like the discovery of Buchenwald. But there will be moments of joy. Like VE day. They are all moments to remember. And only this reporter could have remembered them all.

Edward R. Murrow/The Sound of History on COLUMBIA RECORDS

®"COLUMBIA" MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT HAPPENED TO JOHN BARTH?

Robert Garis

WITH A novel as peculiar as *Giles Goat-Boy** on their hands, John Barth's publishers wisely took the only course open to them: they played it all or nothing. The book was given the big treatment—interviews before publication, big ads, big reviews. The campaign, as we all know by now, has paid off handsomely; *Giles Goat-Boy,* well on its way up the bestseller list, has established Barth as a formidable new talent in American literature.

My role in this by-now-familiar ceremony must be the equally familiar one of the dissenting voice. But I dissent with a regret that is not only real but painful: to me Barth's second novel, *End of the Road*† (1958), is a splendid work, one of the most exciting novels of the last twenty years. His first novel, *The Floating Opera*** (1956), I liked pretty well too, and so I felt something close to personal betrayal when I discovered that *The Sot-Weed Factor*†† (1960) and *Giles Goat-Boy* are about as bad as novels can be. They are, to begin with, appallingly tedious, and what is worse, their tediousness seems to be almost deliberate, a necessary feature of the large fictional project which Barth has undertaken and in which *The Sot-Weed Factor* and *Giles Goat-Boy* represent just the first two installments. This project, I believe, bears the same relation to interesting fiction that Baconianism bears to significant Shakespeare studies.

Actually, Barth's concern with this project was already visible in *The Floating Opera,* but at that point it had yet to take over his mind, and therefore did little damage to that entertaining novel. Now, however, we see the whole strange plan: Barth has taken upon himself no less a task than the resurrection of the pre-dramatic novel—a task he means to accomplish by overtly imitating the techniques of English fiction prior to Jane Austen, and by rendering in up-to-date contexts the themes which have been found in these early novels by some of their more strenuous over-readers. *The Floating Opera* is modeled on *Tristram Shandy* (amusing inability to get down to telling the story, exhibitionistic eccentricity, lots of digressions); *The Sot-Weed Factor* is an 806-page literal imitation of every picaresque novel from Rabelais to *Fanny Hill* (archaic language; long, funny chapter-headings; episodic structure); *Giles Goat-Boy* is a 710-page pseudo-adaptation of the Swift of *Gulliver's Travels* and the narrative sections of *A Tale of a Tub* (extended political, social, and religious allegory with a science-fiction twist). I call what Barth is doing Baconianism because, as the length itself of the two later books might suggest, one sees here a heartbreakingly obsessive patience and persistence; and yet, it doesn't work. Just as the Baconians in the end tell us nothing about Shakespeare, so Barth's laborious imitations fail to produce interesting or important works of art. An extremely talented novelist has, for motives one can only guess at, deliberately turned himself into a kind of mad graduate-student in English literature. Of course, Mr. Barth himself might relish my description of his project and its results: he is one of our black humorists. Interviews with him, as well as the novels themselves, suggest that he is quite a joker, and I have neglected to report that the last two novels are said to be riotously funny and zestfully bawdy.

But I happen to find these novels boring and not very funny, and I think they fail to accomplish the expressive effects which Barth set out to achieve. On the first two counts, I can do little beyond mere assertion. I can, however, recount what the reviewer of *The Sot-Weed Factor* for the New York *Times* called "Barth's masterstroke . . . an outrageously funny, villainously slanderous, alleged secret journal of Capt. James Smith. Its version of the Pocahontas story is truly Rabelaisian and marvelously executed." Now this Rabelaisian version of the Pocahontas story happens to be not in Capt. James Smith's secret journal but in Sir Henry Burlingame's—but *The Sot-Weed Factor* is not a book that encourages accurate reading. Barth's story is that Smith, far from being rescued from death by the intervention of the noble Pocahontas, instead procured his own amnesty from Pocahontas's father because he alone, by means of a secret concoction involving an eggplant, was able to produce an erection big enough to penetrate Pocahontas's "privitie," which was "that nice, and the tympanum thereof so surpassing stout, as to render it infrangible." As for Capt. Smith's journal, it in fact concentrates less on mighty erections than on "mighty" farts and faeces discharged from "mighty bums." There is a lot of this sort of talk in the book, and it is certainly harmless enough. But this brand of humor, compared with even so mild a success as *Candy*—not to mention the works of Nabokov—strikes me by now as fairly predictable, and I think Barth's bawdry will be found irresistible, "outrageously funny," and "marvelously executed," only by those who get a mighty charge out of any use of wonderful quaint old words like "privitie" and "bum."

IF I contend that Barth's methods fail to achieve his expressive and philosophical intentions, it might be answered that my use of these terms shows plainly enough that I am taking a marvelous spoof in the wrong spirit. But this is nonsense: Barth is nothing if not thinky, he loves ideas with the cranky passion of the amateur. I shall argue later that this Philosophy-101 earnestness about ideas accounts for some of the peculiar power of *End of the Road.* But in that book ideas are really dramatized; in *The Sot-Weed Factor* and *Giles Goat-Boy,* Barth's episodic structure has the effect of casting a merciless spotlight on the puerility of his thinking. One of the episodes in *The Sot-Weed Factor,* for instance, involves the marriage of an Indian

* Doubleday, 710 pp., $6.95.

† Doubleday, 230 pp., $3.95.

** Appleton-Century-Croft, 280 pp., $3.95.

†† Doubleday, 806 pp., $7.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to a white Englishwoman (who turns out, in one of the hundreds of boring coincidences that are *de rigueur* in imitation picaresque, to be the hero's twin sister). We hear the thinking that is behind this contrived episode from Mary Mungummory, "the Travelling whore o' Dorset":

> But what I've heard o' the wretch and his English woman I can fathom to the core. Let callow folk laugh: I know his heart and hers as well! There's something in't of what Mister Cooke declared just now, and what we discoursed on once before in the Cambridge stables—that there's a piece o' the salvage in us all. 'Tis that and more: the dark of 'em hath somewhat to do with't, I know. What drives so many planters' ladies to raise their skirts for some great black buck of a slave, like the Queen in *The Thousand and One Nights*? *I'* God, the things I see and hear of in my rounds! Methinks 'tis an itch for all we lose as proper citizens—something in us pines for Chaos, for the black and lawless Pit. I've seen these ladies at their pleasure and taken my share of't; the sweat of such rutting hath the cold, sweet stink o Death.

This theme is continued in the next chapter, which is titled: "The tale of Billy Rumbly is concluded by an eye-witness to his Englishing. Mary Mungummory poses the question, does essential savagery lurk beneath the skin of civilization, or does essential civilization lurk beneath the skin of savagery? —but does not answer it." It turns out that when Anna Cooke married Billy Rumbly, she was instantly transformed into an Indian in her manners and dress ("her hair was coarse and tangled, and her brown skin greasy as a bacon-flitch"), while Billy Rumbly became increasingly civilized, learning how to speak elegant English in a few days, dressing and moving with aristocratic style, and so forth. When the hero, Ebenezer Cooke, discovers that the woman is his sister, the process is instantly reversed. Now this, I swear, is absolutely all Barth does in the way of fleshing out his dark questions about civilization and savagery (one cannot read the later Barth without keeping up a constant antiphony of "Is that *all*?").

Let me take another instance from this novel. Ebenezer and Anna continually encounter their sinister former tutor, Henry Burlingame III; he appears in many disguises, he is charismatic ("he had that power of attraction—how doth a man speak of it?"), he is impotent, bisexual (having been seduced by Sir Isaac Newton), and he, too, like all proper characters in a proper picaresque, is searching for his own identity. Clearly a very large idea is in the offing: but all we learn in the true-confession scene is that Burlingame had all along been in love, not with either twin, but with their "twinship."

Another example: Ebenezer Cooke, the poet-laureate of Maryland, having vowed chastity because of his vocation, falls in love with a London whore named Joan Toast, whom he finally marries when she is dying of the pox. But though he marries her, he does not sleep with her until the very last pages of the book, for not until then does he discover the "crime I stand indicted for . . . the crime of innocence, whereof the Knowledged must bear the burden. There's the true Original Sin our souls are born in: not that Adam *learned*, but that he *had* to learn—in short, that he was innocent."

THESE FEW sophomoric paradoxes provide an infuriatingly small return on an investment of 806 pages. But the essential, the pure tedium of *The Sot-Weed Factor* remains Barth's sheer incapacity to invent interesting episodes or an interesting language. Mary Mungummory's musings on Chaos and the Pit reveal the colossal errors of tact, tone, and diction that Barth can sink to when he has heavy thoughts on his mind. (Compare this with a choice bit of historical realism from the movie *Quo Vadis*: "Do come visit us in Sicily. Bring Drusilla and the children.") As these quotations show, Barth's page-by-page imitation of 18th-century English chugs along at a pretty steady B average.

Giles Goat-Boy has been praised for an even riper kind of poetic prose: "Mercy on that buck who butted me from one world to another; whose fell horns turned my sweetheart's fancy, drove me from the pasture, and set me gimping down the road I travel yet." Actually, however, this self-conscious high-style (B-minus I'd say, this time) plays a mercifully small part in the novel. The language that really counts is the speech of the symbolic characters in Barth's Swiftian apparatus. Here is Max Spielman, one of the key characters—a brilliant atomic physicist whose guilt about the bomb has driven him to the country to raise goats—explaining to the hero, Billy Bockfuss-George the Goat-Boy-Giles Goat-Boy, why he raised him as a goat rather than as a boy:

> "Every day I looked at the human school-kids that visited the barns," he said; "they were good children, pretty children, full of passions and curiosity: I'd ask one who he was, and he'd say 'I'm Johnny So-and-so, and my daddy's a gunner in the NTC Navy, and when I grow up I'm going to be a famous scientist and EAT the Nikolayans.' Then I'd ask Brickett Ranunculus, that was just a young buck then, 'Who are *you*?' and he'd twitch one ear and go on eating his hay. There it all was, Bill. On one side, the Nine Symphonies and the Twelve-Term Riot; Enos Enoch and the Bonifacists! On the other side, Brickett Ranunculus eating his mash and not even knowing there's such a thing as knowledge. I'd watch you frisking with Mary's kids, that never were going to hear what *true* and *false* is, and then I'd look at the wretchedest man on campus, that wrote *The Theory of the University* and loves every student in it, but killed ten thousands with a single Brainwave! So! Well! I decided my Bill had better be a goat, for his own good, he should never have to wonder who he is!"

Swiftian transpositions account for the bizarre surface (NTC is NYC or USA, the Nikolayans are the Russians, the Twelve-Term Riot is World War II, etc.), but apart from this there is nothing in the thinking or the writing here that one would not expect to hear in a "serious" TV play about scientists and the bomb. Occasionally, as in the last sentence above, Spielman's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In large measure we owe our greatness as a nation to a rich variety of the national origins of our people. We must always remember that it is the very differences among groups that has developed the genius of America"

NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER
Governor

Human Rights In New York State

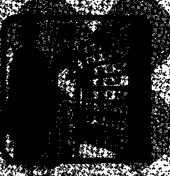
TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO, an historic law was enacted in New York State designed to assure all persons equal opportunity in employment without regard to race, creed, color or national origin.

This pioneering legislation was an affirmation of the traditional concept of individual rights in a democratic system of government as set forth almost 200 years ago in the Declaration of Independence which held "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

It further affirmed the ringing words of George Washington, in a letter sent to the Hebrew Congregation of Newport, Rhode Island, in 1790, that the Government of the United States "gives to bigotry no sanction, to persecution no assistance."

In the score of years since that initial enactment, New York State's equal opportunity law has been amended to guarantee to all persons equal opportunity in housing and in the use of the services and facilities of places of public accommodation.

Many of its people, [illegible] the Empire State were refused, either overtly or covertly, employment, housing, or [illegible] solely on the basis of religious grounds.



Many of us recall that a person's [illegible] from full participation in the [illegible] way of life.

Many of us recall when [illegible] New York State [illegible] that commerce [illegible] Broadened the scope and [illegible] pace of advancement toward [illegible] achieving fulfillment for all persons. It [illegible] accommodations, or have knowledge of the denial of these rights to anyone, write or visit the nearest Commission office:

OFFICES OF THE COMMISSION

GEORGE H. FOWLER, *Chairman*
BERNARD KATZEN, *Vice Chairman*

NEW YORK CITY
270 Broadway
BArclay 7-1616

UPPER MANHATTAN
62 E. 125th Street
EN 9-1112-3

THE BRONX
358 E. 149th Street
LU 5-7097

BROOKLYN
26 Court Street

QUEENS
42-01 Main Street
Flushing, L.I.
762-2230
90-01 Sutphin Blvd.
Jamaica, L.I.
291-6646

LONG ISLAND
244 Mineola Blvd.
Mineola, L.I.
CH 8-8150

STATEN ISLAND
25 Hyatt Street
St. George
447-3372

WHITE PLAINS
61 Mitchell Place

ALBANY
State Office Bldg.
GRidley 4-2705-6

BUFFALO
State Office Bldg.
125 Main Street
842-4456

ROCHESTER
65 Broad Street
Terminal Bldg.
325-2367

SYRACUSE
333 E. Washington St.

STATE OF NEW YORK
STATE COMMISSION FOR HUMAN RIGHTS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talk does get a little cornier in the Jewish idiom, and thus slightly more interesting, but Barth lacks the courage to raise even this familiar idiom to the pitch necessary to bring off the effect of fantasy which he intends.

Without the support of vivid language, everything depends on the Swiftian device; but the failure of Barth's Swiftian allegory in *Giles Goat-Boy* is more awesome than anything in *The Sot-Weed Factor*—it is in fact total. Everyone who has heard of the novel knows by now that the world of *Giles Goat-Boy* is described in terms of a university: Russia is the East Campus, the West is the West Campus, Presidents are Chancellors, other officers Deans, and Billy Bockfuss (George the Goat-Boy) believes himself to be the new Grand Tutor if not actually the Giles (that is, some kind of Christ-figure). Barth has worked this out very fully, and it certainly sounds Swiftian enough. Now, although I am not the world's greatest admirer of Books I and II of *Gulliver's Travels*, or of the narrative sections of *A Tale of a Tub*, I will acknowledge that Swift's invention of little and big men and his reduction of religious controversy to low terms do achieve his intention of offering a strange and special perspective on human affairs: the device may not yield untold riches of insight, but it is distinctly a new perspective, it *works*. Barth's version of Swiftian methods, on the other hand, I would again call Baconianism, because his elaborate translation of our world into a university is precisely *not* a new perspective. We learn nothing new about the way our world works simply by having it called a university; Barth, in fact, hardly ever actually *describes* the world in terms of a university, and even when he does, there is no meaningful counterpart in our world to what happens in Barth's university. It is all on the surface, all a matter of substituting one term for another. The inhabitants of New Tammany Campus do not in the least appear to be attending a university, they are simply living in a sketchily outlined version of the United States or New York City. The Chancellor of New Tammany resembles some college presidents because some college presidents in our world resemble politicians in their personality; in Barth's book the Chancellor of New Tammany does not do the kind of work a college president does but the kind of work done by the President of the United States. It is true that everybody on New Tammany Campus has to go through a ritual called Matriculation, but this too is a meaningless procedure, because there is nothing analogous to Matriculation in our world, unless one would call it something vague like "coming of age" or "joining the culture," in which case the precisely detailed description of the Matriculation ceremony fails to offer any new perspective on a similarly precise ritual in our world. Nor are the students of the University endangered by the computer in the way students at Berkeley think they are endangered; for the computer, Wescac, is mostly a bomb, and being EATen by Wescac results in the physical destruction of the brain by radiation, which produces conventional idiocy. And so on. It is as if Barth had written a 710-page imitation of Swift just to demonstrate as convincingly as possible that he does not, in the most basic sense, understand how Swift's methods operate. (Perhaps, of course, not to understand Swift is riotously and outrageously funny, and I am again missing the joke.)

Because of this failure to operate the Swiftian machine, what we actually encounter in Giles Goat-Boy are John Barth's personal opinions on world politics, Kennedy, Eisenhower, the Nazis, the bomb, and so forth. There is no reason why the opinions of a novelist named John Barth on these matters ought to be more valuable than yours or mine, and they decidedly aren't. But then you and I haven't written 710-page accounts of our opinions.

Giles Goat-Boy also contains a moral, religious, and metaphysical allegory. George the Grand Tutor spends a lot of time wondering whether he really is the Grand Tutor, and he gradually develops his gospel (the Revised New Curriculum) only while preaching it. When he arrives at New Tammany, he finds it in a state of degenerate moral relativism and thrill-seeking; he begins, therefore, by preaching a doctrine of strict categories: passèd (saved) and flunkèd (damned) are totally disparate states, and one must strive to rediscover and follow strict standards of good and evil. He then becomes convinced that the opposite is true—passèd and flunkèd are the same—and he proceeds to preach a gospel of being true to one's nature. Finally, he climbs to the higher paradox, in which he believes both of his former gospels at once: passèd and flunkèd are both the same and different. But this gospel must be mystically experienced, it cannot be taught; it seems to have something to do with love, for its key word is "embrace," and George's moment of mystical illumination takes place in the sexual act. If these paradoxes sound pretty trashy in my outline, please be assured that reading the novel itself will not change your mind about them; in fact, nothing in the dull repetitive episodes with which Barth has contrived to fill the pages of *Giles Goat-Boy* amounts to an imaginative embodiment of, or justification for, this gospel.

IT IS WITH relief and with a strong sense of bafflement that I approach Barth's absorbing early novel, *End of the Road*. Like his two later books, *End of the Road* is also a novel of ideas, and indeed pretty much the same ones. One of the most original things about Barth is his continual preoccupation with basic, almost naive, moral and ethical questions: How should one live one's life? How can one commit oneself to certain values, norms, categories, without losing one's basic freedom to experience life itself? If one passes "beyond good and evil," gives up allegiance to conventional categories and hence also gives up moving toward the goals set by those categories—in other words, if one becomes alienated—how can one keep on living? Does alienation constitute freedom, or death? In *End of the Road*, Barth "thinks through" such questions in the way most good fiction characteristically operates—by dramatizing them in terms of complex, con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to have a successful party in three words (the Smooth Canadian) or less (V.O.)

More people drink Seagram's V.O. than any other brand of imported whisky (including scotch). It does what no other one can—defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course. With all this going for it, how can a party "go" without it?

Known by the company it keeps
Seagram's Canadian V.O.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FARRAR STRAUS GIROUX

Bernard Malamud

THE FIXER. "A novel of startling importance."—ELIZABETH HARDWICK, *Vogue*. "One of the year's richest novels, a literary event in any season." — ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH, *N.Y. Times*. *A Literary Guild selection*. 275,000 copies in print. $5.75

Walker Percy

THE LAST GENTLEMAN. "Altogether richer and more intriguing than his first novel, *The Moviegoer*, which won him the National Book Award in 1962." — JOYCE CAROL OATES, *The Nation*. "A distinguished work of art." — *N.Y. Times Book Review*. 3rd printing. $5.95

Colette

EARTHLY PARADISE: *Colette's Autobiography, drawn from the writings of her lifetime by ROBERT PHELPS*. "Here at last is the reader's great Colette book." — JANET FLANNER, *Life*. 3rd printing. $6.95

Alberto Moravia

THE LIE. "A bold, intricate, astonishing new novel . . . Sex, boredom, meaninglessness, the genuine and false, are the elements which compose it." — RICHARD GILMAN, front page, *N.Y. Times Book Review*. 3rd printing. $5.95

Isaac Bashevis Singer

IN MY FATHER'S COURT. "In this heartwarming account, the luminous novelist and fabulist returns in memory to the sources of his art . . . The dramas enacted in his boyhood home seem like scenes straight out of his mature fiction." — *Newsweek*. 5th printing. $5.50

Wilfrid Sheed

OFFICE POLITICS. A devastating, comic novel about the underlings on the staff of a small magazine. "In the style of early Waugh and Powell: funny, sad, implacably intelligent."—DWIGHT MACDONALD $4.95

Now at your bookstore
FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

vincingly rendered personal relations; and he "answers" them by contriving a satisfying outcome to the drama of these relations.

The main character, Jacob Horner, represents a classical case of the alienated man who can *maintain no consistent identity* and therefore spends most of his time in a state of near-unconsciousness because no one thing seems better to do than any other thing. His doctor advises him to engage in arbitrary systematic work, and since Horner has done graduate work in English, he is able to get a job teaching systematic grammar at a small college on the eastern shore of Maryland. There he meets and, in his uncommitted way, becomes involved with a young couple, Rennie and Joe Morgan. The Morgans are odd enough in their own way—one must read Barth's full treatment to get even a hint of their real flavor—but the most important fact about them in terms of the book's theme is that they are dedicated to a complete mutuality of knowledge, trust, and freedom in marriage, and to unremitting self-investigation. Because Rennie is much less secure than her husband, it is easy for Horner casually to seduce her, whereupon the Morgans begin an agonizingly comic marathon to investigate the meaning of Rennie's infidelity. But Horner's characteristic response is this: "When upon confronting Joe in the hallways . . . I felt terribly ashamed of the trouble I'd caused him—when in my mind I not only regretted but actually repudiated my adultery—what I really felt was that *I* would not do what that Jacob Horner had done: I felt no identity with that stupid fellow. But as a point of honor (in which some Horner or other believed) I would not claim this pluralism, for fear Joe would interpret it as a defense." Rennie becomes pregnant and resolves either to get an abortion or to shoot herself. Faced with this striking drama, Horner now feels responsibility for his actions, and it is he who tries to arrange the abortion. As a last resort, he tries his own doctor, who reluctantly consents to perform the abortion as part of Horner's therapy, but only under the condition that Horner become a permanent member of his sanatorium. Horner agrees, but since he now feels that he has acted effectively and with a consistent sense of identity, he privately intends not to live up to his promise. The abortion is a hideous failure, Rennie dies, the story gets out, and Joe Morgan is fired. Horner, left with no clear way to take responsibility for this catastrophe, decides after all to go to the sanatorium.

What this novel means, in respect to the ethical issues it raises, is, as in any successful work of fiction, identical with what we experience as we become engaged with the individual characters and their relationships; and Barth's high skill as a novelist is more than sufficient to shape our experience in original, subtle, and powerful ways. This shaping works in the direction of an almost perfect ambiguity, which is to say that, in one sense of the word, *End of the Road* does not "answer" the questions it raises. But this is not the job of art; a novel of ideas is successful if it accomplishes its structure and comes to a convincing end—just as a supreme tragedy of ideas like *King Lear* is a completed work of art even though it answers none of the questions it raises about suffering and guilt.

IN VIEW of the fact that *End of the Road* shows such an unusually impressive gift for embodying its ideas in the ordinary materials of fiction, Barth's decision to change his methods so drastically in his later novels amounts to a decision to stop being an artist. Why, we must ask, should he suddenly feel that the conventional dramatic plot-structure is an inadequate vehicle for his meanings and his expressive intentions? The answer to this question is far from clear. Perhaps Barth has simply succumbed to an itch to *tell* the answers to his questions right out loud—this is certainly what appears to be happening in *The Sot-Weed Factor* and *Giles Goat-Boy*—but if so, he has been left on shaky ground indeed, since he is unwilling and, I would suspect, unable to demonstrate or justify his answers in conventional philosophical terms. Which is to say that he is no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

longer writing about identity-crises but going through one himself, and in public.

It is also possible, on the other hand, that Barth may have been convinced by fashionable modern literary criticism that the narrow bounds of verisimilitude and realism—with which conventional plot-structure is most often associated—would not allow him access to the expressive regions of black humor and surrealism to which he is clearly—and legitimately—drawn. But the facts are just the opposite. The basic mode of *End of the Road* is admittedly verisimilitude, and there is plenty of day-by-day realism in the book; indeed, the first thing one would say in praise of Barth's Morgans, for instance, is that they are thoroughly recognizable portraits of kinds of people important in our experience, and that they are observed with strikingly imaginative accuracy. But it has been a long time now since novelists first discovered how to modulate this kind of realism in order to allow entry to effects not strictly realistic, and at his best, Barth is highly competent at this mixing of modes. There are, to be sure, modulations in *End of the Road* that don't quite make it; but the larger and more important ones are successful. Take, for instance, the surrealistic image of Horner's doctor—a distorted caricature of a psychiatrist, who has to change his locale repeatedly, partly because he is a Negro and partly because he is something of a charlatan, if not actually a madman himself, with a therapeutic method that involves daily reading of the World Almanac and the practice of Sinistrality, Antecedence, and Alphabetical Priority. This figure is adjusted to the realistic world of the book with considerable, if not consummate, finesse; and it is adjustments like this one that support and make plausible the nightmare ending of the novel and the strange emotions and meanings which it evokes.

The narrative methods of *End of the Road* not only allow Barth to have access to strange and bizarre effects, but make his rendering of these effects more powerful and more interesting than anything in the slack, episodic structure of his later novels. I do not claim that Barth's language is good enough to bring his strange vision to the extraordinary intensity of pitch possible to a master like Nabokov. But Barth's high talents do not really lie in that direction, and, in fact, in *End of the Road* one feels no *inadequacy* of language. To apply the methods which Barth has lately chosen for his own, however—the methods of *The Sot-Weed Factor* and *Giles Goat-Boy*—the special verbal gifts of a Nabokov are almost essential. One imagines, of course, that Barth thinks he has them—for what this very talented writer has most disastrously lost is any capacity for self-criticism.

ROBERT GARIS, *a new contributor, is the author of* The Dickens Theatre *(Oxford, 1965). His criticism has appeared in numerous journals, including* Partisan Review, Hudson Review, *and the* Nation.

* * *

TV WHILE THE SUN SHINES

Neil Compton

THIS SUMMER, I meant to use the opportunity provided by prime-time reruns and replacements to explore some of the farther reaches of Darkest Television—to visit corners of the weekly schedule which are hardly dreamed of by COMMENTARY readers. I was not looking for hidden treasures, but I did hope to emerge with at least an accurate sketch-map of the territory. Just as a patriot loves his country right or wrong, and a movie buff will watch any film whether good or bad, so I believed that my (rather perverse) fascination with television would carry me through the roughest moments of this living-room safari.

However, no one can predict his capacity to endure the intellectual deprivations that await travelers into the daytime wilderness. I was ready to study the indigenous culture in the spirit of Lévi-Strauss: to experience *Supermarket Sweep* (ABC; a product of David Susskind's teeming brain) as a profound ritual of competition and consumption, *The Dating Game*

Probably the great novel of the Spanish Civil War–

THE NOVEL THAT REFUSED TO DIE. Now republished after 30 years in which the tributes of Alfred Kazin, Clifton Fadiman, Peter Quennell and William Plomer have enshrined it as one of the literary landmarks of our century.

The Olive Field

by RALPH BATES

1936: "A novel of so superior an order, so faithful to the burning gods of its people that it will live to recreate the terrible poetry of aspiration in a convulsive world."—*Vincent McHugh, N.Y. Herald Tribune*

1965: "In the brilliant constellation of revolutionary novelists of the 1930's. This truly extraordinary evocation of Spain by one who came to it as a foreign radical must inevitably recall to us the intensity of Malraux."
—*Harvey Swados, Holiday*

440 pages, $6.95

At your favorite bookseller or:
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

WASHINGTON SQUARE PRESS, INC.
Dept. C-10
A Division of Simon and Schuster, Inc.
630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020

I enclose $6.95 check or money order for a copy of THE OLIVE FIELD by Ralph Bates.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

New York State residents add sales tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(ABC) as a revelation of the coming of age in America, and *Concentration* (NBC) as the expression of an inchoate popular yearning for intellectual rigor (Edith Efron took this line about such game shows in the August 13 *TV Guide*). But the eternally smiling hosts, the commercials thick as locusts, and, most ominous of all, "the pulse of life echoing [like a Tell-Tale Heart] down the corridors of *General Hospital*" (ABC) were too much for me. After all, I don't *have* to watch this sort of stuff, not being a sociologist or a member of the avant-garde. What follows, then, is no journey to the interior (American television still awaits its Lewis and Clark), but merely a series of forays across the undefended border.

IT IS characteristic of the way television is organized in the United States that two of the best regularly scheduled network programs are broadcast at times when the vast majority of people are unable to watch. I myself never see one of them, and only occasionally watch the other. Nevertheless, it is not necessary to have seen either of them to know that the miscellaneous, discontinuous magazine format and the unbuttoned, informal tone of the *Today* and *Tonight* shows (both NBC) are beautifully adjusted to the habits of a television audience.

All the same, both programs are circumscribed by their marginal place on the schedule. *Today* (7:00-9:00 A.M.) probably maintains the highest standard of social, political, and artistic seriousness (not solemnity) of any regularly sponsored program in the U.S. "A Close-up Look at the Civil Rights Movement" (July 26) is a good example of the producers' willingness to tackle explosive issues on a large scale. However even the most dedicated and highbrow libertarian might be forgiven for feeling that there is something almost indecent about raising such momentous issues at a time of day when the human psyche is so frail and vulnerable.

By contrast, Johnny Carson on *Tonight* (11:20 P.M.-1:00 A.M.) keeps the tone relentlessly frivolous. The program is often amusing to watch for twenty minutes or so, but longer stretches are like making a meal of chocolate fudge or candy floss. Carson appears to be a nicer man than his predecessor, Jack Paar, but that may not be entirely to his advantage. Paar's feuds and tantrums at least introduced a touch of genuine feeling into the ersatz show-biz palliness of the program, whereas Carson's pose of sophisticated nonchalance reduces all human experience to a wisecrack and a giggle. ABC has just announced that they are introducing a similar late-night show next spring, with the comedian Joey Bishop as host. The same shortage of old movies which prompted this decision will probably lead CBS to follow suit: with Tweedledum and Tweedledee on the rival networks, they could do worse than choose a craggier, more cerebral host—someone with a foot in both show business and the world of ideas. (Such people do actually exist.)

Today and *Tonight* have fairly large and devoted audiences, so it would be foolish to expect NBC to tamper with their successful formulae. But why doesn't some network attempt a similar magazine-type show (not necessarily daily) during prime or semi-prime time? Why should programs be artificially classified as Entertainment (light and inconsequential) or News and Public Affairs (sober, portentous, high-minded)? The essential irrelevance of these distinctions is demonstrated by the popular success of some lively and unorthodox productions in other countries—for instance, the BBC's *Panorama*, or the West German ARD's similar program with the same name, or the CBC's *This Hour Has Seven Days*. *Seven Days* not only reached and held an enormous late-Sunday-evening audience (10:00-11:00 P.M.) with its high-spirited jumble of satire, discussion, documentary, and occasional bad taste, but also provided Monday morning's papers with an astonishing number of legitimate news stories. (Unfortunately, violent rows between producers and management have made the future of both the German *Panorama* and *Seven Days* uncertain.) In

Mediterranean
Greek Islands
Royal Diadem Cruise
via the Flagship of
the Greek Line "Queen Anna Maria"
fully air conditioned • fully stabilized • 26,300 tons
FEB. 21, 1967 FROM PORT EVERGLADES, FLORIDA
FEB. 24, 1967 FROM NEW YORK
46 DAYS • 19 PORTS • 11 COUNTRIES..... $1295 up
Ceuta, Vatopaedi, Palaeocastritsa, Taormina, Alghero? These and all the popular ports are on GREEK LINE's 9th Mediterranean cruise! Splendor ashore, pleasure afloat. International elegance, Continental cuisine. Parties, quizzes, contests, masquerades, travelogs, Broadway floorshows. 25,000 sq. ft. deck, 5 swimming pools (outdoor and indoor too!), sauna bath, gymnasium. 20 public rooms, luxury cabins with private baths, telephones, music. The gracious QUEEN ANNA MARIA is your perfect cruise ship!
MOROCCO • MALTA • CRETE • EGYPT • ISRAEL • RHODES • TURKEY • GREECE • CORFU • SICILY • ITALY • SARDINIA • FRENCH RIVIERA • SPAIN • MALLORCA • GIBRALTAR • PORTUGAL
WEST INDIES CRUISES
December to April
"OLYMPIA" • "QUEEN ANNA MARIA"
Ask about 1966 CRUISE VOYAGE to the Mediterranean.
Shore Excursions by American Express
For reservations, color folder, see your TRAVEL AGENT
GREEK LINE
32 Pearl St., New York, N.Y. 10004
(212) WH 3-9140
Boston • Chicago • Cleveland
Detroit • Los Angeles • Miami
Philadelphia • San Francisco
Canada
Country of Registry: Greece

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

☐ Please open an account in my name.

☐ Please place my name on your permanent mailing list.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zone_____

Exclusively for Commentary readers: Sulka's catalogue permits you to shop from your armchair.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

view of the failure of the American version of *This Was the Week That Was*, and the depressing prospects for 1966-67, it may seem utopian to suggest an experiment of this kind. However, *TWTWTW* was much too self-consciously sophisticated and too exclusively satirical to have a hope of achieving popular success (or even, perhaps, deserving it); and there are signs that we are living through a particularly deep trough in a cyclical rise and fall of program standards. The trumpet blasts from ABC about *Stage 67*, (their projected series of upper-middlebrow features) may nourish hopes which the network is incapable of fulfilling, but they are at least evidence of a guilty conscience. By 1967-68, some of the worst horrors of the 1965-66 season may be only a melancholy memory.

A FEW YEARS ago, the late-afternoon schedules of all networks were monopolized by children's programs—*Howdy Doody*, *Captain Gallant* (Buster Crabbe in the Foreign Legion), *Circus Boy*, *Wild Bill Hickock*, and many others that enjoyed a season or two of popularity. Today, this juvenile predominance has given way to much more miscellaneous fare. Apart from occasional cartoons (of which more later), pop music shows (aimed at adolescents), and reruns of old adventure series, networks now transmit the standard daytime mix right up until 6:00 P.M.

This is no casual development, but a response to radical shifts in the viewing habits of American children. According to an article by Dr. Paul A. Witty, published in *Science Education* last March, and triumphantly reprinted and circulated by the Television Information Office, the taste of Chicago elementary-school children (presumably not radically different from that of other big-city children) is growing noticeably more "sophisticated." In 1951, the five most popular programs among Chicago children were *Crusader Rabbit*, *Hopalong Cassidy*, *Wild Bill Hickock*, *Howdy Doody*, and *Uncle Mistletoe*—all explicitly directed at a juvenile audience and broadcast during late weekday afternoons or Saturday mornings. In 1965, by contrast, the favorites were *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.*, *Bewitched*, *Shindig*, *The Addams Family*, and *My Favorite Martian* and *Bonanza* (tied). None of these is primarily a children's program, and all are presented in prime time, some at an hour when elementary-school pupils are theoretically in bed.

Since children are known to exercise a disproportionate influence over family viewing habits, Dr. Witty's revelations help to account for the increasing childishness of so many ostensibly adult programs. *Peyton Place*, for instance, began by dramatizing adult lust or guilty middle-aged memories of youthful indiscretions, but has gradually shifted focus until it has become a hotbed of adolescent emotionalism and undirected hostility. In fact, all the characters, whatever their supposed years, seem to be behaving like petulant teenagers. Ada Jacks, proprietress of the waterfront bar on the wrong side of the tracks, is the only real grown-up in town.

If adults resent the way in which children are moving in on their television programs, they may revenge themselves by taking a look at some children's shows which are much too good to be wasted on kids. Many of the animated cartoon series which used to be featured in the late afternoons, but now seem relegated to Saturday (and, to a lesser extent, Sunday) mornings are at least as witty and sophisticated as anything to be seen during the evenings. Visually, they are often much more imaginative. They seem to be uniquely suited to the characteristics of television, no mere adaptation from another medium.

Cartoons have always been indispensable schedule fillers. In the early days, *Felix the Cat* was resurrected from the storage vaults where his silent reels had been crumbling since the 20's. Later came a whole alliterative zooful of descendants, like *Woody Woodpecker*, *Donald Duck*, and *Bugs Bunny*, (many of which are still being shown, for the umpteenth time). Strangely enough, *Felix* made the transition to the small screen rather more gracefully than his more sophisticated successors. In spite of the rudimentary story-line and the absence of dialogue, his visual puns and drastically simplified drawings reproduced well on television. The others, by contrast, were drawn for a big screen by artists drunk with the lavish potentialities of technicolor. On low-definition black-and-white television (or, for that matter, in color) the chromatic subtleties are blurred, and only the crudely violent action is left.

The television cartoon entered its classic phase much less than a decade ago, when Joseph Hanna and William Barbera left the movie studios where they had been working as animators and began to produce programs especially designed for the new medium. Almost every subsequent development in the genre can be traced back to hints implicit in one or other of the series which made up their first weekly half-hour package—*Huckleberry Hound*, *Yogi Bear*, and *Pixie and Dixie*. Departures from the original formula—even when, like *The Flintstones*, they are produced by Hanna-Barbera themselves—have generally been failures. (Is it typical, or merely accidental, that an inferior show like *The Flintstones* should be the only regular cartoon feature ever to be scheduled in prime evening time?)

Hanna-Barbera now face the competition of several formidable rivals, and some mysterious force seems to drive them all to proliferate new series with reckless prodigality. Inevitably, there are weak entries, though surprisingly few in relation to the total volume of production. Since they all derive from a few originals and there is a great deal of unashamed imitation, it is sometimes difficult to keep them straight in one's mind. And yet, quite contrary to what one would expect of such stereotyped and machine-made art, the effect of an hour or two of viewing can be quite exhilarating. We seem to have here that rarest of all phenomena—a popular art that meets the criteria laid down by the most exacting and skeptical critics of mass culture.

The Hanna-Barbera formula assumes an audience which is well-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

informed and mentally alert. (This, in itself, is a revolutionary approach to the medium.) Visually, for instance, it has ceased to be impressed by technical virtuosity of the smooth Disney type. The jerky animation, sparing use of detail, and aggressively linear drawing of the best TV cartoons were all presumably dictated in the first place by the need for economy and speed in production. But the true artist always makes a virtue out of the limitations of his medium. Apart from reproducing well on television, these characteristics also permit subtleties of comic exaggeration and suggestion that are beyond the scope of the more painterly type of movie cartoon. The recent introduction of color has had little effect upon the wit, but seems to have encouraged a latent vein of fantastic invention: all the best cartoons have moments of surprising visual exuberance and delight.

The spirit of the cartoon shows is strenuously up-to-date, but their form is fundamentally conservative. They are, after all, examples of one of the oldest of all popular genres, the beast fable. In a variety of unlikely zoological combinations, they act out in modern terms the perennial themes of folklore.

By far the most common of these is the typical American pastoral in which resourceful individualists match wits against the strength and stupidity of authority. Smarter than the average bear, Yogi always frustrates the efforts of the Jellystone rangers to run a tight park; *Top Cat* (Hanna-Barbera), an alleycat who talks like Sergeant Bilko, always triumphs over the cop on the beat, Officer Dibble; mice always outwit cats, whether it be the *lumpen*-Brando Jinx and his enemies, Pixie and Dixie, the southern *meece*, or *Klondyke Kat* (Total TV) and his nemesis, the French mouse, Savoir Faire, ("Savoir Faire is everywaire!"); *The Hunter* (Total TV), a basso-profundo southern hound whose card reads "Have Nose, Will Hunt," hasn't a chance against The Fox; the gopher Indians in *Go-Go Gophers* (Total TV) speak an explosively incomprehensible

Four Stanford Books in Literature

Sherwood Anderson

by IRVING HOWE

A reissue. "The first full critical biography to deal with Anderson and his work.... For the first time we get a really full and also a really responsible account of Anderson's personal life.... [Howe] writes about Anderson's work with a quiet, patient, discerning, instructed power that makes his own book itself a literary event."—*N.Y. Times.* Paper, $2.95; cloth, $6.00

Twenty Years of Stanford Short Stories

Edited by Wallace Stegner and Richard Scowcroft, with Nancy Packer. This is a selection of the finest stories to emerge from the first twenty years of the Creative Writing Center at Stanford University, many of whose students have gone on to enjoy an unusual measure of critical success. Paper, $2.95; cloth, $6.95

The Play Called Corpus Christi

V. A. Kolve. In this critical study of the Corpus Christi drama, the chief interest is in genre, form, and meaning—in what can be discovered about the artistic intention and achievement of these enormously ambitious plays which held the stage for more than two hundred years, testifying to their remarkable vitality in form and detail. $8.50

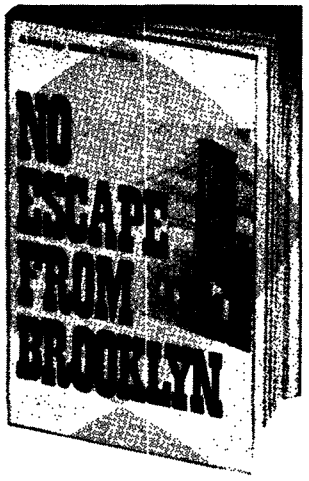
Modern Tragedy

Raymond Williams. "Williams, going to life as well as art for his documents ... charts the course of tragic theory from Aristotle onward; the second section collects his lectures on works from Ibsen to Pinter.... He looks in this book to general truths rather than individual dilemmas, yet the immediate example is always close to his imagination."—*The New Leader.* $5.50

At your bookstore

Stanford University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Novel by

HANAN J. AYALTI

"This is a curious attractive novel . . . Jewish Jack falls in love with Irish Maureen and they try to run away. . . . And it comes out with a pleasing bouquet of understanding and humor."—*The New York Times*

". . . Much of the tenderness associated with Sherwood Anderson . . . this gentle Yiddish novel should only thrive."—*Book Week*

". . . The theme of adultery is handled lightly and humorously. Recommended for larger fiction collections."—*Library Journal*

"Ayalti's novel . . . is a minor masterpiece. . . . An aura of gentle humor hovers over every page of the book."—*The Day-Morning Journal (N.Y.)*

". . . A consistently interesting story from start to finish."—*The National Jewish Monthly*

TWAYNE PUBLISHERS, Inc.
31 Union Sq. West
New York, N.Y. 10003

NO ESCAPE FROM BROOKLYN at $3.95 EACH

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Zone ..... State .....

dialect and make life hell for the military dogs who garrison the local fort and stick too closely to U.S. Army regulations (the sergeant looks and talks like John Wayne); and *Dudley Doright* (Jay Ward and Bill Scott) of the Royal Canadian Mounties, the epitome of Victorian morality (as real-life Mounties used to be) and pedantic obedience to orders, is continually humiliated by his enemies.

Three good series are set in microcosmic communities. *King Leonardo* (Total TV), a lion, is titular ruler of the elegantly conceived and drawn kingdom of Bongo Congo; his butler is a skunk called Odio Colonie, whose obsequiously loyal "Sire!" does not quite conceal the fact that he is the real power behind the throne. *Linus the Lionhearted* (Ed Graham) has a barber's chair for a throne and rules a desert island paradise inhabited by a motley company, including a mockingbird, a morose grouse called Sascha, and a kangaroo with a ripe gorblimey accent. *Tennessee Tuxedo* (Total TV) is an engagingly self-important little penguin who lives in the Megopolis Zoo, and keeps himself busy with absurd mechanical and financial projects. Getting him out of the inevitable difficulties always involves the application of some basic scientific or mechanical principle which makes this the only frankly educational cartoon series on TV.

SHOW BUSINESS and other media provide the formula for another and, on the whole, inferior group of cartoons. Pop music is dismally represented by *Alvin,* based on the singing chipmunks of a few seasons ago; and, more successfully, by *The Beatles* (Al Brother) which does quite a good job on John, George, Paul, Ringo, and their idiosyncrasies. There are too many takeoffs on *Superman* (itself a parody), though even *Atom Ant* (Hanna-Barbera) and *Underdog* (Total TV) have their moments. Secret agents are also a bore, except for one of the best of all cartoons, *Bullwinkle* (Ward and Scott). He is a charming moose who, with his friend Rocky, a flying squirrel, matches wits against a pair of good old-fashioned spies, Boris Badenoff ("Somebody down there likes me"), and Natasha, who looks like Garbo and sounds like Gabor.

In these shows there is almost as much for the ear as for the eye. They glory in the variety of American speech, from the rich drawl of the feudin' hillbilly hogs in *Claude Hopper* (Hanna-Barbera) and the portentous March-of-Timese of the narrator in *King Leonardo,* to the Billie-Burkeish little old millionairess who owns *Precious Pup* (Hanna-Barbera). The Lawrence Olivier of cartoon voices is Daws Butler, who speaks the lines for an astonishing number of Hanna-Barbera characters. However, those who can read quickly enough to take in the credits (which really whiz by at the end of these programs) will note the names of Alan Jenkins (Officer Dibble, in *Top Cat*), Don Adams (*Tennessee Tuxedo*), Wally Cox (*Underdog*), Edward Everett Horton (*Fractured Fairy Tales*), and Carl Reiner and Sheldon Leonard (all the voices in *Linus*).

A curious added feature is that many voices are modeled on those of show-business personalities, often oldtimers not likely to be recognized by children today. Thus, on a typical Saturday morning you may detect the accents of Frank Morgan, Zasu Pitts, Marlon Brando, Marjorie Main, Phil Silvers, Lionel Barrymore, and Jimmy Durante. But the most elaborate example of this sort of thing is *Sugar Bear* (Ed Graham), an ursine troubador whose voice, mannerisms, and repertoire parody the Bing Crosby of twenty-five years ago. It is done with wit and subtlety, but who is supposed to get the joke—the kids, adult kibitzers, or the artist's show-biz friends?

Although the scripts are generally inferior to the art work and the voicing (with the possible exception of productions by Ward and Scott), there is plenty of good low wit. In *Atom Ant,* the owner of a flea circus gives his performers the day off and suggests they take in the dog show. Dudley Doright, beside himself with rage, picks up the nearest object and hurls it at Snidely Whiplash. It happens to be Doright's fiancée, Nell, and as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whiplash catches her he snarls "I have her, and you shall never have her back—nor any other part of her!" In another episode Doright, disguised as a convict, claims to have been jailed for pocket picking: "You might say that I'm up for grabs." Children who are attentive to this sort of thing can learn a great deal from programs like these about how their language works.

TELEVISION being what it is, excellence is more difficult to account for than mediocrity. What explains the irony that children get programs of such comparative taste and intelligence, while their elders have to put up with what they put up with? A century and a half ago, in the preface to *Endymion*, Keats distinguished between the imagination of a boy, which is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man, which is healthy, and the "space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thicksighted": whence proceed mawkishness and bitterness. The mature imagination of a man is the rarest thing of all on television; most programs belong to the ambiguous adolescent twilight that Keats describes. We should be grateful that the cartoon shows provide at least a few hours of healthy childish imagination each week.

But they are not likely to do so much longer. Television has no Department of the Interior to enforce the conservation of resources, and this particular rich but narrow vein of humor is showing signs of being played out. The new cartoon shows advertised for 1966-67 seem to indicate that beasts are out, and pop groups and comic-book heroes are in. No good can come of this development. However, the old series will be around on reruns for some time, and so long as they are we shall have before us the example of at least one kind of good television.

NEIL COMPTON, *our regular TV critic, is chairman of the English department at Sir George Williams University in Montreal.*

The most important names...The most significant ideas...
are coming to you from the new

UNIVERSAL LIBRARY

Just Published:

Harry Braverman
THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA
UL-201 $1.95
An analysis of what is happening in Russia today: economically, politically, socially. "Hard-headed, bold and brilliant." *The Washington Post*
—Stephen S. Rosenfeld

Justus Buchler
NATURE AND JUDGMENT
UL-207 $2.65
A general philosophy of experience, that provides new insight into human behavior. Judgment, Query, Experience and Meaning are the titles of each chapter.

Louis de Broglie
PHYSICS AND MICROPHYSICS
UL-206 $2.25
Nobel prize winner Louis de Broglie discusses the basic ideas of modern physics.

Ilya Ehrenburg
MEMOIRS: 1921-1941
UL-203 $2.95
An account of international, literary and political life in the twenties and thirties by Russia's leading writer. "A carefully polished mirror of those flawed times."
Andrew Field—*Book Week*

Joseph Gies
BRIDGES AND MEN
UL-205 $2.95
An historic survey of bridges and the men who built them from the first cavemen to 20th century engineers.

Conor Cruise O'Brien
TO KATANGA AND BACK:
A UN Case History
UL-196 $2.45
A personal memoir of the author's experience as UN representative in Africa. "...this book is a remarkable contribution to historical literature."
The New Statesman

John Bardach
DOWNSTREAM:
A Natural History of the River
UL-197 $2.95
The life-story of any river, and the plant and animal life it supports. "This is a book to read from cover to cover, to browse in, to use as a reference, to learn from."
Christian Science Monitor
—Marian Sorenson

Howard Moss
THE MAGIC LANTERN OF MARCEL PROUST
UL-200 $1.95
A brilliant critical study of *Remembrance of Things Past* which explores the novel's theme and complex imagery.

M. L. Rosenthal
A PRIMER OF EZRA POUND
UL-199 $1.45
A concise, factual, well-documented guide to the poetry of Ezra Pound.

A. L. Rowse
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE:
HIS LIFE AND TIME
UL-198 $2.65
A vivid biography of Marlowe by one of the world's foremost historians of the Elizabethan Age.

Henry Green
BACK
UL-204 $2.25
A story about a man's return from war "to find everything the same—and at the same time different."

Maurice Valency
THE FLOWER AND THE CASTLE:
An Introduction to Modern Drama
UL-202 $2.95
A provocative introduction to modern drama, with particular attention to Henrik Ibsen and August Strindberg.

Recently Published:

Hermann Broch, with an introduction by Hannah Arendt.
THE DEATH OF VIRGIL
UL-194 $2.95
"Perhaps the best novel by a European since Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*" *The New Yorker*

D. W. Brogan
THE PRICE OF REVOLUTION
UL-193 $1.95
A history of major political upheavals ranging from the American Revolution to the present day.

Stanley Edgar Hyman
THE TANGLED BANK:
Darwin, Marx, Frazer and Freud as Imaginative Writers
UL-193 $2.45
A study of the four most significant thinkers of the past century and of the ideas that shaped our time.

James Joll
THE ANARCHISTS
UL-191 $2.45
A richly documented history of anarchism from its origins in philosophy after the French Revolution to its failure in action in the Spanish Civil War. "The best survey of the subject." *Times (London) Literary Supplement*

Junichiro Tanizaki
THE MAKIOKA SISTERS
UL-190 $2.45
"The most important Japanese novel published in the years following the war." *The Saturday Review*

Franco Venturi
ROOTS OF REVOLUTION
UL-192 $3.45
"Not only intellectual history in the grand manner. It is as exciting as an oversized panoramic Russian novel."
Bertram D. Wolfe,
New York Times Book Review

GROSSET & DUNLAP, INC.
51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010

This advertisement is not an offer to sell or a solicitation of an offer to buy these securities. The offering is made only by the prospectus.

M-REIT

New Issue

A NEW REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT TRUST WHICH INVESTS IN HOUSING OPEN TO ALL.

Please send without obligation the M-REIT Prospectus. Attn.: Morris Milgram, Mgr., M-REIT, 51 E. 42nd St., Suite 211, New York, N.Y. 10017

C.10.1

Mutual
Real Estate
Investment Trust

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUSSIA, BOLSHEVISM, AND THE VERSAILLES PEACE

by John M. Thompson

Associate Director of International Affairs Center, Indiana University

Throughout the peace meetings at Versailles the chaos in Russia and the threat of Bolshevism constantly intruded on the deliberations. With great perception, Mr. Thompson describes and analyzes the Allied policy towards Russia from the Armistice through the half-hearted intervention of 1919 to the acceptance of Lloyd George's proposal to resume trade with Soviet Russia in January, 1920. Thoroughly documented with previously unpublished papers, this highly revealing book probes deeply into a little-known side of the Versailles conference. $12.50

Five Views of Germany

ALBERT BALLIN

Business and Politics in Imperial Germany, 1888-1918

by Lamar Cecil

Using Albert Ballin, a powerful member of the banking and commercial elite as his focal point, Lamar Cecil deftly illuminates the political and social structure of the aristocracy and upper middle class in the German Empire. $9.00

YORCK AND THE ERA OF PRUSSIAN REFORM

by Peter Paret

The career of Hans David Ludwig von Yorck, a major figure in the reform movement, is used to show the military impact of Revolutionary and Napoleonic France on Prussia, the nature of the challenge, the efforts of Prussian institutions and society to master the new situations, the obstacles to change, and how change was achieved. $8.50

THE GENESIS OF GERMAN CONSERVATISM

by Klaus Epstein

Author of *Erzberger and the Dilemma of German Democracy*

Discovering that currents of a clearly Conservative character appeared in Germany as early as 1770, the author examines this movement and argues that it developed as a response to the challenge of the Enlightenment in the fields of religion, socioeconomic affairs, and politics—and that this response antedated the impact of the French Revolution. $17.50

THE OUTLAWED PARTY

Social Democracy in Germany, 1878-1890

by Vernon L. Lidtke

A history of the German Social Democratic party during its years of suppression, this book shows how the party gradually adopted Marxian economics and political theory in order to survive, so that social Democrats became ambivalent parliamentarians and revolutionaries. $10.00

FOREIGN LABOR IN NAZI GERMANY

by Edward L. Homze

A vivid description of the inception, organization and administration of the Nazi foreign labor program and its relation to the over-all economy in government—a program whose ruthless efficiency is demonstrated by the fact that by 1944 one out of every five workers in Germany was a foreigner. $8.00

Princeton University Press

PRINCETON, N. J.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VICTIM & ANALYST

CANNIBALS AND CHRISTIANS. By NORMAN MAILER. *Dial. 420 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

MORE ELOQUENTLY than Burroughs or Genet, with perhaps something even of the jubilant nausea of Kierkegaard, Norman Mailer has advertised himself over the years as a man of lacerated ego and exhausted sensibilities. His confessions have all sounded one dismal note: self-betrayal and public betrayal and their fatal consequences to the will, the continued ability to function. His sickness unto death has provided rhetoric for a whole new hypochondria of psychic ills: the suffocation of brain tissue by seconal and benzedrine; the repression of lusts that can send cancer cells running wild in the blood; the odor of defeat in the stool after the ingestion of food without soul. The cost of his compensatory belligerence shows, he has told us, in the waste and wreck of his novelistic career, in the hostility of publishers and critics, in his failure to make it big in that Hollywood of stars which stands in his mind for the higher literary life of America. Over and over again we have heard him propound his sadly exogenetic philosophy of courage founded on the approval and support of others, and watched him agonize over the refusal of the public to provide him with a sufficient charge of admiration to invigorate his drive toward the major reputation he feels to be rightfully his.

Yet, through it all, one has slowly come to recognize that while there obviously has been nothing ungenuine about the quality of Mailer's anguish, there has been something very naive indeed about the conception of failure on which it is based. For the truth is now clear that nothing about Mailer has succeeded so brilliantly as his sense of failure, that his gifts are never more vigorously on display than when he is trying to describe the pain of it and the cost of it, and that he is today the most intact, confident, and intellectually robust writer of vanquished self-esteem and foiled creative prospects there ever was or conceivably could be.

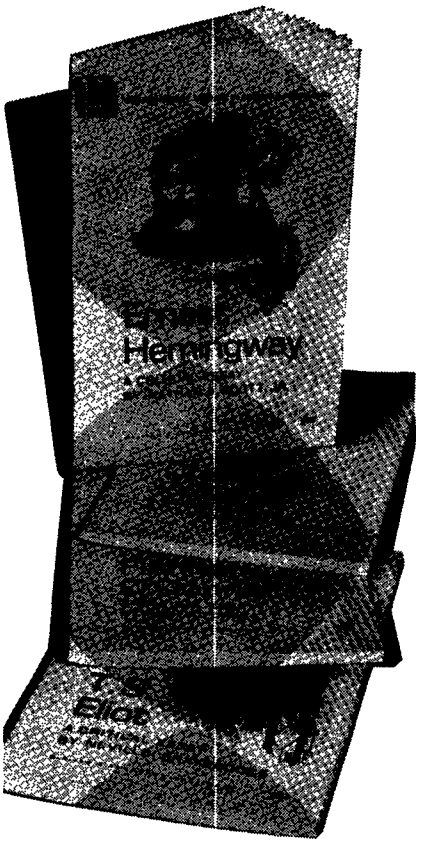
The reason, of course, is that it is precisely his sense of failure which has kept Mailer alive as a writer and prevented him from relaxing into a publicly acceptable image of himself or settling, as some of his contemporaries have, for a single proven style of engagement. Since he has never been secure in any of his several images or styles, he has had constantly to improvise new ones, test them for viability, and then fight for them, even contrive to make them so outrageous that he will be *obliged* to fight for them. For Mailer is still very much engaged in making himself, and engaged to the point where his self continues to surprise him, hence to surprise us. And one of the essential steps in the process is submission to the test of opposition from others. As Leo Bersani suggested recently in *Partisan Review,* Mailer's sense of himself may very well depend on his ability to provoke, and withstand, attack—or, to repeat a phrase I have used elsewhere, Mailer has made his private paranoid revision of Descartes: I offend; therefore, I am. Certainly, it is no accident that he still feels something very close to idolatry for Hemingway, for the appeal of Hemingway stems from just that part of his nature which has caused him to become Mailer's instructor in the jungle warfare of modern existence. By a temperamental necessity, which Mailer also recognizes as his own, Hemingway could find his courage only by putting his life constantly on the line, so that each of his personal risks, each of his vicarious or surrogate dyings, enabled him for a little while to repossess his life and his creativity free from the fear of death. This same effort, carried out in the arena of controversy rather than big game hunting and war, has helped to keep Mailer in a constant state of hyperesthesia. He has retained the reflexes and taut alertness of the besieged rifleman. He has been forced to stay preternaturally awake in order to stay alive and prove his life, and he has had no choice but to rely absolutely on his own instincts and perceptions because they alone are trustworthy in a world in which every road and ditch is very probably mined. Thus, his compulsions and stances are naturally and necessarily existential. They are the provisional, dialectical, and finally apocalyptic modes of his engagement of the enemy, and they have held him in a condition of perpetual writhing nakedness before experience, so that there has never been the remotest question of his succumbing to that fatness of soul of which he accuses William Styron, or dying *into* an identity like the older Hemingway.

What strikes one in reading Mailer's earlier non-fiction, and strikes one with even greater force in this new collection, is precisely this quality of exacerbated, nerve-end responsiveness to every shade and color of experience. To read Mailer in almost any of these essays is to learn all over again, if one has ever learned, just what it is like to possess the whole courage of one's perceptions, and to be willing to offer them as the final proof and reference of judgment. D. H. Lawrence had something of this quality, and so did the other Lawrence. Thomas Wolfe had it in unrefined form. Swift had it to excess, and in the end it broke his mind. But perhaps because they were spared the psychic dislocations that have been peculiar to our world, these men lacked in one degree or another what Mailer possesses in abundance: a sophisticated and radically skeptical intelligence, a tough sanity of self-valuation which is an adjunct of his creative vision rather than the repressive schoolmaster of it. For Mailer's gift is not merely his ability to feel or his capacity to think, but his capacity to feel his ideas as if they were passions, and to endow his passions with some of the practical force and symmetry of ideas.

This is a powerfully offensive gift, and Mailer has sought and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I congratulate you on inaugurating such a series..."—AUSTIN WARREN



CONTEMPORARY WRITERS IN CHRISTIAN PERSPECTIVE

a continuing series

This extraordinary new series is designed to provide a better understanding of a major author's work as seen in Christian perspective. The form and contents of the booklets are specifically oriented to literary criticism . . . the subjects are chosen from the entire spectrum of literary endeavor. Twelve studies to be released yearly. Each 48 pages, $.85

"(Drake's) examination of images and symbols . . . is often illuminating, and the warmth of his admiration for Miss O'Connor and her work is pleasing."
—GRANVILLE HICKS

NOW AVAILABLE!

Charles Williams by Mary McDermott Shideler
Ernest Hemingway by Nathan A. Scott, Jr.
T. S. Eliot by Neville Braybrooke
Flannery O'Connor by Robert Drake
Edith Sitwell by Ralph J. Mills, Jr.

6-59

At your bookseller's

WM. B. EERDMANS PUBLISHING CO.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

taken much punishment for it, especially from those who are afraid to learn who they are and how very much they are not alive. But he carries his scars well, or perhaps it would be truer to say that they carry him well, for as souvenirs of enemy action they support and reaffirm his identity. He is older now in this new book than he was in *Advertisements for Myself,* but he is triumphantly no wiser, only more in command of the polemics of his wisdom. Here as always we find him patrolling the territories of maximum risk, gambling his nerve on a crotchet or a quick round of insults, shooting it out with the bad good guys, sounding the old blast of defiance and doom, and moving without sourness into the world, his senses as charged as on any day set aside for his execution.

THERE ARE, to be sure, certain changes. Mailer is less preoccupied now with his favorite obsession, less interested in campaigning against himself. In fact, one of the disappointments of the new book is just that confessional materials are so largely missing from it. Hence, the power of his critical language to register every nuance of his outrage, that power which for the first time became visible as a style in *Advertisements,* is now seen under an entirely different aspect. Where in the earlier book the language had behind it the anguish of a decade of self-loathing for talents wasted and misused, now Mailer's hatred has been directed away from himself and outward upon the country and the times as a whole. *Cannibals and Christians* is, above all, his angry journal of the plague years. All the losses and short fuses of this black era burn within it: our ugly rape of the natural and architectural landscape; the poisoning of our food with chemical additives; the sickness of the sexual scene; the violence behind the eyes of Barry Goldwater fans; the moral erosion caused by the assassination of John Kennedy; Lyndon Johnson's sinister motives for supporting the civil rights movement (to divert public attention from the war in Vietnam); and his sinister motives for escalating the war in Vietnam (to divert public attention from the civil rights movement). The essay, for example, on the Republican Convention of 1964 is brilliant to the point of incandescence, not only in its style and rhetorical energy, but in its witchlike sensitivity to the moods and weathers of the candidates, and the relation of these moods to the neurotic forces at work within the collective unconscious of the people.

It might even be argued that Mailer's move away from the novel —and I consider *An American Dream,* since it is more metaphysics than fiction, to be an illustration rather than an interruption of that move—is at least partly the result of the very intensity of his response to the violence done to the imagination by the events of the last ten years. It is possible that he has found the contemporary scene too exhilarating and too preposterous to be imaginatively rendered, and that it comprises experiences which are so very real to him, and at the same time so shockingly nightmarish, that to write about them in fiction would be to cancel out their immediacy and relegate them to the safe remove of illusion. For their whole point and horror is that they are happening here and now and not in any novel. Weird as it may seem, Barry Goldwater and Lyndon Johnson actually *exist* in our world and could not conceivably be imagined as any more unbelievable than they are. Then, too, it becomes obvious when one considers the drift of Mailer's interests in recent years that his conception of his role has radically altered, and that he is no longer content with the relatively passive position of novelist, but has ambitions to take a more active and influential part in the public life of his time. It would appear that he has shifted from a desire to revolutionize consciousness in the novel to a desire to revolutionize opinion in the areas of politics, sexual morals, and international affairs.

But of course his move away from the novel is open to a very different interpretation. There are sure to be readers of *Cannibals and Christians* who will consider its angry polemics, irreverent speeches, obscene poems, and endless interviews to be simply another collection of rubble from a bombed-out talent. But it is becoming more and more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

evident as the years go by and the rubble continues to pile up that Mailer's talent is above all for *being* bombed out, and for registering in a manner nearly miraculous the impact of psychic and public catastrophe on a man who is at once its most eager victim and its most articulate analyst.

DIALOGUE?

THE STAR AND THE CROSS: ESSAYS ON JEWISH-CHRISTIAN RELATIONS. Edited by Mother KATHERINE HARGROVE, R.S.C.J. *The Bruce Publishing Co. 318 pp. $6.75.*

Reviewed by DAVID DAICHES

JESUS WAS THE last of the Jewish prophets, and the only one to claim to be more than a humble, even a reluctant, spokesman for God. His messianic claim was his undoing, for the Romans, who were the political overlords of Palestine at the time, construed this as a claim to be the rightful king of an independent Jewish state and so had him put to death for treason. The claim also upset some of his fellow Jews, who considered it either theologically offensive or politically unwise or both. But there were many currents in Jewish thought at the time, and Jesus's teaching, eccentric though it was in some respects, probably aroused much less opposition among contemporary Jews than had the teaching of, say, Jeremiah. He died as a Jewish rebel against Rome, not the first and very far from the last Jew so to die. And like so many Jews throughout subsequent history, including many murdered by Hitler, he expected God to recognize his special relationship to Him and intervene to save him at the last moment, but God did not, and Jesus's last recorded words were a cry of agony to God for having forsaken him.

In later years, some people came to believe that Jesus was himself God, or in some mystical sense one part of a threefold God, and at the same time the "only begotten son" of the God with whose threefold personality he was nevertheless bound up. The reasons for the development of this belief, so utterly at variance with Jewish belief in the unity and spirituality of God, are not wholly clear to scholars, who do not always agree in their explanations. The people who held this belief were called Christians (the name had arisen earlier), and the conversion to this faith of a Roman emperor made it both politically respectable and geographically extensive until it became the compulsory orthodox faith of all the peoples of Europe, except for the minority of Jews now scattered among the nations, who continued to regard the claims made for Jesus as both logically absurd and theologically blasphemous.

It is a strange story, but not nearly so strange as the story of how the teachings of this last of the Jewish prophets were used as a reason for subjecting the people to whom he had belonged, and whose faith he had always professed, to continuous contempt and persecution. If Jesus was God, he could not really be a Jew, and if the Jews refused to believe that he was God, this was further reason for dissociating Jesus from his original people. Further, if the Jews rather than the Romans were really responsible for the death of Jesus, acting out of malice and anger at Jesus's divine claims, then the Jews actually *killed God.* This, certainly, is a preposterous and self-contradictory concept, but that did not prevent it from being propagated for centuries throughout Christendom and indeed from being widely believed among ordinary Christians today. The tradition of savage persecution of the Jews, accompanied by persistent circulation of monstrous charges against them (such as that of killing Christian children and using their blood in the Passover celebration), made it easy to use the Jews as a scapegoat and a handy recipient of every kind of popular animosity. So that when Hitler wanted a scapegoat on a massive scale, centuries of Christian teaching had prepared people to see the Jews in this role. And so six million of them were done to death.

ENLIGHTENED Christians are now understandably unhappy about this, and *The Star and the Cross* is a product of that unhappiness and of the resulting attempt to develop a humane and intelligent dialogue

New, *from* OXFORD

The History and Religion of Israel

by G. W. ANDERSON

University of Edinburgh

This concise yet comprehensive survey covers the entire period to which the canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament refer. History and religion are treated simultaneously and in chronological sequence to reveal the developing life of Israel as a whole, the interplay of geographical, military, social, and religious factors.

Professor Anderson's narrative is presented in five main sections: The Patriarchs, Exodus and Conquest, From the Settlement to Solomon, From the Division of the Kingdom to the Exile, and The Exile and After. All Scriptural texts are from the Revised Standard Version. Volume I of *The New Clarendon Bible, Old Testament.* *22 halftones; 2 line illustrations.*

$3.75 at your bookseller

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS / New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Published this month
by BASIC BOOKS

A probing and long-needed appraisal of anti-Semitism in this country—

Jews in the Mind of America

by CHARLES HERBERT STEMBER and others.
Preface by JOHN SLAWSON.
Introduction by THEODORE SOLOTAROFF and MARSHALL SKLARE.

Anti-Semitism does seem to be on the decline in this country, but are we to regard this as a temporary or permanent phenomenon?

Dr. Stember, Chairman of the Sociology Department, Rutgers University, analyzes changing public attitudes toward Jews as revealed in the findings of nation-wide public opinion polls spanning a twenty-five year period from 1937 onward.

In succeeding sections other spokesmen place the evidence of the opinion polls in historical perspective and interpret it in the light of social-scientific knowledge about the role of prejudice in American life.

At your bookstore or direct from

BASIC BOOKS, INC. C1066
Publishers
404 Park Avenue South
New York 10016

Please send me _____copy(ies) of JEWS IN THE MIND OF AMERICA at $12.50. I enclose my check or money order in full payment to save postage and handling. (New York City residents add 5% sales tax, 2% New York State sales tax where applicable).

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

between Jews and Christians, especially Catholic Christians. Mother Katherine Hargrove, the editor of this volume of essays by both Catholics and Jews, is a scholarly, courageous, and compassionate Catholic theologian who herself contributes four different pieces, each endeavoring to show that there are deep common factors in both religions, and to urge the necessity for mutual understanding, respect, and scholarly cooperation. It is a noble objective, and one cannot but be moved by it. The book as a whole, however, repetitive and not very logically organized as it is, produces a confused impression. There are analyses of anti-Semitism, sociological and historical, by both Jews and Christians. There are attempts to define both Jew and Catholic by a Jew and a Catholic respectively. There are bitter indictments by both Jews and Catholics of Christian anti-Semitism and Christian ignorance about, and prejudice toward, Jews. There is the now customary debate about the degree of guilt of Pope Pius XII in not formally and explicitly condemning Nazi anti-Semitism (he is both attacked and defended by Jewish writers, but Guenter Lewy's case for the prosecution seems to me unanswerable). There is hopeful discussion about the new spirit toward the Jews evinced by the Vatican Council. There is (as Mother Hargrove recognizes) a flabby and unsatisfactory discussion of intermarriage.

The concept of mutually tolerant religions in a pluralist society has been forced on Catholicism by the movement of history; and even if Catholics now try to prove that such a view was always implicit in Christianity, it is clear that what is happening (and not only among Catholics) is a redefinition of Christianity in the light of the movement of feeling about toleration that has been growing since the Enlightenment. (And in the light of the fact that Christianity no longer has a monopoly on faith in our civilization.) The United States Constitution is a product of the Enlightenment, and the Founding Fathers did not envisage an actively religious society at all: to the 18th-century men of the Enlightenment, a genial deism was a unifying faith for all civilized people. But the different religions did not shake down into a rationalist deism, even though for some time now spokesmen for different religions in the U.S. have vied with one another in proving that all religions are really the same. The commonest way to prove the compatibility of Americanism with any variety of religion has been to subsume differences in faith for which people in the past voluntarily went to the stake in a socially acceptable creedless religiosity. This book, or at least its editor, takes a different line: Mother Hargrove does not deny the differences between Judaism and Christianity, but she insists that they have common elements and also that each has unique elements that can be honestly respected and valued by the other. She insists further that each can respect and value the other's way of treating the unique past of his religion.

But nobody really dares to undertake the theological debate. The theological differences between Judaism and Christianity "are real and they are beyond harmonization" writes Samuel Sandmel, and he goes on to plead for tolerance. H. Gazelles wonders "if Judaism would not make a highly significant move if it reverted to things as they were in the year 61" [C. E.]. Wouldn't this bring us almost back to first base, with Jesus a Jewish prophet killed by the Romans, with no only-begotten son of God, no Trinity? This seems a good idea, but I think Christians would have to give up more than Jews if this were done. It is Christian theology (post-61) which sticks so hard in the throat of Jew and agnostic alike; this is the real bugbear, the primal absurdity. Let the debaters argue this one out and we'll have a real conflict of views. But to do so is regarded as tactless or useless, perhaps rightly. Meanwhile, since it is for the Christian or quasi-Christian majority to determine the degree of prejudice that Jews must suffer, we must be grateful to Mother Hargrove for her courage in exposing the guilt of her own Church, and her humanity in seeking through scholarship some kind of atonement and reconciliation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It doesn't really add up to a dialogue, but who's counting? Some of my best friends are Christians, and I am all for mutual respect and tolerance. Tolerance, of course, is not agreement, and if it were, there would be no virtue in it.

THE FALLEN RULER

KHRUSHCHEV: A CAREER. By EDWARD CRANKSHAW. *Viking. 320 pp. $7.50.*

Reviewed by MYRON RUSH

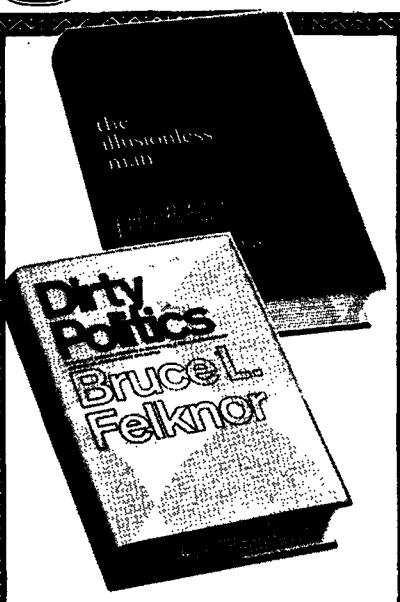
THE LIFE OF Nikita Khrushchev is full of paradoxes and mysteries. He was one of the few statesmen of the 20th century who received slight formal education as a child and little more as an adult, yet he could hold his own, and better, in debate and political maneuvering against the best educated and most experienced of the world's leaders. A peasant in origin and upbringing and the author of numerous volumes of speeches on the growing of crops, he apparently never cultivated the land himself, and he had relatively little knowledge of the subject before he reached middle age. Though he claimed to speak for the proletariat of the world, he never led a strike against the capitalists, nor, so far as we know, did he ever preach revolution in his native land. Although he was already in his twenties when the Tsar was overthrown and when the Bolsheviks destroyed the Provisional Government, he played no part in either event; yet, despite the slowness of his commitment to the world Communist movement, he rose to become its head.

Despite his remarkable intelligence and great force of will and character, his career had made little progress by the time he was thirty. Even at the age of thirty-eight he was only a ward leader in Moscow, but within six years he was Stalin's deputy for the Ukraine. He was still there, a decade later, when he was suddenly disgraced and his career seemed at an end; yet two years later it reached a new high point, when Khrushchev returned to Moscow as perhaps the third most powerful figure in the Soviet regime, after Stalin himself and Malenkov. Finally, the greatest paradox of all: having emerged from the closed and narrow circle of Stalin's heirs, men who adulated Stalin and survived his purges because they lacked the courage or the decency to oppose them, Khrushchev finally chose to expose his crimes, and even to deprive him of the glory that was rightly his.

Khrushchev's life is as full of mysteries as it is of paradoxes. We know that he played a key role in the removal from office (the "purge") of numerous leaders in Moscow and in the Ukraine during the 30's; but did he play a comparable role in the execution of many of these men (the "blood purge")? What was Khrushchev's responsibility in the "affair of the doctors," most of them Jewish, against whom, in the last weeks of Stalin's life, charges were fabricated that they had murdered two of his top lieutenants and were plotting the murder of leading Soviet military figures? What were the circumstances that led Khrushchev to deliver "the secret speech" against Stalin, which surprised and shocked the world, Communists and non-Communists alike? Finally, how did it happen that Khrushchev let power slip from his fingers into the hands of men whom he had himself raised to power from obscurity?

Edward Crankshaw, in his new book, has presented an interesting and knowledgeable account of the Soviet leader's life, but he has left these questions about as dark as he found them. His is the first biography in English since Khrushchev's fall, but that event has not added much to our knowledge of his career. Khrushchev's successors, while they have repeatedly criticized his rule, have not troubled to expose Khrushchev by illuminating the dark chapters of his life. Moreover, Crankshaw himself has not searched for evidence that might have eluded previous students of the subject. Despite an occasional bow to the rituals of scholarship, Crankshaw is a journalist, a very good one, and the best informed popular writer on Soviet affairs in the West. For the most part, he has been content to rely on what others have written and on his own abundant writings. Is a

NORTON
"Books that Live"



THE ILLUSIONLESS MAN

Some Fantasies and Meditations About Disillusionment

by ALLEN WHEELIS

An exploration – sometimes comic, sometimes serious – into the process of disenchantment and the importance of illusions. Allen Wheelis, author of THE QUEST FOR IDENTITY, raises the question: Is there any value under the sun that is secure? $4.50

Dr. Wheelis has been a recent contributor to *Commentary*.

DIRTY POLITICS

by BRUCE L. FELKNOR

Engrossing and appalling, this history of dirty campaigning and election chicanery in America covers the years from the time of Washington down to the present. A nationally recognized authority on election ethics and tactics, Mr. Felknor was formerly executive director of the Committee for Fair Campaign Practices.

In this election year, DIRTY POLITICS is important reading for every voter. With 8 pages of illustrations. $5.95

At all bookstores

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
New York, N.Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new biography, based on well-known facts, warranted? One would think so, since we have had none for several years. Oddly, however, Crankshaw has little to say about what Khrushchev did and what befell him after 1961, when the last biography in English appeared.

Instead, he has concentrated on Khrushchev's early years and his gradual rise to power. More than half the book treats Khrushchev's career before 1945, a subject which Lazar Pistrak meticulously researched and presented at length in his biography of Khrushchev, *The Grand Tactician* (Praeger, 1961). This is definitive, so far as available evidence permits. Crankshaw properly acknowledges his debt to Pistrak, but I find it hard to understand why he devotes so much space (including many pages in which Khrushchev's name does not appear) to an account that is based on the same scanty evidence that was available to Pistrak. Crankshaw's account is highly readable, and of course he brings his own point of view and sometimes judges the evidence differently but it does not seem to me that he has added greatly to what Pistrak had to say.

The pace speeds up as we approach Khrushchev's recent career, as though the author had tired of his subject. Crankshaw hints at another explanation, however. There is a curious passage in which he seems to suggest that the personal drama of Khrushchev's life reached its climax at the time of the Twentieth Party Congress in February, 1956. Then "Khrushchev achieved the summit of his career. The Soviet Union lay at his feet: there was nothing he might not do, and this was never again to be true." Is this why a mere fifty-odd pages are devoted to the rest of his career? But elsewhere Crankshaw says that after 1955 "for a decade to come the Khrushchev story was to be the story of his country and also, to a very large degree, of the world." Certainly if this were not so, it would be hard to find Khrushchev a biographer. No doubt the story of his rise from lowly peasant to ruler of the Soviet Union would have an interest of its own, were there not such a paucity of facts. As it is, what facts we have are of interest chiefly because of what they tell us about a man who ruled the Soviet Union from 1957 to 1964, and whose actions, while he ruled, involved the fate of the world.

JUST WHAT was Khrushchev's power during these years? According to Crankshaw, Khrushchev "was never to be the supreme autocrat, as Stalin was the supreme autocrat, though at times he came very near to it." Actually, Khrushchev's power never approached Stalin's. For one thing, Stalin terrorized his opponents to a point where they dared not even argue with him. For another, Stalin's prestige was so great after the victory over Germany that even his own lieutenants, according to Anastas Mikoyan, doubted whether they could rule without him. Khrushchev, on the other hand, lacked the power to terrorize his opponents, and his lieutenants were so little impressed by Khrushchev's capacity to rule that they did not hesitate to replace him once they had the chance.

Still, it would be wrong to underestimate the power Khrushchev exercised, as Crankshaw sometimes did in his previous writings. One sign of Khrushchev's power was how little it was impaired by the striking failure of his major domestic and foreign policies from 1960 to 1963. Following his forced removal of Soviet missiles from Cuba in October, 1962, for example, Khrushchev did not trouble to lie low till his humiliation had faded in the minds of his subordinates. Instead, he moved forcefully to impose a measure that was greatly resented by a key class of officials, the provincial party and government heads, whose organizations he divided into two parts, one for industry, the other for agriculture. This measure was not welcomed by his lieutenants, who discarded it as soon as they were rid of Khrushchev, but that he was able to impose it on them without meeting effective resistance suggests the scope of his power and how little it was affected by even his worst fiascos. Even in the years of his ill fortune, after 1960, his power was still too great to be pared away; it could only be destroyed at a

THE CHURCH AND THE JEWISH PEOPLE

by Augustin Cardinal Bea

"An indispensable tool for understanding the declaration on Jewish-Christian relations published by the Vatican Council. This book initiates the Jewish reader into the difficulties which Christians have had in extending the fellowship of love to Jews and at the same time remaining faithful to the teaching of their Scriptures."

—GREGORY BAUM

"Cardinal Bea's wisdom, courage, and pioneering effort in the cause of interreligious understanding will be remembered with esteem by future historians. . . . This authoritative Catholic interpretation will be required reading for all students of Vatican II."

—ABRAHAM HESCHEL

The entire text of the decree is included in this volume.

$4.50 at your bookseller

Harper & Row

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

single blow. Yet, at the same time, his power was not great enough to be secure against such a blow. Deprived of the use of terror, Khrushchev was vulnerable to conspiracy.

Crankshaw, it must be said, and few others, correctly appraised that vulnerability. "It was my own persistent contention that the men who had raised him up [I myself would put it the other way around] could, and one day might, pull him down. In the end they did just this." Quite so. In the end, they pulled him down; until then they could do little except prepare themselves to act.

An essential condition for their success, in view of the widely propagated cult of Khrushchev, was the substantial discrediting of Khrushchev's rule that resulted from the persistent failure of his chief policies, and from the fact that the USSR had come upon hard times. From 1959 to 1963, his agricultural program, to which he had committed much of his personal prestige, largely foundered. His industrial reforms proved ineffective. Under him, the USSR lost its leading position not only in the Communist world as a whole, but even in parts of East Europe. Communist China was transformed from an ally into an intransigent foe, and though Khrushchev was by no means wholly responsible for this development, his attempts to exert pressure on China were so crude and inept as to cause a rapid widening of the breach between the two sides. Khrushchev's campaign against West Berlin from 1958 to 1962, which was based in part on exaggerated claims of Soviet missile capabilities, not only failed to undermine the Western position in Berlin, but so stimulated the U.S. missile program that the USSR fell far behind in intercontinental striking power. Because Khrushchev persisted in seeking large victories in the cold war, which proved to be beyond his means, he made little progress toward the accommodation with the U.S. that he also sought. Of course, he did succeed in reforming and moderating Stalin's absolutist regime without losing control of events, and this is greatly to his credit, but it can hardly be said that Khrushchev contributed much to the solution of the Soviet Union's economic and strategic problems.

Besides the failure of his policies, Khrushchev also made some crucial errors in the management of his power. He put too much of it in the hands of his heir-apparent, Leonid Brezhnev, a man whom he misjudged. Brezhnev was the key figure in the conspiracy that overthrew Khrushchev, and he immediately assumed the latter's post of party First Secretary, without, however, obtaining the plenitude of power Khrushchev once had. After an interval of uncertainty which lasted into the spring of 1965, Brezhnev began to increase his power, and it has grown steadily by small increments to the present day. How stable Brezhnev's power is, however, remains a question.

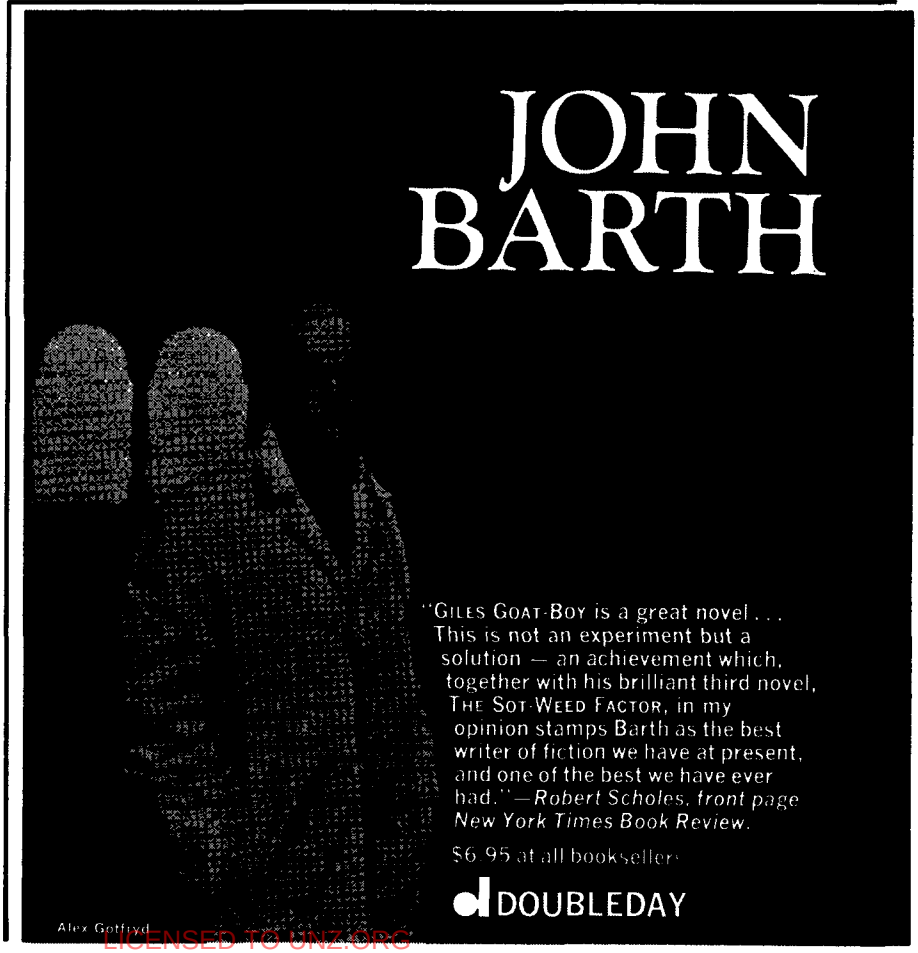
Meanwhile, the ex-dictator lives out his days, in comfortable circumstances but cut off from communication with the world. Recently his wife, Nina, told reporters in a chance encounter that Khrushchev had just finished reading a translation of President de Gaulle's memoirs, which he enjoyed. Did the thought cross his mind that perhaps here was a parallel case: a statesman prematurely retired from affairs, but later called upon, at a time of danger, to return to the helm? If the old man, now aged seventy-two, harbors such thoughts, no doubt they comfort him. But do they also cross the minds of his heirs, casting a shadow? Whatever their fears, Khrushchev's political career is probably at an end. Even so, we may have long to wait for a really satisfactory account of his whole political life. Until then, Crankshaw's biography, with its strong personal impressions of Khrushchev, will help fill the gap.

GROWING PAINS

THREE WORLDS OF DEVELOPMENT: THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF INTERNATIONAL STRATIFICATION. By IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ. *Oxford. 475 pp. $8.50.*

Reviewed by E. F. SCHUMACHER

THE WORLD, like ancient Gaul, can be divided into *partes tres*, and such a division may be a useful expository device, provided only that no


JOHN BARTH
"GILES GOAT-BOY is a great novel . . . This is not an experiment but a solution — an achievement which, together with his brilliant third novel, THE SOT-WEED FACTOR, in my opinion stamps Barth as the best writer of fiction we have at present, and one of the best we have ever had."—Robert Scholes, front page New York Times Book Review.
$6.95 at all booksellers
DOUBLEDAY
Alex Gotfryd

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAURICE SAMUEL
investigates the
Beiliss Case

(one of the most bizarre frame-ups in modern history, involving a Jew charged with ritual murder in Czarist Russia, and a homicidal bawd whose partners-in-crime ran a grotesque gamut from underworld killers to detectives, lawyers, the Minister of Justice, and Czar Nicholas II, himself)

Blood Accusation
By MAURICE SAMUEL
$5.95 • now at better bookstores
ALFRED·A·KNOPF

'Please, Mummy, don't send me away'

The still-vivid memories of 200 people who were among the ten thousand Jewish refugee children brought to England to escape the Nazis "... interprets a great historical tragedy in terms of individual human experiences." — THE DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S, London
$4.25

WE CAME AS CHILDREN
A Collective Autobiography
Edited by
Karen Gershon
Also by the same author
SELECTED POEMS
A collection of poetry on Jewish themes as well as reflections of a mother whose own parents perished in Nazi death camps. $3.95
HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

one really believes in it. Professor Horowitz talks about "Three Worlds of Development" as "contrasts in social structural evolution, contrasts too in their appearance in historical time." His First World is "dominated by the United States, including allies in Western Europe and satellites in Latin America and elsewhere." His Second World is "dominated by the Soviet Union, including allies and/or satellites in Eastern Europe and parts of Asia." His Third World is defined as "non-aligned and non-satellitic nations with a general tendency toward clustering in Africa, Asia, and Latin America—a spectrum conventionally covering Algeria to Yugoslavia in economy and India to China in polity." One may wonder whether the contrasts *between* these "Worlds" are really greater than those *within* them.

Having adopted this somewhat rigid scheme, Professor Horowitz quickly finds that he has to expand it. "Before going into the special features of the Third World, we ought to point out immediately that there is a Fourth World of undevelopment. That is to say, a world of tribal societies which for one or another reason are unconscious of alternatives to their own ways of life." The "gulf between *un*development and *under*development" he considers to be "central in relation to the definition of the Third World," but he does not give us any help in identifying the Fourth World in geographical or political terms. There also appears to be a Fifth World, the overdeveloped society. "As a general rule, overdevelopment can be defined as that social condition in which material wealth is maldistributed and the human skills available are not used to a maximum extent." Again, the reader (who may think that this is a feature of almost all societies) is given little help in trying to identify these overdeveloped societies, being told that "the United States can by no stretch of the imagination simply be relegated to the realm of overdevelopment."

Leaving on one side the Fourth and Fifth Worlds, we are faced with "Three Worlds of Development" and are naturally curious to know what the author wishes us to understand by the word "development." This proves to be a somewhat difficult quest. To start with, we are told that "Any sound theory of social change must indicate what development excludes; that is, how it distinguishes itself from such cognate concepts as industrialization, externally induced transformation, growth of population and of the economy." Development must not be identified with any of these: it "differs from industrialization in that the latter implies a series of technological, mechanical, and engineering innovations in forms of social production." It "differs from change in that the latter implies a continual adaptation through small steps and stages to an existent social condition" (*sic!*). It "differs from externally induced transformation in that the latter implies a prime mover which is external to the development process," and it differs from growth in national wealth or population since "these do not call forth any new process, but are simply processes of adaptation." What one is to make of all this, I do not know. Let us search for some positive statements. We are told that development *implies* "a genuine break with tradition"; that it implies "a new technology which makes available consumer goods"; that it *reflects* "at some level culture and consciousness and factors which are 'unnatural.'" "In human development, alternative forms of social structure are not only possible but almost inevitable. But to conclude from these facts, as some sociologists have, that it is impossible to arrive at a scientific statement of human development is simply to abandon the major question posed for social science." Quite so; but where is the definition—never mind about a scientific statement? Can we find it on page 58? "There are certain fundamentals common to a scientific notion of development." Good! Let us have them. "Development can be seen as an aspect of the human will." That tells us nothing. "Another approach emphasizes the products of advanced technology, or some concrete evidence that development is taking place." How can there be concrete evidence of something we-don't-know-what? Can we find our definition on pages 59-60 where we read that "the basic ele-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

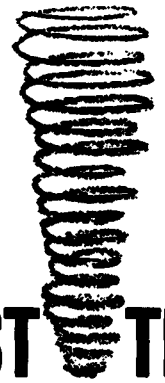
ments in a definition of development must focus on the main features of the Third World but must not lose sight of the measurements which distinguish one nation or territory from another"—whatever that may mean? Yes, indeed; if not a definition of "development," here at least is a definition of "a developed society": it is "*one made up of the social structure, technologies, and life styles that exist today in the First and Second Worlds. In other words, these two worlds, represented by the United States and the Soviet Union in particular, will be used in this work as models of developed nations.*" To ram it home: "*The developmental process includes those social and economic changes which tend to make the nations of the Third World more closely resemble the nations of the First or Second Worlds or some combination of the two.*" So, at long last, we know. Here is the development goal for the Third World, as seen by our author. (We still do not know what development means in the cases of the First and Second Worlds.) But how can Two Worlds constitute One Goal? The two worlds, we are told, are not so different as people think. "We are now in an age dominated by a common industrial ideology which is just as much the property of the Soviet Union as it is of the West. Industrial demands are sufficiently potent eventually to win out over traditional political forms." "The definition of economic development in terms of per capita output and rates of capital investment has become standard currency for both 'Marxian' and 'Keynesian' economists. The convergence of East and West has proceeded so rapidly and at so many levels since World War Two that there remains an ideological gap. . . . In terms of the concept of development, the ideological struggle is not between East and West but between two styles of Western thought. . . . The choice for other nations is not between capitalism and Communism . . . but rather between the industrial ideology shared by Americans and Soviets and the pre-industrial ideology of the Third World countries." "In each case, the price of change is a disruption of older norms and even older patterns of culture, and development is justified in terms of the same goals, e.g. higher productivity, shorter working hours, increased leisure time, more goods to consume at lower prices."

ALL THIS is clear enough, in spite of the extraordinarily turgid language in which it is put forward. And it is no doubt an act of courage on the part of the author to suggest so forcefully that "The American Way" and "The Communist Road" lead in much the same direction. Maybe he is right; maybe he is not. But from the point of view of the so-called Third World there may still be some legitimate doubt about the soundness of this direction and the suitability of these models. Professor Horowitz is not unaware of the "immense problems" created by this type of development. "Why should there be such widespread disillusionment and dismay in the developed countries?" he asks. "Clearly, it is because the very giganticism of our achievements has made it possible for the individual to be overwhelmed and for whole populations to be annihilated. *In short, technical and industrial development is not total development and does not settle the major problems of politics, economics, war and peace, etc., but only raises such issues to a new pinnacle of desperation.*" (Italics are mine.) How true, how true! But how astonishing to hear this after we had been told in the most categorical terms that the "life styles" of the United States and the Soviet Union are the author's choice as models for the Third World!

Professor Horowitz says that "the sociologist must become a physician of society." As a sociologist-turned-physician, I suppose, he recommends worldwide industrialization; yet he also insists that "Industrialization is in its essence a process of dehumanization." How can the physician recommend a process of dehumanization? Or can he perhaps show us *types* of development and *types* of industrialization which humanize instead of dehumanizing? This, surely, is the crux of the whole matter. To insist that development is desired by the Third World; that it is necessary; that it should be helped along; that the

LORD HARLECH

(better known to Americans as Sir David Ormsby-Gore, friend to President Kennedy and British Ambassador to the United States from 1961 to 1965) talks plain sense about the crises we must face today if there is to be a world for our children tomorrow.



MUST THE WEST DECLINE?

$3.50 at better bookstores

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"...a classic in scholarship, in perception, in style...

KHRUSHCHEV

A CAREER

by Edward Crankshaw

"...a thrilling adventure for any reader. Crankshaw presents a vast assemblage of details about Khrushchev, many of them hitherto unrecorded." —MARSHALL MAC DUFFIE, *Saturday Review*

With 16 pages of photographs, chronology, notes, index. $7.50

THE VIKING PRESS
625 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 10022

Where can the Israeli artist find inspiration?

The excitement of new vigor in an age-old setting. Self-discovery after a nightmare. The colors and clashes of mixing civilizations.

Would this kind of art enhance your home or office? Visit the Ross Gallery of Israeli Art, 180 West End Ave. (68 St.), NY 23. Wkdays. 1-5, Sat. 10-3, or call 799-2834 for appt.

TASTE THE GOURMET TOBACCO MGT BLEND THIRTY-ONE

Unique Rare tobaccos selected without compromise . . . slow-burning and cool to the tongue. You will love its flavor and bouquet. . . . Blend Thirty-One is available only on special order by mail from the blendor at $3 for handsome 6-oz. canister, $6 for 13-oz. Vacuum-packed in plastics for freshness. No C.O.D.'s please.

M.G.T. TOBACCO COMPANY
P.O. BOX 8CO, KEW GARDENS 15, NEW YORK
MEMBER PIPE and TOBACCO COUNCIL

rich can help the poor—no one disagrees. But how can all this be done without dehumanization, without driving people "to a new pinnacle of desperation"? If the physician had suggestions on these questions he would be worth listening to. If he merely sets up the United States and/or the Soviet Union as "the model of models," he offers nothing at all.

A careful search through nearly five-hundred pages yields a few possible hints. "Traditional patterns are not necessarily and always inimical to development." This is more helpful than the statement—whether quoted with approval or disapproval is not clear—that "if small entrepreneurs, farmers, or urban workers felt economic distress, their condition could be considered a regrettable but necessary and temporary by-product of the triumphant march of progress." The author admits that "Westernization has produced the deterioration and the breakdown of traditional societies" and has therefore a favorable word to say about the armed forces, which he sees as "an instrument of continuity in a context where violent breaks with the past are unsettling." It would have been useful if he had been able to go beyond these generalities and had given the reader some account of the "peaceful use of military forces" (P.U.M.F.) which is one of the most helpful developments in the Third World today.

In spite of his predilection for large-scale industrialization, Professor Horowitz does not close his mind to the "gradualist approach": "First of all, the agricultural sector of the economy is predominant, and this is where extreme poverty exists. . . . Secondly, concentrated heavy industry is not immediately required because there are inadequate market opportunities, lack of capital, scarcity of skills and administrative capacity, and an insufficient supply of managerial expertise. Small-scale light industry may, on the other hand, be linked to local handicrafts. Small rural industry does not need many urban services and savings can be made in capital expenditure which would otherwise be applied to the cost of urbanization. A revitalization of the land must take place. It has the advantage of moving industry to the labor supply which, despite urbanization, remains largely immobile." "It is not disruptive of the entire culture as is large-scale industrialization. It does not mean a rapid urbanization with its attendant social problems." Here, at last, are some of the attitudes and words worthy of someone who wishes to act as "a physician of society." Unfortunately, Professor Horowitz does not really believe in any of this: "The gradual approach," he says, "precisely because it seeks to disarm opponents of industrial development, makes it possible easily to sabotage such development." Hence he is much more in favor of drastic action, involving the expropriation of the "haves," because "prospects for economic progress are very slight unless a social revolution effects a shift in the distribution of income and power." What he fails to show, or even to discuss, is what positive steps of development should be taken *after* confiscation and social revolution. Should there be large-scale industrialization—to disrupt the entire culture; mass migration from the neglected hinterland into the metropolitan areas—to cause insoluble social problems; and a reckless attempt to build modern industry—without capital, without adequate markets, management, finance, and other skills? Unfortunately, he does not tell us.

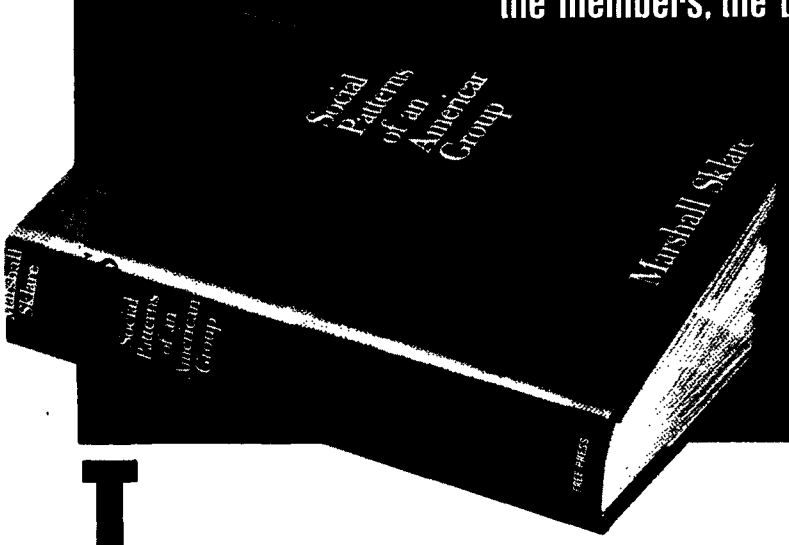
PERHAPS it is wrong and unjust to look in Horowitz's book for practical advice on the extraordinarily difficult problems of development. The subtitle of the book—referring to "Theory and Practice"—is certainly misleading. No one engaged in development work will learn anything practical from these pages.

Whether the patient reader will obtain new insight into the real world—here presented as "Three Worlds of Development"—will no doubt depend on himself. If he has never attempted to look boldly around, beyond the accustomed horizons of his country or his special subject, the book may stimulate him a great deal. It may help him to see a multicolored world instead of one conveniently divided into white and black. But he will have to work hard and to put up with a style of writing which excels in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everything about this new book club is different...

the members, the books, the terms under which you join.



FOR JOINING...

you will receive a free copy of this important work by thirty-six distinguished sociologists.

Here is a partial table of contents:

Jewish Immigration and Accommodation to America
Some Aspects of Jewish Demography
The American Jew and the Attainment of Middle-Class Rank
The Politics of American Jews
Sources of Jewish Internationalism and Liberalism
Culture and Jewish Sobriety
Some Relationships between Religion, Ethnic Origin and Mental Illness
Hoodlum or Business Man: An American Dilemma
Two Types of Jewish Mothers
A Study of Jewish Attitudes toward the State of Israel
The American Rabbi
Jewish Participation in the Life of Middle-Sized American Communities.

The members of the new Commentary Library are all Commentary subscribers – because only Commentary subscribers *can* join.

The books selected for The Commentary Library reflect the editorial interests of Commentary itself and deal with the significant political, cultural, and religious issues of our time.

Joining The Commentary Library entitles you to a free copy of *The Jews,* a major study of Jewish life in America by thirty-six distinguished authorities. Published at $10.00, *The Jews* runs to nearly half a million words.

But joining and accepting a free copy of *The Jews* does *not* obligate you to buy any additional books from The Commentary Library in any particular period of time—or, in fact, ever.

As a member, you receive a monthly bulletin which describes the forthcoming selection, alternates, and all the other books available in The Commentary Library.

Although you are not required to buy any of the books, we will ship an examination copy of the current selection unless you return the card supplied instructing us not to. Of course, you *can* use the same card to order any Commentary Library books you would like. Almost all of them will be offered at reduced members' prices, and the books you buy earn additional bonus books for you.

We believe that you will find The Commentary Library a valuable aid in helping you select the kinds of books which, as a Commentary subscriber, you are likely to want in your own library. Enroll now, and receive your free copy of *The Jews*. You can also, if you wish, make your first selection now. We'll be content to tempt you thereafter with our monthly bulletin.

The Commentary Library

165 East 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022 t-3

Please enroll me as a member of the new Commentary Library and send me a free copy of *The Jews*. I have checked my first selection at right, but I understand there are no obligations and that I may cancel my membership at any time. My Commentary subscription is entered for the name and address shown below.*

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

*Only Commentary subscribers may join The Commentary Library. To subscribe now, check here ☐ and enclose payment of $8.00 for the next 12 issues of Commentary.

Please check your first selection:

☐ **IN MY FATHER'S COURT** and **SHORT FRIDAY,** both books by Issac Bashevis Singer. Autobiographical reminiscences and an important collection of stories.
Combined List Price $10.45. **Member's Price $7.95**

☐ **BEYOND THE MELTING POT,** the classic study of immigrant groups by Nathan Glazer and Daniel P. Moynihan.
List Price $7.50. **Member's Price $5.95**

☐ **THE COMMENTARY READER,** 20-year anthology edited by Norman Podhoretz. Introduction by Alfred Kazin.
List Price $12.50. **Member's Price $9.95**

☐ **AMERICAN JEWISH YEARBOOK 1966.**
List Price $6.95. **Member's Price $4.95**

☐ **MY LIFE,** autobiography of the great artist, Marc Chagall. Illustrated, of course.
List Price $6.00. **Member's Price $4.95**

☐ **THE RELIGION OF ISRAEL,** the origins of Judaism by Yehezkel Kaufmann.
List Price $8.50. **Member's Price $6.95**

☐ Enclosed is my payment for $_____ (The Commentary Library will pay postage and handling)
☐ Bill my account for the book plus postage and handling

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Publications
of the
LEO BAECK INSTITUTE
YEAR BOOK X—1965
365 pages $9.50
From the Contents:
Siegfried Moses: The First Ten Years of the Leo Baeck Institute—*H. G. Reissner:* The German-American Jews (1800-1850)—*Norman Bentwich:* Nazi Spoliation and German Restitution—*Leo Baeck:* Letters—other documents.
Editor Robert Weltsch
LEO BAECK
MEMORIAL LECTURES
$1.00 each
FRITZ BAMBERGER: Leo Baeck—The Man and the Idea
MAX GRUENEWALD: Theology and History
HANS MORGENTHAU: The Tragedy of German-Jewish Liberalism
SALO W. BARON: World Dimensions of Jewish History
ROBERT GORDIS: Jewish Learning and Jewish Existence—Retrospect and Prospect
OSCAR HANDLIN: Jews in the Culture of Middle Europe
GERSHOM SCHOLEM: Walter Benjamin
GERSON D. COHEN—Ashkenasim and Sephardim—Differences in Messianic Concept (Advance orders taken)
For complete list of Publications write to:
LEO BAECK INSTITUTE
129 East 73rd Street
New York, N.Y. 10021

Remembrance **Marc Sterling (Russia)**

Original color lithograph by Marc Sterling, an outstanding European artist. Each original is signed and numbered by the artist. The edition is limited to 180 impressions. The colors are misty blues, reds, greens, yellow, beige. Mat size 20 x 26, picture 17½ x 22½. Priced at only $22, this original color lithograph is likely to increase many times in value over the years. Orders will be filled while the edition lasts. Guaranteed refund unless delighted. Order today from ART OF ALL NATIONS, Inc., Studio 410, Harmon, New York 10520.

To receive catalogs or original color lithographs and engravings, rare prints, etc., issued from time to time during year, send $1.

art of anti-simplicity. Professor Horowitz considers that "European culture has become a simple footnote to events in either the United States or in the Soviet Union." No trace of the footnote survives in the prose of this book.

A DEMANDING NOVEL

HOPSCOTCH. By JULIO CORTAZAR. Translated from the Spanish by GREGORY RABASSA. *Pantheon. 564 pp. $6.95.*

Reviewed by CARLOS FUENTES

JULIO CORTAZAR is a lanky, blue-eyed, boyish-looking man of fifty: a sort of engaging Jimmy Stewart of Latin-American letters. When he is not translating for UNESCO in Vienna, Bombay, or Paris, he will be found writing—on a run-down farm near Aix-en-Provence where the plumbing alternately freezes and grumbles—the most exciting fiction now being produced in the Spanish language. He has been absent for the last fifteen years from his native Argentina; he is a writer of the Exodus Generation, no longer capable of working within the stifling chauvinism, the provincial options, and the literary cannibalism of the real "down under"; the metaphysical Underground that is Spanish America.

Latin America has a schizophrenic culture. Nostalgia for the noble savage and eschatological yearning for the revolutionary man: who killed the Inca Atahualpa? And here comes Godot! Provincial attachment and cosmopolitan rootlessness: tequila vs. champagne. Extreme individualism and apocalyptic collectivism: Viva Zapata, and the Aztecs will rise again. A pride in anarchy and a profound subservience before power: the gaucho, Martin Fierro, makes his own law, but only El Señor Presidente can solve our problems. Captured within these conflicting absolutes, it is a humorless culture, never detached enough to see itself from the outside, from other perspectives.

Accordingly, the moving force of contemporary art and literature in Latin America is to come up for air. Poets and essayists like Octavio Paz and Jorge Luis Borges, artists like José Luis Cuevas and Roberto Matta, novelists like Julio Cortázar and Mario Vargas Llosa—all are trying to develop a new vision of life as accident and variety, outside the monolithic demands of a static history and a fixed geography. They know that an artist's physical alienation may be necessary to his spiritual rootedness. They are trying to win for Latin America the experience of perspective won for North American letters by James, Stein, Fitzgerald, and the other great exiles—the escape from false alternatives, the achievement of synthesis. *Hopscotch* in great measure succeeds: it is the Latin-American equivalent of books like *The Wings of the Dove* and *Tender is the Night.*

I STRESS these factors because *Hopscotch*, acclaimed by the London *Times Literary Supplement* as the "first great novel of Spanish America," has also been dismissed in certain quarters in New York as a mere literary trick, empty of significance, wilfully obscure, and monumentally boring. *Hopscotch*, to be sure, is a demanding novel, a novel that must be re-created as it is read. It is hard to tell where the book begins and where it ends; it is hard to tell who the narrator is. Time sequence, identity, plot—all are problematic in this novel about an Argentine exile in Paris (Oliveira) and his double, an Argentine who has never left Buenos Aires (and yet is named Traveler).

Thus it is true that Cortázar is playing games, but not, as *Time's* anonymous reviewer suspects, gratuitous games. He is risking his all while playing: his roots, his culture, his language, even, finally, his own identity. These are the stakes of the game in which Cortázar, a free man, a writer, proclaims to Latin America: "You are as I want to see you, not as you wish to be seen." If it is natural that *Time* should not perceive this, it is more surprising that John Wain, writing in the *New York Review of Books*, should so completely miss the point that the totally invented world of *Hopscotch* is, precisely, the only world that can give signif-

LICENSED TO OCLC BY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

icance to the human void between the abstract dualisms of Argentina in particular and Latin America in general.

Wain decides that Cortázar has written an anti-novel with one eye on his true public, the French literary avant-garde (does such a thing really exist?), who would surely disapprove of any linear, plotted, conventionally characterized novel. This is patently false. Cortázar is addressing himself to the humorless, schizophrenic sense of time and culture in Latin America and, far from winking at the Left Bank intelligentsia, he is slapping Latin-American readers out of their wits—with as much force and, I believe, greater imagination than the so-called Angry Young Men used on the English in their day. The fragmented structure of the novel is anything but gratuitous; it is an aspect of Cortázar's effort to consecrate the present, the instant which Latin Americans, caught as they are in Edens past and future, refuse to recognize and in which they refuse to live. It represents, in other words, a revolt against historical abstraction—the same revolt in which Cortázar's great contemporary, Octavio Paz, is engaged. This is the meaning of the "disjointed scenes" that so irritate Wain, and it is the reason for the *openness* of the book, its refusal to establish its own past or future, its origin or conclusion.

Within its perpetual present, *Hopscotch* can only be understood at the level of the fantastic, of which genre Cortázar is a past master (witness his as yet untranslated *Bestiario, Final del Juego, Las Armas Secretas,* and *Historias de Cronopios y de Famas*). Everything in *Hopscotch* is a ghostly double of itself: cities, characters, cultures, even the author himself. But in Latin America, fantasy *is* history. History as change does not exist; there is only the compulsive repetition of ritual acts. Like Borges, Cortázar tries to set Latin-American time into motion through the fantastic. Argentina, says Cortázar, has all the future before it, and this is the poorest of affluences: Latin America in a nutshell. Continually referred to the promises of the future, we can only respond with fictions if we are to nail down the present and feel ourselves alive.

FAILURE and void, then, but not as "a life so emptied of significance" that it cannot "engage the interest of a reader of novels" (Wain). No: this is the failure and void of Buster Keaton comedies. Oliveira's tragedy of emptiness in *Hopscotch* could be that of Camus's Mersault and Sartre's Roquentin: a perpetual rupture between *l'espoir* and *la condition humaine*. But where Malraux can convert tragedy into adventure, or Camus and Sartre can face the wilful nothingness of a fallen humanism, Cortázar, the Latin American, is forced to face nothingness before being anything. This is the comedy of Latin America. We have no Fall to cry over, because we have never risen: we are, to put it mildly and with a nod at the Left Bank, *le néant pur*.

In short, *Hopscotch*, in its depth of imagination and suggestion, in its maze of black mirrors, in its ironical potentiality-through-destruction of time and words, marks the true possibility of encounter between the Latin-American imagination and the contemporary world.

WILLING IT

THE WAYS OF THE WILL. By LESLIE H. FARBER. *Basic Books. 226 pp. $5.95.*

Reviewed by
EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

I CANNOT RECALL when I last had the pleasure of reviewing a book which seemed to me to succeed perfectly in achieving its author's purpose; and, moreover, did so with such modesty and ease as to run a certain risk of concealing from the reader the importance and complexity of that purpose. We have all become so accustomed to stridency in communication that we are unlikely to believe that an author has undertaken and completed anything important unless he and his publisher repeatedly tell us so. Dr. Farber's technique is suited to a different kind of theater. Though he is an analyst,

Yashica Atoron

A marvel of camera engineering the 4-oz. Yashica Atoron ultra-miniature goes with you everywhere, takes brilliant slides, color and black & white prints. With semi automatic exposure fast f/2.8 lens, shutter speeds to 1/250th, built-in filters, it takes drop-in film available throughout the world. In complete kit with flash, chain, case, extra filters, under $110.

YASHICA INC., 50-17 QUEENS BOULEVARD, WOODSIDE, NEW YORK 11377 DEPT. N YASHICA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his work is surgical both in its precision and in the fact that he leaves no mess and very little surface indication of the sensitive depths at which he has been working. In his underlying attitudes, Dr. Farber is anything but surgical. His central concern is with the evil consequences of treating people as if they were passive objects—and with the virtual impossibility, in our society with its scientific and linguistic conventions, of treating them in any other way, even on the psychoanalytic couch. But perhaps good surgeons, too, are assisted by their awareness of their patients' humanity even while refusing to become sentimental about their disorders.

The integrity of this book is attested to by the fact that it hangs together like a well-constructed mobile even though it is a collection of ten essays published over the past decade, all but one of them in technical journals. Taken together, they demonstrate their author's consistent concern with the same moral issues. But there is no repetition at all. A psychiatrist whose fundamental interest is in the relationships of ethics to personal style and authenticity could surely ask no richer or more diverse opportunity for participant-observation than that afforded by an established practice in Washington, D.C. Dr. Farber's *genius loci* is also responsible, I suspect, for his selection of the phenomenon of despair—of which Washington has become the unrivaled world source—as the topic for three of the most original of his essays.

Even though most of these essays were originally published in scholarly journals, they are of great general interest, and as clearly and economically written as their subject matter permits. Dr. Farber was trained by the late Harry Stack Sullivan, and has served as chairman of the Washington School of Psychiatry and as vice president of the William Alanson White Psychiatric Foundation, which forms the institutional base of the Sullivanian school. Sullivan's ideas have always been especially difficult to express in systematic written form—he, himself, never wrote a book, though his associates have assembled from his notes and papers some of the most provocative work in modern psychiatry, and published several volumes posthumously in Sullivan's name. The problem is not that Sullivan's thought is turgid, but that the role of language in psychodynamics is central to it, so that he was constantly in the position of trying to explain phenomena in terms that were themselves at the heart of the mystery. Farber shares this difficulty, which is compounded by his existentialism.

Farber's use of existential thought is subtle and intricate, though often vivid as well. As the title indicates, he is concerned with the human will and the fate of its bearer. He starts by discussing what he means by will, distinguishing his position clearly from that of the Nietzschean, Otto Rank, who called his most familiar work *Will Therapy*. The two men have nothing in common; Rank, as Farber points out, was concerned with reestablishing in his patients a more masterful posture by freeing them from neurotic guilt. Farber is concerned with the currently familiar problem of authenticity. While Rank likewise sought this end, he perceived the will as an instrument that might be rather artificially strengthened to further it. Farber sees the will as the essence of human being; dynamic, but ineffable and treacherous if pressed too hard to define itself.

In his conception of the will and the existential plight of man, Farber seems to have been strongly influenced by T. S. Eliot. He quotes Eliot twice in *The Ways Of The Will*; but both quotations are from "East Coker." It is in *The Cocktail Party*, however, that Eliot defines the will precisely in the sense that Farber thinks of it:

I see that my life was determined long ago
And that the struggle to escape from it
Is only a make-believe, a pretense
That what is, is not, or could be changed.
The self that can say "I want this —or want that"—
The self that wills—he is a feeble creature;
He has to come to terms in the end
With the obstinate, the tougher self; who does not speak
Who never talks, who cannot argue

* * *

The willing self can contrive the disaster
Of this unwilling partnership—but only flourish
In submission to the rule of the stronger partner.

THE WAYS OF THE WILL is devoted to a complex and occasionally delightfully epigrammatic examination of the ways in which the disaster of this unwilling partnership occurs, and can sometimes be averted. Farber, to be sure, is more cheerful than Eliot in this passage; for Eliot is here depicting a character, Edward Chamberlayne, who dramatizes his despair to the point of parody. In the essay "Despair and the Life of Suicide," Farber discusses in general terms the condition of which Chamberlayne is an acutely conceived case-study. But Chamberlayne's trouble, with its attendant syndrome of pompous self-pity and sense of lost identity, is, as the psychoanalyst in *The Cocktail Party* later observes, ". . . serious. A very common malady. Very prevalent, indeed." Or, as Farber puts it:

> Much as I dislike the game of labels, my preference, which could be anticipated, would be to call this the "Age of the Disordered Will." It takes only a glance to see a few of the myriad varieties of willing what cannot be willed that enslave us; we will to sleep, will to read fast, will to have simultaneous orgasm, will to be creative and spontaneous, will to enjoy our old age, and most urgently, will to will. If anxiety is more prominent in our time, such anxiety is the product of our particular modern disability of the will. To this disability, rather than to anxiety, I would attribute the ever-increasing dependence on drugs affecting all levels of our society. While drugs do offer relief from anxiety, their more important task is to offer the illusion of healing the split between the will and its refractory object. . . . This is the reason, I believe, that the addictive possibilities of our age are so enormous.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our typical subscriber

By JEROME AGEL
Editor-Publisher of a Monthly Misnomer

Every month we put out a lively newspaper for the literate reader with a sense of humor. Every issue shakes you up. Even our opening paragraphs involve you:

1) Truman Capote has paid up! Kenneth Tynan had written that "a prominent Manhattan lawyer" had given him the following opinion: "I would doubt whether 'In Cold Blood' would have been released prior to the decease of the accused." Mr. Capote said he would pay $500 to a prisoners' aid society if Mr. Tynan could prove he had such an opinion. Mr. Tynan proved it—and Mr. Capote has now sent through his personal check.

2) A. E. Hotchner, page nine, "Papa Hemingway": "Later on I augmented [my notes] with conversations recorded on pocket-tape transistors that we carried when we traveled." A. E. Hotchner, on ETV in July: "There is nothing in the book that came from a tape recording."

3) President Kennedy was shot from a manhole in a Dallas street. The sniper's nest was in a *papier-mache* tree imported into Texas for the purpose of killing Kennedy. Large sums of money are being spent to prove . . .

4) Henry Roth, author of "Call It Sleep," is trying to write a new book, his second. "I'm sixty now, you know. I'm past the prime for a writer. I don't plan to write another book if I don't write this one."

5) Marshall McLuhan's new book, co-authored with Quentin Fiore, is "The Medium is the Massage"—yes, "the Massage." They write: "Unhappily, well-intentioned political reform programs that aim at the alleviation of suffering caused by unemployment betray an ignorance of the true nature of media."

6) Well, they accused William Epton of criminal anarchy and we are to believe that communists incited the riots. But if someone would say that General Motors, Clairol, Ban, for instance, are the *real* culprits, is anyone ready to charge all those Chairmen of the Board with inciting to riot with their television commercials?

7) I asked her why she was riding with Quincy and she told me that he had been trying to mess with her. She said . . .

The name of our periodical is "BOOKS," but we cover the scene. What's happening. Who's happening. Underground. Overground. Books, authors, films, viable ideas—life!

Every issue is an unpredictable experience. We spotted McLuhan, Nader, "Passover Plot," "Beautiful Losers," "Games People Play," "The Swimmer" (the movie), etc., etc., and we were the first, the very first, to publish the "In Cold Blood" photos. We publish excerpts from the London Times Literary Supplement, a column on who's censoring what this month, plus reader-contributed features and summaries of hardcover and paperback books in the month they are published, by category—*an original and important service.* Plus Plus Plus Scoop Scoop Scoop.

(One reason up to 75 per cent of our readers have re-subscribed—most of them for the maximum two years—an unprecedented loyalty—is our monthly psychodrama, the exclusive, way-out way-in "Cocktail Party" column. Excerpts: Jeane Dixon: "Governor Wallace would make a good President." . . . Pierre Salinger: "I'm on a collision course with The New York Times. We don't agree on what happened during the Bay of Pigs and Cuban missile crises." . . . Henry Luce was outraged at Life magazine's favorable story on Allen Ginsberg . . . New American Library will pay anything—ANYTHING!—for a book on the homosexual mafia. Only writers with terminal cancer are expected to apply . . . A B.U. law professor writes that Norman F. Dacey, author of "How to Avoid Probate!", is "as slick a pitchman to come along since the stranger from Texas unloaded those wild horses a few summers ago down in Yoknapatawpha County.")

Some people really swing with us: "BOOKS has style; I read every word in every issue—and quote you at dinner parties. You're beautiful." "Scholarly books and authors never had it so good." "Terrific, lively writing style. Reading BOOKS is like living with someone you like." "Your scoops are very impressive." "Better than a James Bond flick." "Improve your paper stock. I'm number 43 on the route list." And from James Purdy: "How can you last? Isn't America beautiful enough without you?"

We're available only by subscription. Only $2.92 a year.

ONLY by SUBSCRIPTION—Not on Newsstands

BOOKS/Agel Publishing Co., Inc. C-2
598 Madison Avenue, NYC 10022

Okay, BOOKS, THE LIVELY MONTHLY, I hear a different drummer, too.

NAME .....
(Please Print)

ADDRESS .....

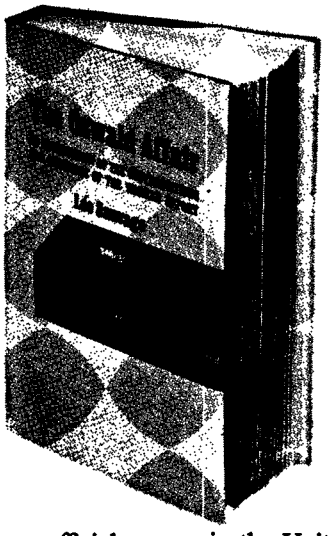
CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

My check is enclosed.

☐ One Year—$2.92 (12 monthly issues)
☐ Two Years—$5.50 (24 monthly issues)

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions; Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; other foreign—$2.00 per year.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Now, An Experienced Journalist Probes A Sensitive Subject.

THE OSWALD AFFAIR

by Léo Sauvage

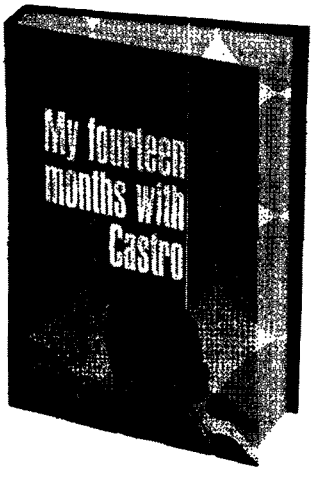
AN EXAMINATION OF THE CONTRADICTIONS AND OMISSIONS OF THE WARREN REPORT.

"I feel no personal sympathy for Oswald or his family. I ask nothing better than to be convinced—but no matter how I turn the case around to see it from every angle, I find nothing to show that Oswald was the assassin of President Kennedy . . . no official agency in the United States has the right to contend there was no evidence suggesting that someone other than Oswald was the assassin, because no official agency in the United States ever tried . . ."

—Léo Sauvage

Mr. Sauvage has been American correspondent of the French newspaper, *Le Figaro*, for the past eighteen years. He has written for *The New Leader*, *The Reporter* and COMMENTARY in this country.

352 pages $6.95



MY FOURTEEN MONTHS WITH CASTRO

by Rufo López-Fresquet

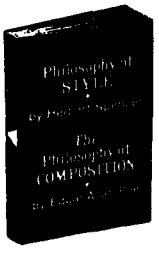
This book provides information never before revealed. As Minister for the Treasury in Castro's government, López-Fresquet was in a key position to observe the dictator and the methods he employed to pervert the nature of the Cuban revolution. A detailed and explosive narrative which includes shrewd predictions concerning Cuba's immediate future.

208 pages $4.95

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
A SUBSIDIARY OF THE TIMES MIRROR COMPANY
Cleveland and New York

Publish Your Manuscript!

If we think your manuscript has unusual possibilities, we will offer you a straight royalty or partial subsidy basis. Send manuscript for free editorial report or write for Brochure CC.
Pageant Press, 101 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y.



WRITE FOR MONEY!
Enrich your style through Herbert Spencer's and Edgar Allan Poe's classic principles that have influenced many of the world's great authors, indispensable for writers eager to get published! Send $1.00 to PAGEANT PRESS, Dept. CCA 101 5th Ave., New York 3

Student is seeking financial assistance to work on Ph.D. At the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

Have written M.A. thesis on Martin Buber's political thought as related to the Israeli Kibbutzim.

Contact ROY MILLER
925 Tularosa Dr.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90026

Enormous, indeed. In Vietnam, escalation has become a special form of addiction, as the Presidential will becomes exacerbated by frustration. "Consideration of the historical origins of our present situation lies outside my purpose and competence," Dr. Farber observes toward the end of the passage from which I took the excerpt I have quoted. This is a pity, for it leaves the most important questions unasked, let alone answered. But there is wealth enough in this book without them. Since subtle discourse loses much by being condensed and paraphrased, I believe I can indicate the scope and quality of Farber's work best simply by quoting several brief observations that particularly struck me. Other readers will doubtless notice quite different jewels scattered along their path, whose cut is better suited to reflect their experience as these reflect and focus on mine:

> What Freud may have achieved was a change from the method of concealment to that of disclosure, without necessarily altering the motivation.
>
> The therapist's disadvantage, moreover, is increased by his habit—encouraged by psychoanalytic theory—of isolating the sexual function: whether his language is clinical or vernacular, he works on the brink of pornography.
>
> To a great extent, the emotionality of hysteria, ranging from rage to tears, can be understood as the fictitious alternative to real conflict.
>
> There is some irony in the circumstance that we have an advertising industry deliberately exploiting envy-*qua*-greed by asserting the proposition that man is what he owns. The irony is compounded when we remember that we have a sociology of class dedicated to precisely the same proposition. So long as I believe that you are your possessions and my [envious] motive is greed, I can avoid any acknowledgment of the essential inequality between us.
>
> The schizophrenic exiles himself from both earth and heaven and, with a surprising dignity, takes up his residence in limbo.

When man believes in his per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fectibility, he experiences his own real being almost as a disease, a fatal sickness whose cure —perfection—seems unattainable for himself, and whose tormenting symptoms can only partially be eased by the exchange of seeming for being. When he measures himself, not by his acts, which may reveal what he *is*, but by his actions, his image of himself becomes external, objective, and turns for its definition to a psychology of behavior. And, we hardly notice that we have almost ceased to wonder what maturity, say, might subjectively feel like or be to the individual, since we now know so very much what it looks like or does. . . . Thus does the noble dream of perfection make cynics of us all, destroying our infinite variety, reducing us to our facility for imitation, and rendering us despicable to ourselves.

In both its language and its point of view, this last passage suggests the influence of Martin Buber, whom Farber acknowledges in a perceptive and admiring essay, "Martin Buber and Psychoanalysis." The debt is explicit, particularly in Farber's treatment of the highly contemporary curse of "bohemians and romantics—misguided poets or religionists of all kinds—who make the opposite mistake, pursuing the *Thou* at the expense of the It." Like Buber, though Farber prefers these to the prudent administrators who oppose them, he is suspicious of the ruthless claims of sensibility "which, while charting their ecstatic course, evade the concrete details of existence." In our society this problem becomes doubly complex; for the roles in the psychodrama tend to be ambiguously cast. Farber's strictures sound as if they would apply particularly strongly to the more pretentious and demonstrative young radicals claiming moral authority for whatever happened to turn them on politically or pharmaceutically. Yet, I am sure, there are more dangerously misguided romantics in the Pentagon and the CIA than in the boskiest hills of Berkeley. Conventional as they appear, it is precisely our policy-makers rather than our poets, who "evade the concrete details of existence." Quite often, the New York *Times* catches them in the very act of evasion.

The implications of Farber's work remain, indeed, ambiguous to the end; he does not seek to give final answers, or even to raise the kinds of questions which yield such answers. His contribution is of quite another kind; to remind us of the humane possibilities of psychoanalytic discipline. These, as he makes clear, have been consistently sacrificed in the effort, on the one hand, to simulate the objectivity of the physical sciences and, on the other, to simulate spontaneity, relatedness, and sexual exuberance that mask any real feelings the patient and his analyst might actually have to work with.

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE *is the author of* Time to Murder and Create.

DAVID DAICHES *reviewed Robert Gordis's* The Book of God and Man *in our May issue.*

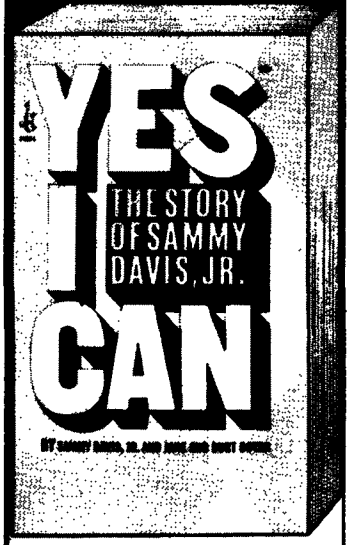
MYRON RUSH, *professor of government at Cornell, is the author of several books dealing with Khrushchev.*

E. F. SCHUMACHER *is a British economist.*

CARLOS FUENTES *is the well-known Latin-American novelist.*

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG, *a frequent contributor, teaches at the University of California at Davis.*

BEST SELLER
of the month from
POCKET BOOKS



"You can search high and low on this year's list of books and you won't find a more powerful and deeply moving book."
—*Los Angeles Times*

Over 100,000
copies of the
$6.95 edition sold!

THE FINEST BOOKS AT THE LOWEST PRICE
Now only 95¢

Published by POCKET BOOKS
First In Paperbacks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIMITED QUANTITIES NOW AVAILABLE!

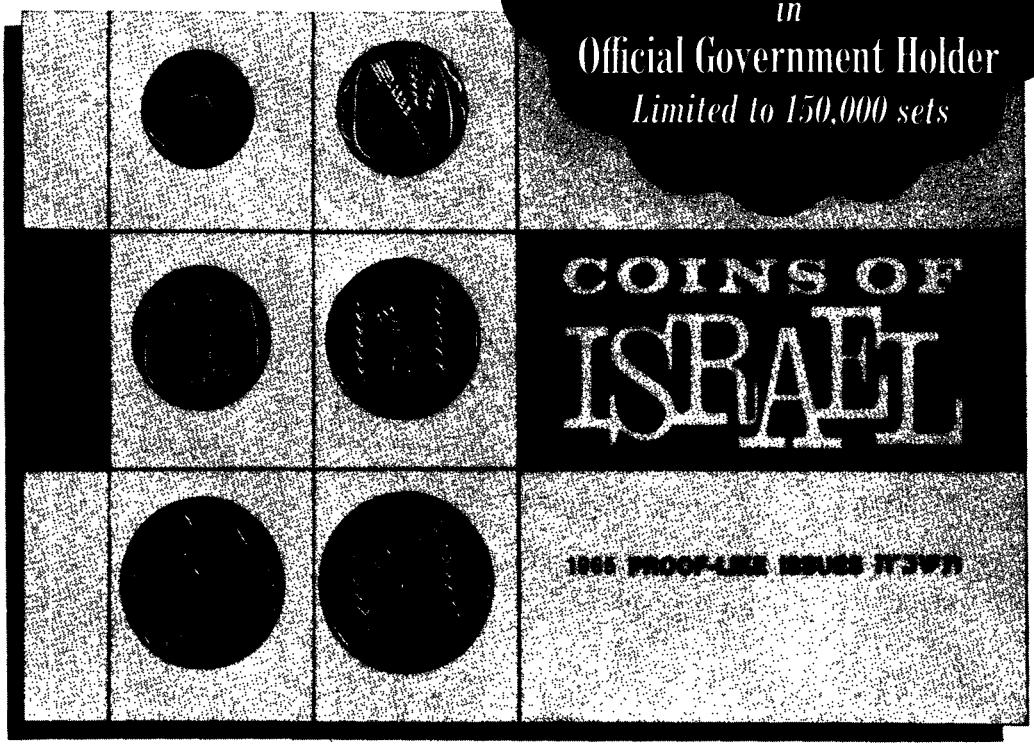
what's better than money in the bank? UNCIRCULATED COINS!

1965 Official Israel Government Proof-Like Sets

in

Official Government Holder

Limited to 150,000 sets



$7.50 *per set*

give a gift that grows with time

THE MOST UNUSUAL INVESTMENT IN THIS CENTURY!

The collection and accumulation of uncirculated coins is unmatched in any other investment field. It's the kind of investment that we all dream about! The value of the commodity actually increases with time and the constant decrease in supply creates greater demand and higher value. Even with the gradual inflation, coin prices have more than kept up with the devalued buying power of the dollar. Coins are minted in limited quantities and the dies are destroyed. Because of limited supply of proof-like set shown, an immediate increase in price is anticipated. It is advisable to make your purchases while prices are still at their lows. Start today in an investment opportunity that will over a period of years prove to be pleasurable and profitable.

This offer expires Nov. 15, 1966.

Send check or money order. Free brochure available upon request.

R.C.D.A.
A.N.A.
C.N.A.

JONAH R. SHAPIRO, INC.

Foremost in Coin Marketing

217 E. Fayette Street
Syracuse, N. Y.
Phone: (315) 474-4630

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's 100% dairy-free! new Mazola® Margarine!

New Mazola has been officially certified Kosher by The Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America. It's 100% free of dairy ingredients.

And new Mazola is specially recommended for people on fat-controlled diets. It's the only margarine that contains famous Mazola Corn Oil—which is reliably low in saturated fat.

And to top it all, new Mazola is the best-tasting margarine ever made. The special no-burn formula does it. At normal frying temperatures, other margarines burn, blacken, look unappetizing. But new Mazola melts clean—doesn't burn. Its clean taste makes delicious eating for your whole family.

Mazola makes good eating good sense!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED